April 15th
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Maclean's

Canada's National Magazine

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JOHN NEWTON HEWITT

In this Issue:

Our Defense Problem

by

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson

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In the Editor's Confidence

WE DON'T know what has happened to it, but three or four decades ago there used to be a word "skinch." If you were playing tag and you suddenly decided you'd had enough, you crossed the first and second fingers of your right hand and shouted "skinch." It signified that you weren't playing.

We still have painful memory of a day in our small boyhood when, in company with some older lads, we were playing a variety of the game of tag. There were two teams. The team which lost the toss ran like blazes. The other team, armed with knotted handkerchiefs (and the knowing ones used to put a hard nut inside the knot) gave pursuit. If you were tagged, the successful hunter had the privilege of swatting you three times with the knotted hanky. Having had our fun on the pursuing side we were in turn being chased by a rather tough boy. He was just about to tag us when we stopped and yelled, "skinch." We shall never forget the look of disgust he gave us. He dropped his handkerchief, clenched his fist with great deliberation, and smote us on the nose.

We thought of this at the time Parliament was debating the Government's defense measures. It seemed to us that a lot of Members who, when things were going smoothly, were proud to be in the Empire, were in the face of potential trouble yelling, "skinch." And we wondered what would happen if, despite our protests of "not playing," some adversary of the Empire were to haul off and smite us one.

A great many people do not agree with us at all. The questions of Empire defense and the defense of this Dominion alone have become subjects of major controversy throughout the land. And we think *Maclean's* ought to present the various points of view. On page eleven of this issue there appears what will be the first article of a series. Written by Honorable G. Howard Ferguson, former Canadian High Commissioner in London, and former premier of Ontario, it sets forth his case for Canadian participation in Empire defense.

¶ ROBINSON MACLEAN covered the war in Abyssinia for the Toronto *Telegram*. For *Maclean's* he has covered the great Bingo Controversy. We gather that he thinks the former was a picnic compared with the latter, which seems to be cleaving this Dominion in two. On page twenty-three, Mr. MacLean reveals the facts of the situation and adds some interesting historical notes concerning the game itself. Apparently the ancient Greeks had a word for Bingo.

¶ WE KNOW there are some editorial departments which affect disdain when advertising is mentioned. Not so with us. We frankly confess that we couldn't produce this publication at all if we hadn't a healthy advertising revenue. So when our advertising manager comes in to tell us that a terrible thing has happened and he has just got a contract for umpteen pages in full color, our joy is unconfined. There is the same sort of fellow feeling around an advertising agency when one of the boys collars a big new account. In the case of Cy Upton, his colleagues relaxed their enthusiasm over his master achievement only because they knew he was itching to phone the glad tidings to his wife, Susie. Well, they didn't know that when he did get into the phone booth he didn't talk to Susie at all, that they had parted long ago. His duplicity and the reason for it are exposed in "Hornets in Heaven," Margaret Lee Runbeck's story on page seven.

When we state that there is a strong love story on page twelve, we are talking about a love strong enough to be born and survive in a fish cannery. It had to be that strong to overcome the dislike Bill Grant had for Ann Clark. Apart from this Sandow type of Cupid, there is a lot of adventure and excitement in Nard Jones' tale, "North for the King" (salmon king), the setting for which is the Northern B. C. coast.

Kent Power, the scientific detective, with Sergeant Papineau of the Montreal Police, is scouring the place for clues that will aid in the solving of the great "Steel Point" mystery. You will find Benge Atlee's heroes on page sixteen.

For good measure there is a short short story on page fifteen, "The Incorrigible," by Norman Matson. All short shorts end with an unexpected twist, but the surprise in this case is unusually unusual.

¶ EVEN IF you have never seen a full-rigged ship, or the sea itself for that matter, we think you won't be entirely unmoved by N. de Bertrand Lugrin's article, "Slaves of a Tug," on page eighteen. It is the story of two once famous, proud sailing ships which so resented being converted into barges that they committed suicide. As for those readers who know and love ships, we fancy there'll be a sort of lump in many a throat.

Writing from New York, Kathleen Castles, on page ten, tells the ladies what they will be wanting to wear when the fine weather comes. On page twenty-four Boyd E. Beamish writes entertainingly of the well known twins, Port Arthur and Fort William, and on page twenty-five Charles Bardon Bailey concludes his Coronation Drama series with the story of the crowning of William and Mary, the queen who was cursed by her father.

Next issue—our Coronation Number. On the cover, reproduction in full color of an oil painting of His Majesty the King in his coronation robes. Inside, an eight-page rotogravure section containing coronation pictures.

H. Napier Moore.

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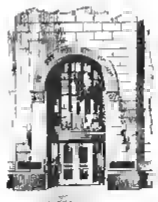

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Should you require statistical information regarding certain securities, the execution of an order, an analysis of your present holdings or recommendations for investment, communicate with our nearest office—it offers you the comprehensive facilities of our whole organization.

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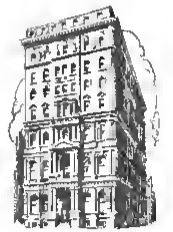

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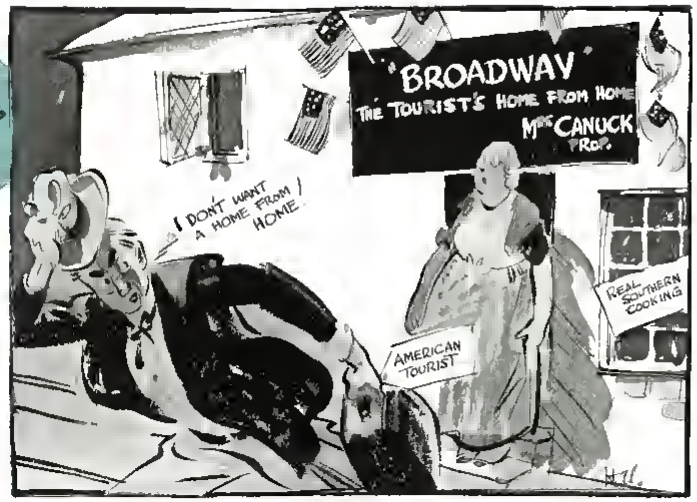

Disappointed Visitors

LAST SUMMER, a United States citizen brought his wife and children to Canada. They experienced the greatest courtesy, but they are not coming back.

The gentleman in question sets forth the reason in a letter we have read. He states that he wanted his family to learn about this country, its people and its culture, and to get first hand some experience of "the wonderful British civilization and culture of which so many people in the United States are really somewhat envious."

These are his impressions:

"It is to be regretted that I was greatly disappointed. Except in Quebec where the old French culture is still strongly apparent, Canada presents but little difference to our own environment in the State of Indiana. We hear identically the same slang, eat the same food cooked in the same manner, read the same advertisements, hear the same radio programs, see the same moving pictures.

'Crossing the border, no one would know that they had entered a foreign country. We have seen far more American flags in Canada than we have ever seen in our own country except on some particular holiday or special event. Curiously enough, one never sees a British flag of any kind in the States except at the border. Even a few miles from the frontier such a thing as a British flag is unseen.

"The welcome given to tourists in Canada savors overmuch of a slavish desire to pander to the tourist dollar by trying to make everything so homelike to the American visitor that he is disappointed in finding his home environment carried with him and no change is experienced. Tourists don't come to Canada to see scenery alone. They want a change in environment and to see different methods of daily life.

'The reaction on the children was most noticeable. Coming through the Niagara fruit belt, they insisted that we had not taken them into Canada because every time they saw the Stars and Stripes at a tourist camp, filling station or restaurant, they imagined that they were still in the United States. The only thing that impressed them was a parade of the Toronto Scottish Regiment and they thought them marvellous. That was really the only truly British activity we saw in Canada."

In expecting to see in Canadian towns and cities contiguous to the border different methods of daily life, our visitor's reasoning is open to question. But his other points are worth pondering. They are points which *Maclean's* itself has stressed on numerous occasions.

Commercialization of another nation's flag is cheap jackery that should not be tolerated.

If the effect on those Indiana children was a disbelief that they were in Canada, what of the effect upon our own children?

The tourist traffic is so often referred to as a trade or an industry that many of those who profit from it are unconsciously discounting the very Canadian and British traditions and customs which the visitor is anxious to experience.

This summer let us be ourselves.

Drive and Let Live

IN THE two years 1935 and 1936 the city of Lethbridge was without a single automobile fatality.

In 1936 the record was equalled by Galt.

Both are busy cities of 14 000 population.

At the end of 1937, how many cities will be able to add their names to what ought to be a Roll of Honor?

Already there is a ghastly record of slaughter.

In the case of no fatal accident have we been told that some mechanical failure on the part of the car was to blame.

In the majority of cases, men, women and children were killed because the person behind the wheel was reckless, careless, stupid or incapable of safe driving.

There can be no dilly-dallying with potential killers. For reckless and drunken drivers there are laws and penalties which must be sternly enforced.

In addition there must be co-operative, educational effort toward more uniform and stricter enforcement of the ordinary rules of the road. Speed is not the only factor.

Every pedestrian, every cyclist, every horse-drawn vehicle, when using well-travelled country roads and highways should carry a light.

If the people concerned think it's a nuisance, they might be reminded that a trip to the morgue is a much more disconcerting matter.

The Price

WHEN YOU read that Great Britain's rearmament plans call for an expenditure of fifteen hundred million pounds during the next five years, it is not easy to visualize what that sum means.

Figure it out this way:

Cost to the British taxpayer will be £1 000 000 a day, every day except Sunday, for five years.

Or nearly £42 000 an hour.

Or £700 a minute.

Divided equally among the population of the British Isles, it would mean £30 11s. 0d. for every man, woman and child.

Fifteen hundred million pounds would build more than 300 ships like the *Queen Mary*.

Spent on disease prevention, it would lengthen the lives of the majority of people in the British Isles and ensure for future generations a health standard heretofore only dreamed of.

Spent on the rehabilitation of the distressed areas it would work miracles.

But it must be spent on fighting ships and planes, on the equipping of troops, on munitions of war.

Such is the tragedy of the price which must be paid for security.

Men in white or women in black

IN the next twelve months, 18,000 homes on this continent will be thrown into mourning by appendicitis.

Much of this anguish could be spared many of these deaths could be prevented if people would do the one logical obvious common-sense thing when symptoms appear *call the doctor without delay*.

So skilful has medical science become in coping with appendicitis that a successful outcome is assured in an extremely high percentage of cases — that is if the physician is called in time. But delay can literally mean the difference between life and death.

One of the most dangerous things about acute appendicitis is that it *creates delay*. The usual symptom is severe abdominal pain often accompanied by nausea. It feels you into believing the trouble is "only a stomach ache" and you may be tempted to try to relieve it by home methods.

The first thing you may think of is to take a cathartic. But if you happen to have appendicitis this is one of the worst things you can do. It may cause the inflamed appendix to burst.

Careful studies of thousands of cases in death that the two chief causes of death from appendicitis are self-treatment and delay. In reality these two causes are closely associated because any attempt at self-treatment automatically means that valuable time will be lost.

So remember any unusual or persistent pain in the abdomen may be the beginning of appendicitis. *Don't* take or give any medicine unless your doctor tells you to. And don't try to "work off" an abdominal pain by massage or exercise. Call your physician at once.

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and I felt like a fool
WHEN MY PEN RAN DRY ON THE DOTTED LINE!"

Why millions have tossed aside their old-time pens—why they now carry Parker's revolutionary invention

The Miracle Pen With TELEVISION Ink Supply

—you can SEE days ahead if it needs refilling—hence it can't go dead against your will!

And its Scratch-Proof Point is as gentle as a zephyr

Yes, thousands of people are waking up daily to find that writing "the hard way" now makes a person look foolish. For as Sound replaced Silence in motion pictures, so Parker's TELEVISION Ink Supply supersedes "blind" pen barrels — you don't have to guess the amount of ink in your pen — it lets you SEE if it's running low, so you can refill at some odd moment — so it can't run dry in the midst of your work. Merely hold the new Parker Vacumatic to the light and the *whole column* of ink becomes visible — not merely the last drop.

Moreover this revolutionary pen holds 102% MORE ink than old-style, *without increase in size!* And it's GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

That's because this useless marvel contains no piston pump, no lever filler, no rubber ink sac. Its working parts are sealed in the top where ink can never damage them. It's the pen that won the Style and Beauty Contest by 2 to 1—the pen that wrote a 12,000-word book on a single filling—the pen that is favored in more than 91 countries.

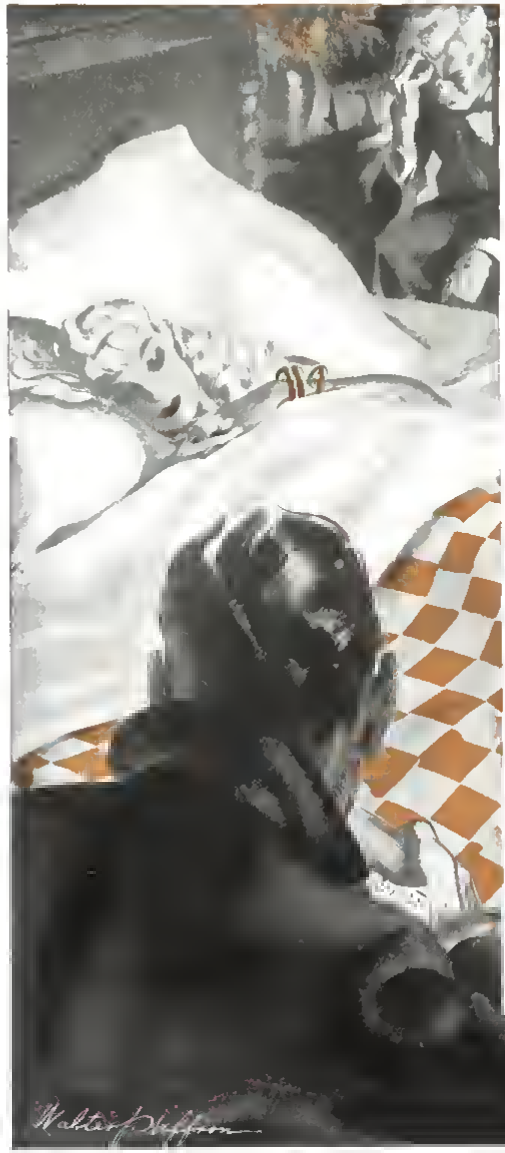
Parker VACUMATIC
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT
Junior, $6; Senior, $10 — $7.50 — Pencils, $3.50, $3.75 and $5

Its smart laminated Pearl and Jet styles are wholly exclusive. Its swank ARROW clip holds it low and SAFE in the pocket. Its Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and Solid Gold contains more gold than formerly — yet at no higher price to you.

If you want to keep on your toes — to keep coming along with these fast-moving times — don't dunk an old-fashioned pen in an ink-splattered inkwell — don't carry a fountain pen that's about as modern as a model "T".

Go today to any good store selling pens, and see and try this miracle writer. You can tell the genuine by the smart ARROW clip. Please look for it. The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

This Ink Makes A Pen A Self-Cleaner
This utterly different writing fluid—called Parker Quink—cleans your pen as it writes. A Parker or any other pen. It dissolves sediment left by ordinary pen-clogging inks. Get Quink today at any store selling ink and you'll pour your old ink down the drain. 15c, 25c and up.



Hornets in Heaven

A story of modern marriage, its pitfalls and its hard-won joys

By
MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

CY DIDN'T read the telegram. In the excitement of the conference, he jammed it into his pocket without opening it; then he forgot all about it because the moment the door closed, with the chest on one side and his important signature on the other side the firm rose as one man and clapped him on the shoulder. Even Uncle Milt, the president, who had been afraid to present the daring advertising campaign to such a conservative client, was beaming and wringing Cy's hand.

Half of them were saying "Boy, I didn't think you had it in you." And the other half were boasting that they always knew Cy could deliver when the moment came. But all of them meant the same thing—and that was that Cy Upton, the outrageous, reckless youngster had saved the day for all the fine old conservatives who knew he would come to no good end.

After the first hilarious moment, all of them began hobbling out of the conference room to tell all their large and little worlds that they were on their feet again, and to go ahead and breathe freely.

"I've got to be telling Susie," Cy said, in a large offhand voice. "She's probably sitting on the edge of her chair up there in Hill Haven."

"Give her my regards too," Uncle Milt said. "Tell her I say she's got a husband who's a credit to her."

"I doubt if she suspects that, sir." Cy tried to look modest and properly embarrassed, but he succeeded only in looking uncomfortable. "There's been a lot of difference of opinion on that, Mr. Keene," Cy said. "Most of the faith has been in the first person singular. And I can't say that I blame her myself."

"Susie had the faith," Uncle Milt said quickly. "She married you, didn't she?"

"Susie just couldn't take a dare," Cy said. "Susie could never resist the impossible."

"That's a harsh word to call yourself," Uncle Milt said beaming at him with those babyish blue eyes, which dwelt so calmly behind their glass houses. "Well, get along and tell her."

All the desks in the agency had their telephones tilted, and everyone was talking excitedly into them. Even the office boy was telling the finance company that he wasn't going to turn in his car after all; the old librarian, his elbow

The only thing that mattered was that Susie—naughty, adorable Susie, was still and angelic looking

absent mindedly in the paste pot was pompously advising his wife that she might just as well go ahead and buy the linoleum for the kitchen.

"Give me a booth and an outside line," Cy shouted to the switchboard as he swaggered out of the conference room looking as if he were a son-of-a-Santa Claus.

He knew that everyone would know he was telephoning to tell Susie. So that's the way he looked—triumphant and amorous. But when the hiding door of the booth was closed and he had the receiver in his hand, and the outside operator was thirping expectantly in his ear, there wasn't anything that he could say. Because, of course, he wasn't going to tell Susie. He wasn't going to tell her good things or bad ever again, because good or bad, it was nothing to Susie.

EVERYONE had known from the start that it wouldn't work. Everyone except Susie and Cy. And while two may be company, it is the crowd that makes the majority. Everyone knew it wouldn't work, and everyone stood around expectantly, waiting with happy regret for the explosion.

Even Susie's family—that very modern family of hers whose managing partnership was no obvious that Ma Conrad—showed quite blandly that they could afford not to oppose. They could afford to be gracious—and were.

"I'm not having your room disordered during mother's visit," Susie had thought of making them state a guest's suite, but I think under the circumstances we'll just leave them." They were always loyally assuring Susie that of course *they* liked Cy, as though they were in somewhat eccentric minority who could afford to like any outrageous thing they chose.

Even Cy's blunt father, a small town newspaper editor, made no bones about Cy's marriage being only a temporary adventure. "I suppose wild oats have gone out of style," he said to Cy, "but as near as I can make out, there isn't much difference. Marriage is probably solider, and of course it gives the lawyers something to do. Besides, how you going to keep the girl in clothes? Those shoes alone."

"Susie doesn't care about clothes," Cy said. "Susie's got character. You just wait and she'll show you."

"That's what I'm thinking," dad said. "Well, I'll be around, son, when you need me."

Susie and Cy said to each other, mutually apologetic for their families and all their friends, and even for the press in which they briefly blazed. "It's just that they're old and cynical, darling. They have more faith in money than in love. They let all this business about possessions and big houses, and stuff, mix 'em up. We belong to the new race.'

"We're going to run it, too," Cy said. "We're going to run this race until we fall on our tracks. It's just us against the rest of them."

"Us against everything," Susie promised. And they both liked this little shiver down their backbones.

That would have been all right if that's the way it had gone. But somehow it didn't.

They moved into a house just big enough for two and the dickens of that was that four of them moved in for Susie and Cy each brought their own monster pride, and that kept the house impossibly crowded.

It began promptly enough with Susie's trunks. Mother had had sixteen of them packed—enough to send a whole finishing school abroad. The first night that they were in that absurd, idyllic little house, with petunias peeping in the kitchen windows, the cavalcade of station wagons arrived, and the several chauffeurs set the trunks all over everything, until there wasn't room for Cy even to walk. He stood there, a wild-haired gaunt ape in a cage of shiny trunks, cussing.

"It's just some kind of a joke," Susie explained, but her scalp was tingling with rage against mother and all her skill at contrast. Mother knew how those trunks would dwarf everything in the house and make all their gay cheap little furniture not gay but gaudy. "Don't you worry about them, darling," Susie said. "I'll get rid of them tomorrow."

"Meantime we'll have to sleep in a baggage room," Cy said, trying not to be stuffy about it. Then he admitted honestly, "It ain't the trunks, of course. It's only that if I work from now until I'm seventy I'll probably never be able to buy you sixteen trunks like those and all the stuff that's in them."

"But don't you see?" Susie said. "I've left all that stuff. It didn't mean enough to me. Cy, just one little wiggle of your finger and I came running, didn't I?"

"You came running," he said and climbed over the trunks to her. A kiss blotted out everything, for the moment, and they sat on them and laughed and loved and healed each other's hurt.

"We've got to love each other more than most people do," Cy said seriously.

"We do, Cyrus."

"Love's all we have," he said. He would have liked to make her understand why he *had* to believe she loved him, her great unreasonable love was all the justification there was for her. A very rich girl marrying a poor dub of a copy writer.

"There's no doubt about me," Susie said. "I had to beg you to marry me."

"I suppose wild oats have gone out of style," Cy's father said "but there isn't much difference. Marriage is probably solider."

"Yep. That's right." He could not tell her that he couldn't beg her, couldn't even ask her.

"But you love me now, Cy."

"I love you now. And just as long as you're a good girl, Sheesie. And that was his way of saying just as long as there's a sky and as earth believed."

But every time he remembered the trunks Cy had to squirm with outraged pride. "I'll buy her trunks," he said between his teeth. "I'll she never goes to visit them people I'll send up forty trunks. I'll show 'em I can take a joke."

THROUGH THE months they did honestly try, but the whole scale of their lives was absurdly out of balance. When Cy said something was expensive he meant that it cost twenty five dollars, when Susie said something was ridiculously cheap she meant it cost one hundred and forty. And that was the whole synopsis of their not-quite-a-year of marriage.

Marriage it seems, can survive anything except humiliation. And when very modern people who to start with are a little sheepish about being earnest find that their own earnestness is playing a practical joke on them, that's hitting acid in the sting of humiliation. They were continually trying, and then finding that the trying wasn't anywhere good enough. Cy was continually stretching his last cent to provide something grand for Susie and then discovering that it was humorously trivial. Susie was continually pinching down her wants to their tiniest dimensions, and when she was expecting praise for all this economy Cy would have to say, "But, Sheesie, we can't afford it. We couldn't even afford half that much." And their very souls would prickle with shame.

They hurt each other, and then they healed each other, and it was all pretty sweet business.

"We don't deserve each other," Susie said, as her tears ran down his neck and made a puddle on his collarbone.

"We live in heaven and we're too dumb to know it."

"We live in heaven and we're like hornets," Cy said. "But it's all my fault, darling!"

"No, it's mine. I want to make good, and I'm so vain I blame my failures on you."

"I'm vain. I'm ashamed because I'm poor and you deserve a better man."

"There are no better men, Cy. None I could love better."

"Yep. I guess you're right," he said. "You are pretty crazy about me, aren't you?"

"You know I am."

But every time they moved they tripped over the matter of money. Every time they moved they bumped into each other, large and tender pride, until everything was one big bruise.

You talk about the rich caring about money," Susie used to say angrily. "It's the poor that worship it. Everything they know has a dollar mark in front."

"I had to have," Cy said. "And the poor have to be good sports in order to live in this kind of a world."

"So you think I'm not," Susie had deduced. "And why should I be? I doubt if it's worth it, after all."

They had said a lot of very terrible things to each other, because they had cared too much and now were so hurt by their own helpless betrayals. But they remembered those things as people always remember quarrels—not as a dialogue but only a monologue of grievance. Susie remembered only what Cy had said, and Cy knew only that Susie hadn't went as he'd have a chance to kiss her and comfort her, but that she had stood up proudly and said she might have known from the beginning. Had said in fact, that possibly all those people were right who had suggested that what Cy really cared about was money and that was why he was marrying her. Susie Dunne.

"That'll be about all," Cy said, when they reached this point. "You can pack up those nasty little spoiled brat manners of yours in your sixteen trunks and go on home. I'll take the sixteen to hold 'em. But I'm through trying to make a human being out of you."

"A human being, indeed! A cook and a darner, and a penny stretcher."

So she had gone out and got into Cy's old car and had driven away, not even mentioning whether or not she would send back one of the chauffeurs with it. After all, cars were no more to Susie than umbrellas to other people. Good manners suggested you return them, but if you forget, it wasn't important.

"She'll come back," he had said to himself as he went in and began pacing up the Sunday morning breakfast dishes. After all, she is pretty crazy about me or she wouldn't have got us into a mess like this.

Susie *had* to be crazy about him, and he had to keep telling himself she was every time his own shortcomings hurt him. But in his heart, he was only a little boy frightened in the dark in spite of his cowboy suit.

Suppose she didn't come back? Suppose she expected him to come crawling up there to get her? Come panhandling up to the Dunne front door and say to the butler, "Please may I have my wife back?" She knew he couldn't ask for things. The poor can never ask, only the rich have that privilege.

She'll come back,' he said to himself all that day and all the next week. "And I hope it teaches her a lesson. But he was scared to death under his cowboy suit.

THAT WAS when he began telling everybody all the brave lies. "I've sent Susie off for a little rest," he said cockily. "Like to have gone with her myself, but things are pretty busy right now for me."

"You could have gone," Uncle Mill had told him. "Why don't you clean up things today and run up tonight and surprise her?"

Of course Cy couldn't do that, even if there hadn't been his famous old pride to argue with. He couldn't have gone because he didn't know where she was.

Every time the phone rang he thought it was a long-distance apology from Susie. Maybe he would pretend he wasn't going to forgive her—for about two minutes. Probably she was at the Dunne summer place in Magnolia and they would expect him to take a couple of weeks off and get up. Susie probably wouldn't tell them anything was wrong. No matter how violently they deserted their marriage to each other, they were passionately loyal about it to other people. He couldn't make up his mind whether he would go or not, but that didn't matter because they never asked him.

He hardly knew when all his bravado quaked into panic, one day he was devising unique penances for Susie and the next day he knew he had lost her forever and that it was all his fault, his stubborn, proud fault.

He knew Susie hadn't gone home when her mother called up and invited them both for the week-end. He endured a day of nightmare imagining terrible things that might have happened to her. He would have to notify the police.

Then she did telephone and all his anguish bristled to anger because of that anguish. "I'm staying at Aunt Sarah's house in Hill Haven. Susie had said stiffly. "You can tell people anything you please."

I'm not telling them anything,' Cy said. "I avoid unpleasant subjects."

I suppose you're getting along all right."

Wonderfully," he said. "The happiest years of my life were the first twenty five, you know."

"So they were," Susie said. "Well, I had twenty-three myself."

"Cut yourself another twenty three," Cy said. "It's okay by me."

And they hung up a little farther apart than ever. But still not far enough apart for them to admit to the bystanders that it had been a mistake.

Cy wrote really masterpiece of a letter, explaining his point of view. He said it was a matter of craftsmanship with him, nothing more. He said he would like to leave his marriage in as good condition as he had found it. And if Susie would please have a little sportsmanly patience about it, he'd like to clean up the debris in a nice orderly way—which meant paying off the sum of debris before they mentioned divorce. First and last, he said, "marriage has been nothing but a botched budget, but in the interests of good bookkeeping, I'd like to see it balanced before the books are closed."

The trouble began with Susie's sixteen trunks. Cy stood there, cussing.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. HEFFRON

SUSIE AGREED to all this with cold good manners and the spring blossomed into summer, so that it was more than ever reasonable to go on telling the hicks about Susie's vacation. Matter of fact, it was a vacation, as was all the time that Susie had ever spent in her life.

"Don't picture me up here wilting and grieving," she had written. "I'm having one grand time. And of course I hope you are."

Hmm. I'll say I am," Cy growled when he read that, and he tried to think up something really annoying to tell her so she'd see he's splendidly big girl along without her.

"I have a houseful of guests. Amusing people. Though I'm afraid they'd bore you. Of course you couldn't help admiring the major with all his handsome ante-natures. And there is Mimi Valentine, the actress. Mimi insists the major is in love with me, but mostly that is to hear me contradict and assure her she's the one."

"So he's in love with her, is he?" Cy cried. "Well, I'll tell her about some affair I'm carrying on." And he reviewed all sorts of affairs which he wasn't carrying on and then scanned to write about them. Child's play that would be. He'd better spend his time writing a grand campaign for a client.

"Next time I marry," Susie wrote, "it's going to be an older man who knows how to appreciate a woman. I never realized how unromantic and matter-of-fact are most of the men I've known until I knew Major Prentiss. Could any one make poetry out of anything we ever said to each other, for instance? The other evening after we'd been for a walk he slipped a little poem under my door."

"Heck, you don't make poetry out of life," Cy said to himself. "You make life out of poetry. There aren't any fine words when you care the way we used to, but the metre pounds in your hearts and rhymes in your eyes. Ours used to—heck, what am I talking about?" And his throat hurt, so he went in and gargled.

To heck with it all. Thank heaven it's over and stuff like that," he said to himself. But there was something the matter with his eyes, and he guessed he'd been reading too late at night.

So with Susie, it wasn't just anger and hurt pride, it was defeat, admitted and accepted. So she could talk about marrying again. Well, he'd talk about marrying again, too. He'd write up some good love poetry and get it published in a magazine she'd be sure to see. "To Second Love." No, she might think he was counting that foolish Barven girl

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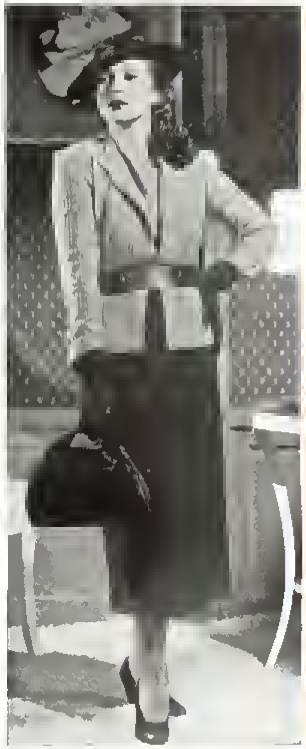

Don't Be Scared of COLOR

Ravishing new shades in garments and accessories proclaim a gay season

By KATHLEEN CASTLES

Left: Smart spring ensemble. The top is of Coronation gold, the skirt of Tobacco Road brown.

Right: The jigger topcoat. Worn with or without jacket to match.

OH WHAT a grand spring season in clothes we are having! With summer peeping around the corner offering us even greater style excitement. So much color! Of course the Coronation shades started it, but we've gone to the wilds for most of the lovelier shades—grey as soft as a pigeon, thistle and periwinkle as true as the flowers, beige gold, brown tan and the lovelier tones of blue and rose.

Don't be frightened of color this season. You have at least five shades you look equally well in, take it from me. Just because you have always worn certain shades does not mean that you can't wear others.

Be brave in your colors!

Go on the warpath in shades!

Even if you feel you should stick to one of the more sombre colors for the main garment, look at the things you can do with your accessories. Bright yellow bag and bootmuffs, will do so much for your brown suit. Thistle accessories will *make* your grey outfit. Carnelian a wonderful "gem" tone is most popular as an accessory tint for navy. Green is a fascinating theme to play around with.

Oh, I could go on for pages telling you what lovely color schemes you can work out.

But have a try yourself. Buy one good spring outfit be it coat or suit and see how many different-looking ensembles you can weave around it.

Start first with color this season if you wish to be smart.

Then the silhouette. Now, there is where you'll have plenty of play for your ingenuity. Be a Canadian princess one minute with the fitted princess style be a gay little gypsy the next with one of those flared peasantlike dresses or coats.

If your figure is not all it should be—and whose is?—start out with a good girdle. Don't try to build a smart new outfit on a lumpy figure, trussed up with lumpier foundation garments. This year, more than ever, we must have that sylphlike look.

Now for the new styles!

Dartlogs of the Moment

SUITS ARE better than ever. The jigger topcoat that swings loose just about the hipline, is one of the darlings of the moment. Then we have the ballerina coat fitted to the waist then gored to give a ballet-dancer effect—some of the smarter coats are gored in fifteen and more pieces. The fitted princess style with huge buttons and generally odd-looking pockets suits most types of figures and makes a gal look deliciously slim in the middle.

Beige is the most outstanding coat and suit shade, although you'll still find admirers for navies, greys and black all very smart too.

Beige with black is one of the happiest color combinations we've hit upon in a long time, and all over the fashion world you'll find smarter women taking these two colors and "mixing" them into their new wardrobe.

The man-tailored two-piece jacket suit is being limelighted very strongly, and what woman doesn't fall for its trim, slim lines? You may have one from last year. If so get yourself a gay jigger jacket to wear over it for the first chilly spring days may shrink color if your suit is navy; thistle if the suit be grey; gold if it's a brown suit that's hanging up in your closet. It will make your a hole outfit look ravishingly new; of course you can wear the topcoat all summer long over your prints and cottons, when the sun nips behind a cloud.

But it's the dresses that have us all adither. Prints-high shades such as thistle St. James Blue the Coronation colors of red blue green gold, striking black or navy sheers with crisp white, maize or pink lingerie trimming. Gauguin pink cyclamen (pink), limelight, a chartreuse sort of green—all these shades are grand by themselves or combined with other colors.

Boleros, redingotes, jacket dresses, princess styles and the delicious "dirndl"—those shirred waisted full skirted affairs are leading fashion which every woman will love and will look prettier in than in the styles of many moons.

For it is a *pretty* style season. A gay gypsylike season. Nothing stodgy or "old" about this year's fashions. Everything wearable and lovable, making a girl feel at her best!

So much has been done with the little things of fashion. Take pockets, for instance. You'll see them set sideways and zippered, and stitched and buttoned up in novelty ways. Generally there are more pockets on suits, coats and dresses than ever before. They are more than useful they are ornamental. And buttons! Now these have literally "gone to town" in their usage. Whole rows of buttons act as trimmings. Covered buttons run up and down the full length of a dress some of the smarter coats have eight buttons down the front. And such dazzling designs in buttons from tiny crowns to honor the Coronation to huge flowers that act like buttons yet are made up of dozens of tiny colored beads.

One the weather warms up you'll need plenty of chiffon and sheers. If you can get away from the practical side of life go in for plaids and stripes in a big, bold way. Get a dress with as many colors as you can find on a dark ground. I just saw a thrilling chiffon afternoon dress in navy with sixteen (count 'em) colors in the stripings and still it didn't look gaudy. It just looked the last word in smartness.

If you are one of those little gals who can wear nets and marquisettes, by all means satisfy the urge. There are more of 'em in the market than I've seen in several seasons lumped together.

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"Canada must contribute to the maintenance of the Empire's great defense organization upon which our liberty and security depend"

Canada must Arm

ENTIRELY APART from sentimental attachment to the motherland, Canada's participation in a general plan of Empire defense is plain common sense, just ordinary good business.

There are three possible courses to be considered if we wish to examine the question from a frankly materialistic standpoint.

No. 1—Stand on our own feet, cut loose from the Empire, proclaim our neutrality, declare for isolation, in a word, look after ourselves.

No. 2—Continue in the Empire. Rely on the British navy and the Monroe Doctrine. Gamble on the good-neighbor policy of the United States and the traditional protection of Great Britain. Do nothing toward defending ourselves, but be prepared to call for help from others in case of trouble.

No. 3—Accept our share of responsibility in a world situation of increasing gravity which is not of our making. Build up our own defense as far as we are able and as far as geography will permit, and co-operate with Great Britain to the fullest extent possible.

Canada Another Belgium?

IF WE ACCEPT the first proposition we must act now. We cannot drift along accepting all the trade and sentimental advantages of partnership till a crisis comes, and then proclaim to the world that we are only fair-weather partners in the great imperial organization.

In the first place, the world would not believe us. An enemy would seize our ships, destroy our trade and possibly listen to our neutrality pleas later. Assuredly, we would be forced into conflict with no preparation, no defense and no friends. Our markets would be gone, our products unsaleable, our people unemployed, our economic machinery destroyed; our isolation theory a mockery. War would be upon us.

The second choice is the cheap way out. It means want of self-respect, lack of pride of country, the philosophy of the sponger, gambling on others protecting us. The Monroe Doctrine is a fine theory; how does it work out in practice? The League of Nations was a great conception. Has it measured up to the expectations of its founders? The United States wanted the Philippines and got them. Then the powerful sugar interests of the South didn't want competition, so the United States is proceeding to get rid of the Philippines. Where did the Monroe Doctrine fit into this situation?

The British navy has a glorious tradition of efficiency but Britain, years ago, turned over to Canada the problem of Canadian defense. Furthermore, we have no assurance that the next war will be fought on land or sea. The Atlantic Ocean was once the Dominion's main Eastern fortification. Now it can be crossed in a few hours by an air squadron. The Italian Balbo proved this when he flew his air fleet to Chicago. Every year our country is more open to attack by air. Commercial planes will probably be operating across the Atlantic before another year is out.

An enemy strong enough to attack will feel strong enough to ignore the Monroe Doctrine. Moreover what assurance have we that a modern war would not be over before note-writing diplomacy brings this doctrine into play? We are in an age where stern realities and not theories or conventions must be faced. Nowadays, nations fight first and declare afterward. Furthermore, we must not forget the feverish activity and huge expenditure of our friendly neighbor in her armament program. We know she has no aggressive designs in mind. Why then, this enormous expansion in army, navy and air equipment? For defense? Defense against what or whom? Perhaps no particular nation, but it is convincing evidence that the United States clearly envisages the possibility of attack and she intends to be ready. If such a situation unfortunately developed how if at all would it affect us? The answer is made obvious by the Great War. What guarantee have we that Canada would not be a convenient Belgium, an easily seized base from which to direct military operations, and in the process suffer destruction and tragedy (not at Belgium did)?

The last proposition, is, I believe, the only one Canadians should seriously consider. Parliament at this session showed that we intend to share in the responsibilities of defense of our country. And very significantly, Quebec Members backed that stand and joined with the rest of Canada in firmly rejecting a request for immediate declaration of future neutrality. So, regardless of safeguarding clauses in various speeches, despite denials of any commitments, it is safe to say that Canada has rejected the isolation policy advocated by some well meaning persons, and has taken an important step toward essential co-operation with Great Britain and the rest of the Empire in matters of defense.

Empire Co-operation

WE ARE NOT arguing the question of war or peace. There is no reason for argument. We are all for peace. There is in Canada no war party. It is equally obvious that Britain is just as firmly bent on peace as we are. In our zeal for Imperial connection, our desire to maintain the sentimental ties that bind us so firmly to the motherland, we are not needlessly risking our future. In the present state of world opinion it is obvious to most people that a strong Empire working for a common goal of peace, but fully prepared for any emergency, is the best insurance against attack. The League of Nations has failed to accomplish that which some may have doubted but which everyone hoped it would achieve. The Empire affords for us a league of nations so strategically situated that, banded together and properly equipped, it can be the dominating force for world peace. As air trade we have found that Empire co-operation means economic salvation, so, in co-operative Empire defense we shall find our insurance against catastrophe.

Consider the attitude of other parts of the Empire. South Africa is twice as far from Europe and more nationalistic than Canada. Yet South Africa has awakened to the threat of the arming world. It is building up an army, a navy, an air force. It is co-operating with the Imperial authorities to the fullest extent. Its representative in London sits on the Committee of Imperial Defense—something Canada has deliberately avoided. Australia and New Zealand are still farther away from a future war than Europe. Are

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Top: Non-permanent militia forces have no post war equipment.
Middle: New Shark torpedo bomber for the R.C.A.F.
Lower: Canada is experimenting with two or three armored cars.

Says

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson

North for the King

By NARD JONES

A girl was coming briskly up the path. Bill experienced a sinking sensation.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN F. CLYMER

Romance and a dramatic clash of wills in a Pacific Coast fishing war

IT WAS a warm wet night. That was all you could say for it. The Vancouver flying field was damp and slippery in a soft glaw from lights encased in glistening halations and the wind socks atop the hangars were limp against their poles.

But Bill Grant stepped off a plane that had come straight out of Southern California—and liked it. The smell of wet turf reminded him of the rugby field out at the University of British Columbia. The rain beat against his hat and ran in little rivulets onto the shoulders of his overcoat. It felt queerly cool on his competent knuckles, which were dry and brown from days of sun.

Sure, this was his stuff. Hadn't been born here, raised here, and played for the university. This was the way he liked it at this time of year. It was all right to play around in the sun down South, but a fellow belonged where he belonged. As he walked across the landing field, Bill didn't tilt down his jaw. A British Columbian made no concessions to the rain.

Then he saw Lund—good old Lund who'd been with the old man for all of twenty-five years. Why, Lund lectured to Bill on the salmon business since Bill had been old enough to tell a Pink from a Chum and a Chum from a Red. Bill waved and smiled and as quickly dropped his arm and let the smile fade. Odd that the old man had sent down Lund at this time of night. Of course, the old man wouldn't come out in a downpour like this any more, but

Bill hurried through the gate, heavy shoulders above the crowd, and as he got nearer Lund, he saw the slim Norwegian manage a smile of greeting.

"How are you, Bill? Glad to see you."

"It is mighty good to see you, Nils. How's the King?"

"He's at the hospital," Nils said slowly.

Bill swallowed hard. "Is he—how is he?"

"It is a rest cure," said Nils evasively. "It's nothing—serious. But he wanted to see you. That's why I went you at Santa Monica."

The two did not speak again until Lund's car had cleared the airport and was splashing through the pavement puddles. Chilled now that they were out of the rain, they sat with chins hidden behind overcoat collars. Lund's windshield wipers worked valiantly, but the rain was so heavy that he navigated mainly by the curb lamps and the lights of oncoming cars.

Finally Bill said: "I'm not surprised he needs a rest cure. But I'm plenty surprised they got him to take it."

"He's been coming to it for quite a while, Bill. I noticed it weeks ago and tried to get him to stay away from the office, but he wouldn't listen. Then this morning he had me send the wire. When he did that, I knew he felt pretty bad, so I got the doctor."

On Nils' old-model car the windshield wipers worked from compression as they climbed a slight grade, then dipped toward the harbor. The glass seemed almost an opaque stream. But Lund knew where he was, and his big passenger was calm. They had been through many a night like this—sometimes aboard a fish boat, sometimes a car.

"Something's been worrying him," Nils said. "That's what it is."

"But things look all right, Nils. Even the price for Chums—"

"Yeah. I know. War talk has boosted the prospects, and there is labor trouble in the States and Alaska canneries. But something's bothering him. Something he wanted to tell you."

"Had I tell you about it."

"I figure it the other way, Bill. I figure that it must be something worse than anything that's happened to us all the time I've been with him and he's told me everything."

He's right. Bill thought it wasn't like the old man. "King" Grant they'd dubbed him years ago, after the biggest, best in-est salmon that swims—and the name had stuck. He'd been close-mouthed, yes, but only because there were things he believed might hurt people or which might be none of their business. But he'd never kept anything from his family or Nils Lund.

"Another funny one," Nils said. "He didn't want you to go to Chester Bay this year."

Bill started. "He said that?"

"Yeah. He was figuring on getting someone else to manage the cannery up there."

"But I thought he liked the way I've been doing things at Chester Bay." Bill looked at Nils. "That is queer. Because if he hadn't liked the way I've been doing them he'd have told me plenty fast."

"I know it." Then Lund closed his mouth in a grim line which indicated clearly that this was all he did know for certain.

THE HOSPITAL seemed almost deserted at that hour. But Doctor Seavers was waiting for them in the downstairs lobby. He shook Bill's hand warmly and said: "Run up to four-twenty. Bill waiting for you."

On the way up in the elevator Bill tried to imagine how King Grant would look. He had never seen the old man laid low in a bed. To soften the shock, Bill tried to picture it. He failed. "If he's still alive," Bill thought, "he won't be lying down."

And the King wasn't lying down. He sat very straight against the head of the bed, his white hair bristling angrily. He saw Bill's head and shoulders above the screen that shielded the bed from the doorway. His about turn you got here, fellow," he said. But his voice held none of the old gruffness, was too weak to heighten the humor that showed in the old man's eyes.

"What's all this?" said Bill huskily. "They can't do a thing like this. Yet as he stood there he realized that at last they *could* do it.

"Sit down, son," the King said. "Enjoy yourself in California?"

"Sure."

"Sorry to call you back."

"A man gets tired of sitting around half-naked in the sun. And the colors are too darned bright down there."

"No mix-ups with girls?"

Nothing that merits going onto the report. It was difficult to see the old man's face in the reflection from the lone dim light. "Are you sure it's all right for you to talk?"

"Of course it's all right. Seavers said so. Not that I care what he says."

"But—"

"Don't be a nincompoop, Bill." The old man paused a moment. "Did Lund tell you that I don't want you to go to the cannery this season?"

"Yes, but I can't understand why."

Why take the trouble to go north, Bill? You're young yet and you want to play around. Run things from the office this summer. That's the way these young squirts do it, now. Why, Sam Blaku's got fellows over there that've never been aboard a purse seiner or seen a fish trap—except in pictures, maybe. No sense in the—the head man being north."

Bill laughed. "But the head man won't be. You're going to stay here."

"You know what I mean."

"But you don't believe in the white-pants way of doing business. You never did."

"I'm telling you it won't be child's play this year, Bill."

"Why?"

"Because somebody's out to make it hot for me—and they'll do it through you. They—I—"

The old man tried to sit straighter, and Bill said: "You're tired."

"Well—maybe so. Maybe you better go on. Bill, and I can finish it some other time. But if it—if it slips my mind, don't forget what I've said now. The old man turned his head slightly, as if he were ashamed of being tired. Bill said good night and left the room.

Nils Lund was still waiting in the lobby downstairs, but Bill sent him home to his wife. Then he walked down through the rain toward the College Club because it wouldn't be like returning home to let himself into the big house overlooking the sea—not when the King wasn't inside by the fireplace.

Bill faced it. The old man was tired, and he had never before been tired—never in his whole life. There might be, any day now, no King Grant to guide the destinies of the Grant Packing Company, with its big canneries up along the Northern coast. With its fleet of seine boats and seiners under charter. With its traps and cannery tenders, its tug drivers—and its offices. With, most disturbing of all, its problems of sales on "Grant's Big Red," "Grant's Pink" and "Grant's Selected Grades."

"It's coming," Bill thought. "It's falling on my neck."

He'd known it might happen, suspected even that it would be soon. No one could pound along the years as the King had done and not draw up a bit early. Bill had known it, and Nils Lund. Doctor Seavers had known it, most certainly of all, and realized there was nothing to be done about it. The King had to pound along the years or wither away. And he had pounded even harder after Bill's mother had gone.

Beyond the tall towers of the business district loomed the peaks Bill loved. From the docks at the end of the street, ships would be loading for distant ports. Lights were moving across the harbor. From the distance came the deep grunt of a liner's horn. Ordinarily he would have felt a thrill of pride in being back home, so belonging to such a city as this. But tonight Vancouver seemed empty. What would it mean when the King had gone? What could it mean, really, with only young men like himself, who had never known the city when it sprawled so the forest?

He turned into the College Club at the side entrance. The panelled room off the hall was aldare and Bill heard muted laughter.

"Bill! Bill Grant!"

It was Pete Carruthers standing in the half-open doorway. His hand extended toward Bill.

"Glad to see you, Pete."

Mary Carruthers disengaged herself from the babel inside the room and poured her husband. "Why, Bill," she exclaimed. "Bill, you're just in time. There's someone I want you to meet."

"He was trying to sneak by," Pete accused. "What's the idea, all not telephoning us? Incognito from a jam in California?"

Bill shook his head. "Matter of fact, I'm just off a plane, and I'm sort of all in. Thought I'd roost here, tonight. I'll see you later."

But Mary had reappeared with a girl at her side. A very special girl. She was taller than Mary, but not too tall. And she had corn-colored hair that looked genuine. Bill noticed vaguely that the others had ranged themselves behind Mary and the girl, and he felt somehow that they were watching expectantly.

"This is Bill Grant, Ann," Mary glanced up proudly for Bill's approval, as though she had performed some unbelievable legerdemain. "Ann Clark."

"How do you do," Bill said. His head ached a little, and all he wanted just then was to go to bed.

"Oh," the girl said. Her eyes opened wide, and her words seemed to be directed to herself. "I'm disappointed. I'd heard so much."

"Sorry," said Bill quickly. "And now if you'll excuse me, I'll say good night."

Mary Carruthers stared at Bill's breast and departing back, her red mouth parted comically. "Why—I never saw him do *that* before."

"I thought you had," said the tall girl. "I'd kill you. I was all set to hook him to the punch and he climbs over the ropes. He let me swing at the air. I suppose it serves me right."

But Pete followed Bill down the hall and into the men's lounge. "Say, what's wrong, old man?"

"Nothing." Bill pressed the bell and sat down with his damp overcoat still around him.

"I want to explain about the girl, though. She's new in town. She's met all the gang and heard them tell how you slay little girls. She just wanted to—"

"That's all right," Bill said. Then to the white coat which had appeared silently behind Pete: "Coffee."

Bring me one too," said Patu and sat down.

Bill looked at him across the table. "You hear what's going on? Anything floating around about Grant Packing Company?"

"I haven't heard a thing. Except about the office, of course."

"The—what?"

Carruthers looked silly. "I guess it was just a rumor, then." But Bill's puzzled expression persisted and Pete went on: "It was going around that Consolidated was wanting to buy out your Chester Bay plant. I guess it was just a lot of hooey if you didn't know about it."

Overby's head went toward his back pocket, but it never reached its destination. Bill struck hard and fast.

"I guess so," said Bill. He did not say any more, even with the coffee. So Pete took his and got up. "I'd better get back to the gang, Bill. They'll be busting in here any minute."

"Sure, Pete. Good night."

When Bill had finished he started for the lobby to engage a room—but the tall girl was standing just outside the doorway.

"Is Pete in there?" she asked.

"No," Bill said. "He left to join you." Then he would have gone into the hallway, but the tall girl just stood there, looking at him.

Continued on page 54

Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER

Were London Bombed

A. BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

MOST OF THE problems of human life are the same the world over. Toronto is larger than White River, but London is larger than Toronto. When we do, we occupy some six feet of the soil whether we are Torontonians, Londoners or White Riverites. When alive, can my strut and struggle in the immense universe called London, but life with its problems of health and sickness, income and expense, triumphs and frustrations is much the same as in White River, Winnipeg, or even Hong Kong.

Every now and then however because of its geographical location, some particular spot takes on a problem entirely its own. I gather that in White River it is the extremes of cold and heat. I have forgotten what Toronto's peculiar difficulty is. But in London we are now faced with a threat that belongs peculiarly to us.

That threat is a colossal invasion from the air. No other country is so dependent upon one city as Great Britain. It is the very heart of the nation. If that heart ceases to beat, then rigor mortis would set in almost at once throughout the country.

Not only that—no other city is so completely vulnerable to air attack. With its minarets and steeples, its great parks as identification spots, its massed centralization of Government and Administration offices and its proximity to the Continent, it is a target without parallel.

The other night my wife and I went to Mr Speaker's reception in his house at the end of the Terrace at Westminster. This house is one of the most wonderful in the world with its Van Dycks, its gorgeous rooms and its deep cloying incense of history. But although there were many resplendent uniforms and diamond tiaras the sight that impressed me most was to look down from the windows and see the dark Thames sluicing toward the sea, while the faint blue lights on the opposite bank shed a tired radiance like a debutante's smile when the ball is over.

There was no moonlight that night. Instead the rain fell patiently upon the black waters of the river. But some night in the future the moon will shine and the river coursing through the very breast of London will be a gleaming silvery strand. If the invasion ever comes it will be on such a night, when murder will set out in the skies and will follow the moonlit Thames for guidance.

After the reception was over I fell to wondering what the Government was doing to meet this menace. The next day I spoke to Sir John Simon the Home Secretary, about it, and in turn put me in touch with those who could tell me everything.

Gas Masks and Candor

I SPENT a gravely fascinating afternoon in the presence of plans, gas masks and candor. The immensity of the task staggered me. So did the immensity and thoroughness of the preparations to meet an air attack.

They are a queer people, these English. They can bungle a small job worse than anyone else. On the other hand they can take on a big job with less fuss and greater efficiency than any other race that ever existed.

However—to the problem and its solution as far as it can be solved.

First we must accept the hypothesis that Europe may go mad. While I still believe there will be no great war the portents are worse than a year ago. Shakespeare had his clown capering in the Forest of Arden. The clowns of Europe are capering in their forests of bayonets. Perhaps some time they will tire and fall asleep like children who have played too long. But perhaps they will stay awake and go mad.

In either case we in Britain have no option but to be ready for peace or war.

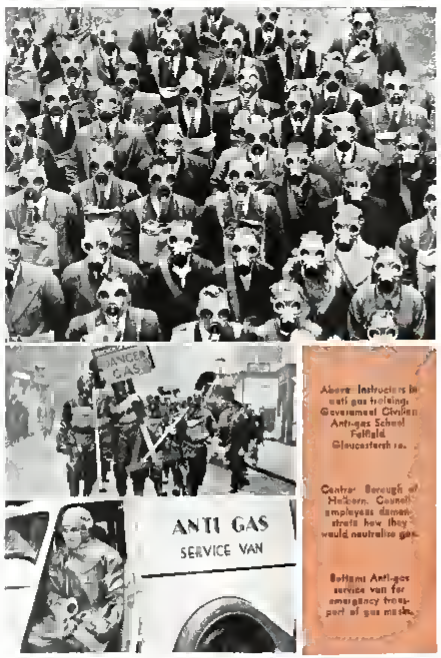
Therefore we must assume that it is not impossible that some European nation may decide in the interests of justice, peace and honor—the slogan of all wars—to launch a west air attack on Britain with London as the bull's-eye and the rest of the country as the outers.

The tactical purposes of such an invasion would be clearly understandable.

(a) To administer a knockout blow thus substituting a hundred hours war for the old-fashioned hundred years war.

(b) If the knockout blow is impossible, to achieve the demoralization of the populace.

(c) To create chaos in the essential services and disorganize the whole machinery of supply distribution and administration.



Oddly enough there are two schools of thought in Britain which travel to the opposite extremes in examining the air menace.

The first is what may be called the "Happy Ostrich School," which believes that our secret preparations are so marvellous that enemy machines will be unable to rise or will be decarburetted in mid-air or will be brought down by anti-aircraft gunnery unable to miss anything up to 30,000 feet.

The other is what might be called the "Dismal Jimmy School." It knows that the invading aircraft will drop poison gas which will slowly pass over London, creating a universal death until when the dawn comes, not one living creature will be alive to greet it.

Between the contentment of the one and the pessimism of the other both schools have a thoroughly good time, according to their particular taste.

"Bombers Get Through"

IT IS NOT safe to be too dogmatic about that old joker Science but the Government accepts in principle the old axiom that "the bomber always gets through." There is no question but that an invading air armada would be terribly punished even as was the sea armada launched against us by Philip of Spain. Many of its squadrons would be driven off their course and destroyed by the finest, though not the largest, Air Force in the world the Air Force of Great Britain. Others would be cut off when trying to return. A number would be brought down by the barrage that would fill the skies. *Nevertheless a portion would get through.*

One of the constant questions as whether such an attack could be launched as a surprise. Those who ask do not understand the thoroughness of the English Secret Service. Long before a single enemy pilot had received his orders, every detail of the attack would be known in London. There is one grant in the British Parliament that is never questioned or discussed—the Secret Service grant. Because of my activities I see most of the inside of the cup in England, but I do not know one member of the Secret Service. It is a department of shadows that can pass through walls like a ghost.

But surprise or no surprise we cannot keep these shores invulnerable from the air. The first question therefore is,

Continued on page 69

The Incorrigible

A Short Short Story

By NORMAN MATSON

IT WAS DAWN in hall the sky but darkness still lay on the round hills as Tom Crandall hurried through the orchard, fleeing the big house, fearful of the two watchmen who prowled all night, more fearful of the bright eyes of little Avery Crandall that tattle-tale Tom Crandall had got out by way of the servants' wing sneaking along the hall like a burglar, down a dark stairway, and so through a garage window that he himself had unlocked yesterday. His legs were short, so was his breath, but he pressed on down the stone-walled meadows, headed for Amos Billings' house which was humble and in a valley, not guarded by nosy servants. Amos Billings was Tom Crandall's first friend—and his best.

The Billings geese limped about the wide-open doors of the red barn. Tom whistled cautiously. From inside the barn Amos answered, his voice muffled and faraway, queer like a voice in a dream. "I'm coming. I'm coming." He came out into the sunlight and said, "Gosh Tom, you're an early bird."

"We said dawn," Tom reminded him.

Amos picked up two hickory saplings. "You take 'em. I got the lunch and the worms. We'll go down by the bridge first."

They walked very slowly, now feeling the sun on their backs a little. At a turn of the old stony road, petals from the plum tree there floated down on them. Tom felt free and happy. He kept smiling. He had taken a lot of scheming this running away. Tom Crandall wondered sometimes if even the King of England were better guarded than he. He said to Amos: "I got clean away, and I have only one worry. It's that kid Avery. Coo, all days ago I asked him to sneak off with me fishing, and he said no, it was his day for dancing school—ha's a stink, if there ever was one—and it seems to me I mentioned where I'd go fishing."

"He'll forget," Amos said consolingly.

Long before they saw it, the creek called from beyond the shagbarks and black walnuts. It was six or eight feet wide, frothing over round stones. Smaller stones knocked in the splash and rushed at all sounded like people talking, sighing, drawing in more breath to go on saying—something.

They stopped by the first pool, dark and deep to ward noon went on, to another but someone was swimming there. Their feet silent on the deep grass, Tom and Amos stopped, hidden by brush and young cedars. It was a girl—a neighbor Amos said later, snickering—about sixteen. As she climbed out onto a dark rock she seemed very slim and white. Her body startled fascinated Tom Crandall. He gazed with his mouth open; and after they sneaked away he was silent and thoughtful, as if frightened. Back at the first pool though Amos caught a trout, a small one, and envying him his luck still Tom felt happy again. He said: "It is all the same, Amos."

"What is all the same?"

Fishing with you, the creek, the bridge, the shad flies going round and round my head. Gee——"

"Well why shouldn't it be the same? Just because the Crandalls went away and came back, you think the bridge and the shad flies should fly away? Common, let's eat, I'm hungry."

After lunch Amos was restless. He said it was getting pretty late.

"You're scared," Tom told him. "That's all it is."

"Yah, but I been thinking. What are all your folks saying right now—not counting your doctor?"

"They can all go jump in the lake counting the doctor."

"Yah that's all right for you to say, but they'll blame me."

"I want to catch a fish don't I?"

"All right all right," unwillingly.

"Wait, Amos, I think I get one now. Sh-h-h!" Tom's heart began to beat so fast he could hardly breathe. It was a bite sure enough. And just then, the worst possible moment, the fire siren far off in the village raised its lonely doomful cry.

"Listen," Amos began counting. "It's not for a fire. I wonder——" He looked thoughtfully, very soberly, at Tom Crandall.

"It's gone," Tom said. He meant the fish. He meant the day, too.

Up the road something came to life raised steadily an enormous purring sound, louder and louder. Two motorcycle cops. They stopped on the bridge, looked blankly into the thicket. One complained: "Why should he be around here? He was snatched before dawn."

The other agreed. "How they get him out those gates, I don't know. Look. Someone coming. A big car."

"It is a Crandall car," the first cop said.

Amy Crandall was driving at a thin boy beside her. She stopped, questioned the policeman in a voice that was hard and calm the voice of one accustomed to giving orders. "Go on to the next east west lane," she said, "and separate there. Ah, there's the flyer at last!" An airplane roared circling low and away over the walnut trees. The policemen started their motors, went off the dust flying golden in the strong sun.

Amy Crandall got out of her car followed by the thin boy. "Was it here, Avery? Goodness, you should have told us this morning."

"How could I? You didn't ask me. Yes, it must have been here he meant." They peered over the rail of the little bridge. Amos stood up.

He's here Mrs. Crandall. We've been fishing."

AMY CRANDALL came down through the scratchy brush. She took Tom's arm. "Thank God you are safe! But your clothing is damp! You are chilly. Oh, come, we must get you home at once, dear."

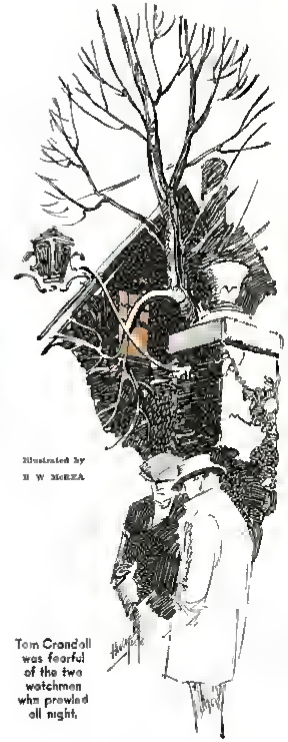
Tom Crandall glared into Avery's clear face. He could not kick Amy who was at this moment in a very good position for being kicked, stooping to fold the robe she had taken from the car. But Tom Crandall could kick Avery, and he did—on the right shin—so that Avery emitted a sharp yell and fell over backward into the brook.

"Avery," said Mrs. Crandall sternly, "come out of there at once. Now look at yourself all muddy." She led Tom Crandall to the car. "Oh my dear, my dear," she moaned "think of the newspapers, the newspapers—all your responsibilities, the meeting today!"

"They can go jump in the lake all of 'em," Tom Crandall said defiantly.

But as he sank back into the car seat he knew he was not defying anybody—except perhaps his wet and frightened grandson—for Tom Crandall was seventy-eight years old and too rich to be left alone. He was, everybody insisted somebody in the newspapers. He felt like nobody at all but his own small self being dragged home again—again.—*The End*

He couldn't go fishing — his day for dancing school.



Illustrated by H. W. McREA

Tom Crandall was fearful of the two watchmen who prowled all night.

Papineau remarked, 'You did not love him, eh?' "I liked him well enough,' Crispin replied wearily

Steel Point

A KENT POWER MYSTERY

By BENGE ATLEE

Fay Paton

Ailsa Stuart

FROM THIS secluded spot—a rustic bench set in front of tall blooming azaleas on a promontory from which the Mountain dropped swiftly through lush trees—the lights of Montreal were a pillar of fire against the hot June night. But he who had fallen from the seat, who lay in a strangely twisted attitude with a splotch of dark against his dress shirt, neither saw nor felt the warm night's languor. He did not even hear the thud of feet approaching the heavy, pavement-practiced tread of Sergeant Jules Papineau, nor the more dilettante steps of his companions Kent Power and Haig Crispin.

It was Crispin who halted and said: "There he is—as he was found."

There was a sombre note in the voice, and the usual quick fluidity was gone from a face on which events more usually played with laughter. For Haig Crispin was a colorful young man whom some even called quixotic. He and seen much of the world and its more picturesque people: had swum with H. G. Wells at Antibes; had taken tea with Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Beaverbrook had tried to collect him into the *Daily Express* bright galaxy of talent. He added: "We just left him quite undisturbed for you."

Power bent over the crumpled man with his flashlight—a man with a passionate dark face and the subtle signs of moral deterioration. *Sic transit* Tony Stuart, eh?"

"Without *gloria mundi*," Crispin replied.

His tone caused Sergeant Papineau to remark: "You did not love *im*, eh?"

"I liked him well enough," Crispin replied gravely.

Power said: "It's a knife we want. Where's the knife?"

"We didn't find it."

"Look for it."

"There was a search of sorts."

He was just lying here with a hole in his heart, eh?"

"Yes, just as you find him."

It seemed to Power that Crispin lacked tonight his usual verbal varnish, as though keenness was a checkrein on the glister of mockery, as though deep within him foes stalked like a caged beast. Power proceeded to search the environs with the flashlight, but found nothing—nor in the bushes above.

As they moved back along the wooded path toward the house he asked: "Who found him, Haig?"

"Fay Paton."

Power's eyes widened. "Not *the* Fay Paton?"

"Yes."

"What was he to her?"

"Nothing!" The reply came curtly, as though to kill the suggestion forthright. "I'm three of us grew up together—old friends."

"He was a broker, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"And given to the wild life, if one can believe the tales."

"One can."

Power said thoughtfully: "I'd pipe down on the hard words—unless you have a good alibi."

"Unfortunately, I haven't."

"Too bad."

"Yes, isn't it?"

And once again something flippant and bitter in Crispin's tone told Power that an inner conflict was preying on the man's behavior. They mounted the long flight of stone steps to the terrace, entered French windows to the long, low-ceilinged living room, and found there a score of men and women, mostly young. Though these seemed trying to face the stark realities of the situation with sophisticated aplomb, they were not succeeding. It was written in their faces that they had been shaken out of their poise, and that they were very much on guard. They seemed to huddle together, as though for mutual support, around the chester field in the centre of which sat a pale, golden girl.

AT THAT time Fay Paton was the most arresting young personality on the Broadway stage. Even here, the other actors seemed to have meaning only because she was the pivot about which they hung. Power said to her: "Haig tells me you were the first to discover the murder, Miss Paton."

A pale hand moved in a lovely gesture of assent; in the tragic eyes still lurked the memory of horror.

"You knew that he was on the rustic seat on the promontory?"

"Yes. I had left him only a short time before."

"Where and you gone?"

"Down the hill to the old well. It was a favorite haunt."

Haig Crispin said: "Miss Paton was born in this house."

"Oh?" exclaimed Power, and then: "How far is the well from the promontory?"

"Quite a little distance."

"You heard nothing? He made no outcry?"

She kept staring into the memory of horror as though trying to read its riddle. "I thought I heard voices. Perhaps I didn't."

Power engaged some of the others. Of the twenty couples who made up the party, it seemed that five had been dancing in this room. Three of the girls had been in a bedroom upstairs powdering their noses. One couple had been sitting in the rose garden at the back. But no less than five had been diversely about the place on their own, as it were. Crispin, with his man, Magnusson, in the cellar fetching fresh supplies of wine. The dead man's wife, Ailsa Stuart, her brother, George Mowbray, and Bayne Davis, had been out in the grounds. Tom Parker had sat smoking at the foot of the terrace.

"How long were you and Magnusson on the cellar?" Power asked Crispin.

"About five or ten minutes."

"After that?"

"I was in this room when Fay found him."

Yet again Power sensed the queerness in Crispin's demeanor: the attempt to be crisply casual that didn't quite come off. He turned to Ailsa Stuart. The dead man's wife was of that quick, dark type that hardens early. Lines of disillusionment had already etched themselves about the unhappy, overcrowded mouth. He asked: "How long were you outside, Mrs. Stuart?"

"About half an hour." The reply came almost curtly.

"Where did you go?"

She looked him straight in the eyes. "To the promontory."

"Your husband was alive then?"

"Yes."

"Had Miss Paton left him?"

"No." There was a bitterness in the monosyllable that sent a quiver of embarrassment through the group.

"What happened then?"

"I went up the hill to the bench under the old pine."

"How far would that be from the promontory?"

"As far as I could get?" Again her reply evoked that wave of unease.

"You were there when the alarm was given?"

"Yes."

"And that's all you know about the manner of your husband's death?"

"Yes."

POWER TURNED to George Mowbray. The brother was a taut, wiry little man, with a tigerish restlessness and quick, arrogant little eyes. As though the hormones in his blood contained something demonic, he gave the impression now, as always, of being keyed up. The Little Dynamo they called him on St. James Street, into whose highest purlieus he had, though barely more than thirty, already shot like a rocket. They said that, like Caesar, he was ambitious, biting off more than he should have been able to chew, yet somehow always managing to chew it.

"What were you doing outside?" Power asked him.

"Looking for my sister," came the curt reply. As he sat there on the edge of his chair, taut and alert, he seemed now more keyed to meet the occasion than was necessary—a little soldier guarding perhaps a menaced treasure?

"Find her?" Power asked.

"No."

"See anyone roaming about?"

"No."

"Go to the promontory?"

"No."

"You knew Stuart was there?"

"Yes."

"That's funny."

The Little Dynamo bristled. "How funny?"

"Because your sister went there."

"How was I to know that?"

"By using the simplest logic."

Stung by Power's sarcasm, the other cried: "You can't talk to me that way!"

"Take it easy." Power said gruffly. "You're not bull doing a board of directors. You stand before the law as a possible suspect of murder."

Ailsa Stuart sprang up passionately. "He didn't do it!"

But suddenly Mowbray was calm again, surprisingly calm. Pressing his sister back into her chair, he growled: "Get on with it."

Power turned to Bayne Davis. "What about you?"

If it was meant to be funny it brought no response from the group about him, wherefore he went on to explain that he had been sitting on a rustic seat in the centre of a group of azalea bushes above the promontory.

"Then you saw the murder?" Power shot at him.

Davis shook his head, but the look of innocent disclaimer in his cherubic eyes didn't quite jell.

"Are you trying to tell me that you were there that close and neither saw nor heard anything?" Power snapped.

The other hesitated. It was as though as a maker of plays he realized that his position demanded more than mere negative to give it verisimilitude. "All I know," he replied finally, "is that he had a visitor."

"Who?"

"I don't know. I heard someone come along the path and speak to him. Their voices were low. I couldn't hear what they were saying. As a matter of fact, I left then and came back toward the house."

"How long after that was the alarm given?"

"About a quarter of an hour."

"Took you a long time to reach the house."

"I met Tom Parker at the foot of the terrace. We talked there for a while."

POWER turned to Parker, who was one of those long, bread-shouldered, shaggy men with a brooding expression that suggested the philosopher. He had quiet eyes and a reposeful manner. As those eyes narrowed now quizzically on Power they betrayed neither guile nor guarded ness; seemed merely to seek frankly after truth. He happened to be, Power knew, one of the most successful financiers in the city.

"You confirm that, Mr. Parker?"

"Absolutely."

"And all this time you had been sitting at the foot of the terrace smoking? Did you hear or see anything out of the way?"

The financier smiled in an arid, deprecating way. "I'm afraid I was wool-gathering until Davis came along."

"You knew nothing about this murder, then?"

"No."

Power turned to Crispin. "Sergeant Papineau and I are going to have a look around. I suggest that you and your guests remain here." Nor did he fail to note the relief that this announcement brought to the taut group of guests.

"I'll go with you," Crispin said quickly.

Power was declining his help when, with a slow sigh, Ailsa Stuart slumped from her chair. He caught her as she was falling. With Papineau's help he laid her on the chesterfield. Fay Paton had dashed to the side table for a decanter. The others gathered about solicitously. Power gave Papineau a nod and they left her to their ministrations.

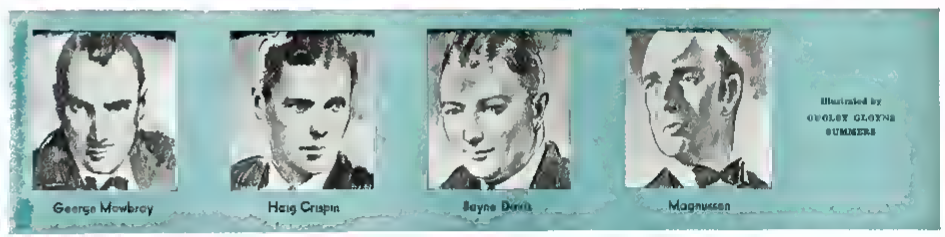
A figure was loitering ghostlike at the dimly lit end of the wide hall. It was Magnusson. The butler was an imposing man with a glistening bald head and his Buddha-like features wore an air of serene inscrutability.

"A terrible thing, Mr. Power," he said feelingly. "I knew him as a boy."

Under his guidance, they searched the house. It yielded nothing. They were standing finally in the hall where they had met him when Power said: "The sergeant and I would like to go some place where we can talk undisturbed."

"There's the kitchen, sir."

But a door close by had caught Power's eye, a door they had not yet entered. A closet, perhaps? He turned the knob tentatively. It opened on a library. He swung on Magnusson. "Why were we not shown in here?"



George Mowbray

Haig Crispin

Bayne Davis

Magnusson

Illustrated by DUDLEY GLOYNE GUMMERS

There was nothing in Davis' appearance to suggest that he was one of the most successful of Broadway's younger producers, for he was a tall, lathish young man with an innocently cherubic face. That face usually wore a bland smile though not just now. As one well-known New York columnist had written: "I have never seen Bayne Davis without his smile—but a man can smile and smile and be a ten-minute egg."

"I was sitting in the bushes," he replied with the most naive expression.

Magnusson's eyes lost some of their serenity. "I didn't think—"

But Power followed by the eager Papineau had stepped into the room. Power turned on the butler and said brusquely: "That'll be all, thanks." And shut the door in a decidedly uneasy face.

"There is the reason why we are not admitted here!" cried Papineau, searching the room with quick eyes. Suddenly he let out an exclamation. From the wall above the

Continued on page 48

Slaves of a Tug

Robbed of their wings, enslaved to a tug—a Viking ending gave tragic release to these once proud three-masters

By N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN

I watched the last unbending of her sails,
The cutting of her gears her toppling spars.
She the beloved of the calms and gales,
The little sister of God's guiding stars

THERE IS something supremely tragic at any time in the dismantling of a magnificent full rigged sailing ship no matter to what use her hull may be put but to convert her into a hey fad carrier towed at the end of a stuttering hawser seems to be the final word in ignominy. Perhaps that is what the *Dunsyre* and the *Walkure* felt when they took their fate in their own hands and surrendered to the sea.

Any mariner will tell you that a sailing ship has a soul. Not, as they will explain invested with it in the shipyard but something which she has acquired after she has been weathered and seasoned by the salt. It also has to do with the men who sail her especially her skippers. She's partly human, and though you may think you can master her by hanging onto her wheel spokes and shifting her canvas, she'll take her own head for things unless she has confidence in you. Even when all her brave trappings are gone and her heart broken, there's a bit of her soul left.

Steam has crowded most of the windjammers off the sea and robbed of their wings they have been sent to the boneyard or become the slaves of a tug. The Island Tug and Barge Company of Victoria have acquired a fleet of them and are transforming them into barges. This is the story of two of them thus converted.

The three-masted sailing ship *Dunsyre*, 277 feet long 2,140 gross tons, was built in Glasgow in 1891 and a lovelier thing never left the ways. She was as good on the locked and for many years operated in the grain trade, her proud figurehead cleaving a path between the seven seas and the British Isles. She was the last sailing ship to go through the Panama Canal, and she piled up two world records, one from Liverpool to New York and another from San Francisco to Auckland.

Thrilling tales are told of her during the Great War of how she eluded the enemy, to be caught at last by a German gunboat and interned. After the Armistice she was sold at the unprecedented figure of $277,000 and made a fortune for her owners when freights soared skyward. Her sailing days ended forever a year ago.

Captain Billington brought her up from Oakland, California to Victoria. He had known her in her glory and to him she was still the *Dunsyre* though that fine name had been changed to the unromantic *Island Tug*. He watched the process of her dismantling, and when, robbed of all her glory, her conversion was complete, he saw to it that she was as clean and comfortable as a barge could be. Even the floor of her hold was bolstered until it shone, and the quarters of the crew included a player piano. Most important of all she was permitted to retain her figurehead. Offers of $600 had been made for it and refused. The proud and surreptitiously decorated lady who had queened it in earlier days was repainted and gilded her cheeks rouged and on the sawed-off bowsprit above her a sun was emblazoned. Perhaps it was thought thus to propitiate the broken spirit of the old ship.

It was November 18, 1936 when she made her first trip out from Alberni on the west coast of Vancouver Island. The deep-sea tug *Anyox* had her in tow and going down the canal the weather was fair enough. But once in the open, a gale from the southeast caught the two vessels in towering seas a few miles off Cape Cook. The *Island Tug* became unmanageable and then the towline snapped.

For hours the *Anyox* ran the risk of being swamped and her crew of seventeen drowned while she tried to get another line aboard the barge. Then the dark closed down, and the threatening breakers forced the tug to abandon the barge to her fate rather than sacrifice both vessels and all hands.

There were three aboard the barge Captain Billington, young Larkin and Heater and for eighteen hours they waited hoping for rescue or the abating of the storm. They took turns on watch, one of them always on deck though they had to crawl on their hands and knees. Again and again the combers broke over them, but miraculously the barge lived on. Perhaps she had a purpose.

At dawn of the second day, knowing the end was near, the captain gave the order to leave her. He and the other two men into the lifeboat, and then rebuffantly took his farewell of the vessel and climbed down the rope ladder. Almost swamped again and again, they managed to keep the little craft afloat and by dint of constant bailing and rowing toward what they hoped was land, they glimpsed, after three hours, the lighthouse on Kains Island. Breakers thrust them on the rocks, but the lightkeeper saw them and came to their rescue.

From the tower they watched the last of the barge. It was as though it had only waited to give them their chance, for they saw it lifted and tossed on the upthrust peaks of the rocky shoreline and then pulled back, to go down, figurehead first, into the sea.

End of the "Walkure"

THE SECOND of the converted wind ships was lost less than a month later. She was originally the *Walkure*, also built in Scotland and with a long line of achievements to her credit. Latterly known as the *William Dollar* the Island Tug and Barge Co. rechristened her the *Island Gatherer*. She had been in service for only a short time when she first showed her resentment against fate by wrecking the Second Narrows Bridge, out of Vancouver.

Then on the 11th of December, 1936, she made her supreme effort. There was a seventy-to-eighty mile gale whipping Queen Charlotte Sound into a fury just as the *Island Gatherer*, in tow of the *Salvage Queen*, was abeam of Pine Island. Heading into it and putting extra men at stoking the fires, the crew of the *Salvage Queen* held their own for only a short time. Then the *Island Gatherer* swung broadside to the sea, the pins in the towing winch carried away and the brakes went, the line running off the winch and going overboard.

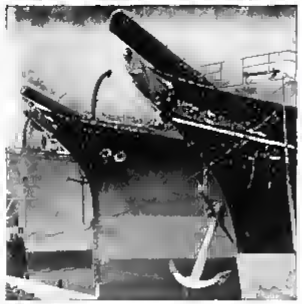
There were four persons aboard the barge, one of them the sick wife of Captain Paulson, the captain himself, and Croty and Smith, two crew members. The rescuing of them is one of the heroic tales of marine history. Had the *Salvage Queen* not stood by, none of them would have lived to tell the tale. As it was their salvation was a miracle.

Captain M. F. R. McFarlane, his vessel threatened momentarily by the seas and the rebellious barge, first rammed the latter amidships hoping to effect a rescue at that point. "While alongside her for a few brief moments," said he, "we could see, through the smoke on the inside bottom of her, and decided to try again under the ice counter. We notified those aboard the barge by radio telephone to be ready to jump and then rammed again." All this in the teeth of the hurricane up at the north end of Vancouver Island, breakers on every side.

Continued on page 67

The "Dunsyre" in her glory.

Below: the same ship demoted to barge status.



One-time sea queens sadly awaiting the end.

Swordfishing

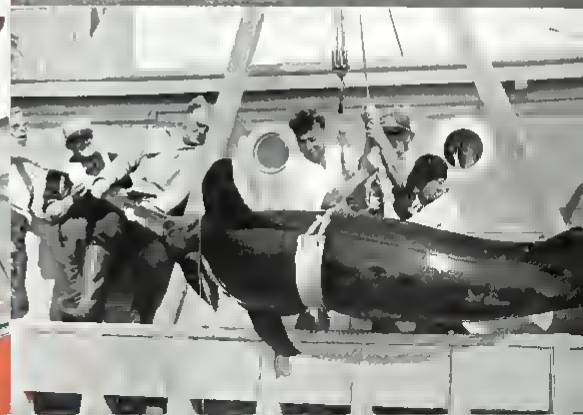
By CLARENCE SHAPIRO

Right at top: Waiting for a big one thirty miles out from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Lunenburg has long been a centre of commercial swordfishing. Last year the rod and reel experts joined the hunt.

Right centre: An exciting moment. A swordfish has been hooked and brought to the boat after a long struggle. Two fishermen hold the sword — still a dangerous weapon.

Lower right: The catch, killed without injury to men or dory, is hauled aboard a government motor vessel.

Below: Michael Lerner, enthusiastic swordfisherman standing between two of his record fish. The one on the left weighing 601 pounds, established a North American record.



Maclean's Magazine, April 15, 1937

Mutiny on a great man's bounty. Mr. Snydacker strikes a romantic snag and consternation reigns on the movie lot

"maiden effort"

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrated by R Eldridge

The story: Going to the country for a rest, Kelsey Hare, architect, meets Marian Holmes who owns a run-down estate and has a stupid manuscript named Glunk. Under the pseudonym of Templeton Sayles Holmes has written a novel for a movie contract and it has been returned to him. Hare sends the estate and returns Glunk. Sayles buys the novel and begins to rewrite it. Holmes goes away.

In the town of Cuylerville, Marian Van Stratten has had her photo entered by Lugger Morse, a local admirer, in a beauty contest conducted by the same movie company that rejected the novel which Hare now owns. As one of the leading contenders, she is summoned to New York by A. Leon Snydacker, President of Purity Pictures, Inc., who mistakes her for a Park Avenue debutante and is greatly impressed by her charm.

Snydacker states that the novel he wants to film was submitted by one Templeton Sayles, a concealed lady-killer according to his own confession in the novel, and that it was returned by mistake. Snydacker goes to Moldavia, where Templeton Sayles does, taking with him Marian and her newly found friend Gloria Glamour, also Moby Dickstein, a press agent.

They meet Hare and address him as Templeton Sayles, and Marian tells him about his lady-killing qualities. Snydacker astonishes Sayles by telling him his novel won the $15,000 prize, then asks him to play leading man to Marian's leading lady in a film version of the novel which will be retitled Maiden Effort.

Shooting of the film begins at the estate. In Texas, Marian Holmes reads that the novel which he sold has won a big prize and starts home.

Snydacker pursues Marian with unwelcome attentions and offers presents which she consents to use only before the camera. Templeton Sayles thinks the Big Boss is wooing her himself and when she falls out of a canoe he declines to rescue her, pointing out later that the water is only two feet deep. Marian tells him that she loathes him, and Moby Dickstein tries, in Snydacker's absence, to advance the latter's suit.

"WHUT WHUT WHUT?" rapid-fired A. Leon Snydacker straight into the distressed face of his first assistant. The genius of Purity Pictures, Inc. had returned from Hollywood with a heart full of numerous hopes, only to have them dashed by the report of no progress. "Shi won t go? She won t go? That's your fault. It must be your fault!

"Now, hwana—

"Don t you hwana me.

"I ll you just listen—

"You re fired.

"All right, hwana." Moby Dickstein accepted it meekly. He had been through all this before.

Your middle name s diplomacy, snorted the Big Boss with searing scorn. What did you say to her?

Moby essayed a rendition of his strategy regarding the hydroplane trip, only to have it cut short. What s the matter with her, anyway? Who does she think she is? Who does she think I am? Who do you think you are? A Leon waved his arms in air, snatched a vase from the table and dashed it against the wall. At once he became calm, portentously calm. I shall handle this matter myself," he pronounced.

"Certainly, hwana." The stooge realized that he was no longer fired. This also had happened before.

The Great Man became patronizing and kindly. "It's too much of a job for you, my boy. With these high toned ones you got to watch your step every minute. What did she say?"

Well, she said she wasn t that kind of gal. Mebbe she ain t, said Moby with a cynical air.

"And mebbe she is. That s where the solitaire comes in. Did you tell her about the solitaire?

I didn t get that far, confessed the other. Besides, I said to myself, 'Hwana s the boy to put that over.'

'Sure! Sure!' Nevertheless the magnate did not seem wholly at ease in his mind. 'You don t think there's anyone else, do you? Not this Sayles, Esq.?'

'Sa-a-ay!' The job I ve had tryin' to get her even to rehearse with him these last few days! He s just stolen juice to her. And is he a lousy actor!

That's no top to you as director," returned his chief propitiently. "We got to keep him on for the advertising value. That'll be all for now. Tell Miss Van Stratten that I will see her in my—er—private office in half an hour.

TRIM, CALM and slim, the girl answered the summons some twenty-five minutes late to the ill-controlled irritation of Mr. Snydacker. But in spite of himself he was impressed. There was about his star an unconscious assumption of privilege which set him at a disadvantage. This he accepted as the mark of Class. He addressed her with an air of benignity.

"Well, darr *ling*! This life certainly agrees with you.

"I like it."

"Didn t I tell you you would, darr *ling*? Er—uh—Moby Dickstein tells me you got an engagement over the week-end."

"That's just Moby's tactful way of putting it."

"Now about this trip he put up to you: don t get me wrong; he brought it her earnestly. I can understand the way you feel; it s prejudice, and I don t believe in prejudice. So I may not agree with it. But I understand it."

"I call that broad minded," commented the demure Marne.

"That s me. Broad-minded. You understand me."

"Yes," she murmured. "I think I do."

"Sure! Sure you do." he cried with misplaced enthusiasm. "But you ll feel different about the trip after we re engaged, wouldn t you darr-*ling*?"

"Engaged?" repeated Marne with lifted brows.

"Didn t Moby Dickstein tell you I intended we should be engaged?"

"He did make some reference to it."

"My instructions," said A. Leon complacently. "There was a swift pass, suggestive of legerdemain, and a large, pure diamond was sparkling into her eyes. "What d you think of that?"

"It s lovely," was her involuntary admission.

"It s yours, darr *ling*."

"Oh no! I couldn t possibly."

"What s the idea? You took the emeralds, didn t you?"

"That was for the costume. Besides, they aren t real."

"Who says they are?" yelled A. Leon, outraged. "He's a liar, and I can prove it. They set me back—" He paused, arrested by something in the girl s expression. "—plenty."

"If I d had any idea they were real—"

Wait a minute. Never mind the emeralds. This is more important." He waved the gem before her, then held it out at arm s length, the better to admire it. "This is a beautiful engagement ring."

"But Mr. Snydacker, I don t want to be engaged to you. Any more than I want to go away over the week-end with you. If those are the terms of my being a star, it s off."

Now, listen," he interposed soothingly. "Listen, darr-*ling*. This isn t an ordinary engagement. This is brass tacks. It s real. We ll make it regular. I ll *marry* you." He was putting his case with a skill so magnanimity, a grace that roused the warmest admiration in his own breast. On the level, I will. I ll marry you," he added in afterthought, just as soon as I can get my divorce."

To his consternation she laughed. "Oh, dear!" she murmured. "How can I get it to him? I don t want to marry you, Mr. Snydacker."

"You don t want to marry *me*?"

"No, if you don t mind. I don t want to marry anybody."

"But you got us money," he cried thunderstruck. "You told me that, yourself."

"That s true. But—

"Don t you want to work for me any more? Don t you want to be a star?"

"Oh, yes. I like that part of it. But not on these terms."

He sighed. It all seemed to him so hopelessly illogical. Nevertheless and rather to his own surprise, he yielded. Temporarily, of course. Her reluctance, he suspected, had something to do with Class. He d have to get a line on that.

"All right. We ll leave it lay then darr *ling*. You keep this to kinda help hold the thought." He extended the solitaire.

Marne shook her head.

"I ll change it to the studio and you can wear it as a prop," he propounded in one of his bursts of inspiration. "Think it over. Think the whole proposition over."

"Glunk" wailed Gloria, "there's a man here." "It's all right, Glunk," retorted the intruder, "and now"—to the girl—"who are you?"

Gloria and Moby Dickstein relieved the situation by appearing to keep an appointment which their boss had forgotten. When this had been postponed and Marne had left with them, the ring on its elegantly embossed case still rested on the official desk.

OUT OF HIS instinctive knowledge of women A. Leon Snydacker evolved a measure of strategy to resolve the deadlock. While all were at dinner he had the precious box smuggled into the star s room. That night he slept well in the peace-giving assurance that all women, even the classy ones, were essentially alike, and all you needed was a little tact.

Morning brought disillusionment. It also brought the engagement ring, plus the emeralds, back to their purchaser. No word came with them.

In unendurable anguish of soul A. Leon began to suspect that he was being played for a sucker, which to his proud spirit was a fate worse than death. He raged. He cursed. He sent for Moby Dickstein and fired him again; rehired him, tefired him, and finally told him to get out. By this time the Great Man had shouted "Wait a minute" the few-once-resentful Mr. Dickstein was either out of hearing or pretended to be.

The two secretaries were summoned to the Presence. They found their chief striding up and down with haggard eyes.

"I ll show her!" he shouted.

Both took it down and then, deciding to scratch it out, waited for more. It came, flood tide. For an hour and a quarter Mr. Snydacker dictated notes. He then ordered his valet to pack, after which he locked himself in the west wing for a session of self-communion, officially designated as a conference and otherwise, known as the sulks.

Memoranda rain the penal bombs of Moviedom. Shortly after the presiding genius had withdrawn into the silences, the memoranda began to burst. Things hummed. Every body ran around in distressful circles, asking questions of one another and trying to find Moby Dickstein. That long-suffering factotum was at the Park House in Moldavia, treating his spiritual injuries. The business of being fired had finally got on his seasoned nerves.

While chaos was brooding, Marne and Gloria were taking a sail on the lake. Onn of the daily rain squalls chased them in, wet and disgusted. The first thing they noticed was a typed square on the bulletin board which A. Leon Snydacker had set up in the front hall for the daily edification of his underlings. The legend read:

No more rehearsals until further notice by special order of
A. Leon Snydacker, President, Purity Pictures, Inc.

Gloria s four straight brows drew down in concern. "Now what s the idea of that?

"Let's ask Moby," suggested her companion.

A sound of melancholy song issued from a side room. Mr. Dickstein had returned from the Park House. The girls knocked and were bidden in formal tones to enter. The first assistant rose to welcome them with a knightly bow.

"Your servant, ladies," said he.

"You re drunk," said Gloria.

"I m not," said Moby.

"He isn t," said Marne. "But he s been drinking."

"Licks that touch liquor shall never touch mine," recited Moby solemnly. "Aside from that, if you d been fired s often as run as we did you—

"Are you really fired?"

"I m fired; you re fired; he she or it is fired," parsed Moby. "We re fired; you re fired; we re all fired."

"Do you believe him?" Marne asked Gloria.

"Neither do I." Moby answered for her. "Not necessarily. I ll find out. I ll ask Tweedledee and Tweedledee." These were his names for the two secretaries. He steered a true course for the door and marched down the hallway.

"Would you care?" asked Marne.

"Would I care! Say, girl! This is the softest graft at the best pay I ve struck yet. And I ll bet you ve gummed it by turning down the sugar kid."

"What would you expect me to do?" demanded the girl indignantly.

"Just what you did," sighed her friend. "I d have done the same as you. I reckon it it had been me."

Moby Dickstein reappeared, his face, at least, sober. "The staff is packing. Ditto for the servants. The camera crew is on its way."

"What?" exclaimed Marne. "Why, Kempie was to take some stills of me at four o clock."

He lolled his head like the Arab and silently stole away," intoned Moby.

"Cut the poetry and come down to prose," requested Gloria.

Here s prose for you. In A. Leon s snappiest style." He passed out a memorandum to each.

The notices, identical in wording, informed the recipients that they were returned on half pay until work was resumed. Meanwhile they would remain at "Maiden Effort" headquarters. Miss Gloria Glamour devoted some moments of concentrated thought to her document.

I get it," she pronounced at length. "A Leon s trying to throw a scare into you kids."

"How?"

By pretending that he's thinking of shutting down. Hey Moby?"

The factotum maintained the gravity of the owl and the taciturnity of the clam.

"I bet's the idea, why doesn't he lure me?" enquired Marne logically.

"Because you'd go jump. He doesn't want to lose you. Just scare you."

"He can't scare me by paying me twenty-fifty a week," chuckled Marne. "Not seriously. But the place'll be dead without you, Moby. Are you actually leaving?"

"That's what I'm goin' to find out. The big stiff is still here. I dunno why. I'm goin' in to have it out with him. He'll fire me, we'll be," he declaimed. "First he knows I'll seg-seg-segregate myself from his organization." He took his departure with dignity and steadiness.

IN CONFERENCE, was the gruff response to Moby's tap on his chief's door.

"You and who else?" Moby aptly retorted.

"Huh?" demanded the Great Man, sorely shocked by this levity. He jerked the door open and said severely: "I thought I discharged you Mr Dickstein."

"Think again," returned Moby moving in. "You can't discharge me. Why can't you discharge me? Because I discharge myself. I resign."

"You resign?" echoed the magnate, his eyes bulging. "You mean you resign time?"

Why not? A man like me can't stick in one place forever."

This was pure bluff. A Leon well knew it for such. Yet the very thought of it as a possibility struck terror to his vitals. Without Moby Dickstein as whipping boy for his troubles, where would he turn?

"Now, Moby," he began ingratiatingly, "you got me wrong. Everybody was always getting A Leon Snydacker wrong, to the grief of his sensitive soul. "I've always had your best interests at heart."

"As per invoice," remarked the ex-factotum waving the memorandum of his dismissal under its author's nose.

"That means you're through on this picture," explained the employer with swift ingenuity.

"Well I don't wanta be through on this picture. I like this picture. Through on this picture through on the whole show."

"Sure. Sure. You stay right here on the job and look after—e—my interests."

"As and on what?"

"In charge and on your present salary. I've cut the others in two but—"

"Nothin' doin'" and the bold Moby, perceiving that he had his opponent on the run

The Snydacker jaw dropped. "You wouldn't let me down in—in my time of—of trial and tribulation, would you, Moby?"

The appeal left no object cold. "We were talkin' about a raise, way last March."

"We'll talk about it now."

A Leon groaned. But he had to give in. That matter being settled on a promissory basis, the employer proceeded to bare his feelings of that chief and worst preoccupation.

"That girl" he lamented. "Moby, I'm getting just nowhere with her."

"Sure, you're getting just nowhere. You chased me off the lot and said leave it to you you knew how to handle 'em."

The Great Man gave way to the humility of depression. "I was wrong Moby. There's something about that high society lot that gets me down."

Having won his victory the alcoholic stimulus within Moby now moved him to confidential sympathy, together with a touch of condescension. "Get onta your self bwana." The Great Man perked up at sound of the title only to be taken down by the next remark. "Society my pants! She's no more society than you are."

"Whad-d'ya mean other than I am? Don't the papers play up every party I throw?

José Rafael Pocaterra.

A Rebuttal in the matter of "A Rather Quiet Fellow"

To the Editor

Sir: In *Maclean's Magazine* of March 1, 1937, appears an article under the title "A Rather Quiet Fellow," in which the author, Austin F. Cross, repeats statements published originally in the Montreal *Daily Star* of August 17, 1936, under the caption of "Tale of a Revolution" lampooning in flippant language the partisan tasks of an expedition in 1929 against the Gomez regime in Venezuela.

The "rather quiet fellow" is a Montreal insurance man [in the original article he was merely a "businessman"] who looks out of his office window at the St. James Cathedral etc. This "fellow" (the writer also calls him Senor, apparently without realizing that the word signifies at that we mean by a "gentleman") was an "exile, a "fanatic" as the "subject" (the first article reads "liberty") of Venezuela a Venezuelan (also called an ex Venezuelan by some process of reasoning I am unable to fathom) who chartered "a little ship called the *Falke*." (Lloyd's shows the *Falke* to be of Bremen registry, built in 1909 and of 998 tons).

Now there are not many Venezuelans in Montreal. Those in the insurance business are a mere handful, and of this handful the only Venezuelan who could gaze out of his office window on the Cathedral of St. James, who was an exile and the only Venezuelan resident here who did take part in the *Falke* expedition was the writer, José Rafael Pocaterra.

Since the article can refer to no other person than the undersigned and since its buffoonery has the audacity to hold up to public ridicule a cause to which I have devoted the better part of my life and in which many whose memory I revere gave up their lives I may say that the true story of the expedition, its factors and its results are told, with supporting documents, in the latest edition of my work "Memorias de un Venezolano de la Decadencia." This edition, published in Venezuela and in circulation abroad, was exhausted in a few days. It will shortly be translated into English and French.

When the article was first published, I registered my protest with the Consul of Venezuela in Montreal while that country was still under the Gomez regime. The Consul sent my protest to the Government, and in a letter written in his official capacity and on the official letter head he urged me to take no notice of the calumny. Moreover he informed me that he had received from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Venezuela a copy of a letter originating in Montreal making application for the post of Consul, taking as its basis the attack upon me which had appeared in the local press. Needless to say, no attention was paid to an application supported by such credentials. Even my political enemies both in Venezuela and abroad did not stoop to countenance such infamy. Friends who had read the article with indignation and astonishment, prevailed upon me at that time to refrain from legal action.

Since the article just published shows a persistent and malevolent desire to attack me in the person of a man who has struggled to bring to a successful conclusion the long dictatorship in Venezuela, a matter concerning Venezuelans and Venezuela, I have to say to Austin F. Cross or to those who in cowardly and insidious a manner had him sign such imputations that I dare him to write my name in full—José Rafael Pocaterra—and those of the other participants, now Ministers of the Federal Executive or high officials, and to recount not in the lurid burlesque language of the tabloid press but with fully authenticated facts, each and all of the imputations he has made, and since according to him there was and still is "a price upon my head" (which reason he says he could not leave my real name) I relieve him from that disability, and if within a reasonable time Austin F. Cross fails to repeat in the manner stated and back up with his signature the imputations made in the aforesaid articles, I claim the right, open to persons of honor everywhere, to take whatever procedure may be available to me.

It is sad to think that after so many years of residence in this country where I have established a home, brought up a family and fulfilled in my humble way my civic and social duties, there should be persons, moved by base motives, who could so defile their pens so to try to besmirch the conduct of a man who has served his adopted country, respecting my fellowmen and respected by them and tomorrow, perhaps, in Venezuela repaying to many Canadian residents visiting there as I am here something of the genial and noble hospitality I have found here. It is sad, I say, to have to record among so many expressions of friendship and esteem this unscrupulous attack by one who does not even know me personally or who is serving as the instrument for some cowardly instigator.

In the summer of 1936 I revisited my native country. The press there told how I was received. Upon my return to Canada, the local press published an interview with me. I requested and obtained from the Venezuelan Government the grant of the "Simon Bolivar" prize to the best student of Spanish in the institution of learning where I have been teaching for thirteen years. Subsequently while engaged in my own sphere of work here I was surprised to learn that my native State had elected me their Senator to the Federal Parliament, and I shall perhaps attend for a few days the Inauguration of Congress in April next and then return to my duties here.

I have to ask the reputable Canadian press to reproduce this statement of a foreigner resident in this land of freedom where, it must be confessed, such attacks are the sporadic fruits of other surroundings where every scandal has a price and every price a scandal.

I shall be obliged to you, Mr Editor, as a gentleman and a reputable newspaperman, if you will publish this letter.—José Rafael Pocaterra, 12 Salisbury Rd., Pointe Claire, Que. March 5, 1937

Continued on page 34

All right, all right. I ain't arguing with you on a little point like that, Moby. But are you trying to tell me that Miss Van Stratten am't—"

"Miss Van Stratten probably ain't even Miss Van Stratten."

"What-what-what? Not her name?"

"Well, I guess she saw it first, grunted Moby. "Somebody around here's goin' to take it away from her. Why—shucks, bwana! I thought you were too smart to be gypped by a phony. She's synthetic."

"I don't believe it," said his chief hallowly. "How d'you know?"

"How would I don't know? I made her up."

"If it how could you make her up?"

"Easy. You wanted a swell, didn't you? The minute you set eyes on her you spotted her for Class with a big capital C, didn't you?" A Leon groaned. "And you needed a build-up for it. You didn't know it, but that's what you were lookin' for. Moby's job. Apply to Moby. He's the little fixer. So I shook you up a debutante society swell, three parts imagination to one part Social Register with a dash of *Blue Book*. And did you lick it up!"

"Who is she?" croaked the wretched and disillusioned magnate.

"Search me. Some bright little extra maybe. Ask Templeton Sayles. He's supposed to be the real McCoy himself, so maybe he knows it when he sees it. There he is, takin' it easy in the hammock."

THE PRESIDENT of Purity Pictures, Inc., recovered poise enough to request, through the window, that Mr Sayles step this way.

"What for?" asked that gentleman hardly lifting a languid head.

"A Leon Snydacker speaking," said the magnate with an effort at authority.

"Oh!" returned the ex-leading man. "Will you kindly go to blazes?" he concluded pleasantly and let his weary head lapse back.

"Ah, be yourself," Moby exhorted him.

"That you Moby? Well you can go to blazes, too," said Kelsey with even more geniality. "However, not to be disobliging." He rose and came to the window. "What is it you want?"

"It's about the Van Stratten kid."

"What about her?" Kelsey was frowning now.

"I've been tellin' the chief she's synthetic. I made her up. To order. To the order of A Leon Snydacker."

"Well doesn't he like the order now that it's made up?" queried Kelsey with a yawn.

"That isn't the point, put in the magnate. "Who is she?"

"How should I know?"

"Miss Adelina Achan the Janitor's Hope." Moby recalled the inscription which Martin Holmes had facetiously written on her newspaper picture. "You spotted her all right, all right."

"Nothing of the sort," denied Kelsey sharply. "I know nothing about her and care less. You'll have to excuse me." He stalked away, his back unnecessarily stiff.

A Leon Snydacker exploded. "That's the girl that turned me down. Me-me-me! Setting herself up for a day-by-day Fanny. She's fired. From date. Without pay."

Moby Dickstein perceived with pain and apprehension that he had committed a major error. If the star went, the job went. And Moby was well suited with the job. He did some quick thinking.

"Oh no she ain't. Calm down, bwana. Calm down."

"Why ain't she?"

"Think of the build-up. Think of the investment. The All-Class, All White Purity Supercreational Picture. That's our story, and we're stuck with it and stuck good. What a sap you'd look if we dropped our star now as a phony."

"Sap? Me?" yelled A Leon.

"Well, wouldn't you? Gave it the axe-ever."

The Great Man gave it the several times-over and the more he went over it, the more undertaking. If you can't locate a church bingo, just hunt up the nearest Canadian Legion post—or go out to the veterans' club over the firehall outside the city limits. And the game will be the same.

Who plays it? Everybody and his Aunt Emily. You'll elbow into a seat between your streetcar conductor's wife and the eleven-year-old son of the corner butcher. Women take their husbands to the bingo to keep an eye on them of nights. Professional men vie with laborers and Conservatives rub shoulders with Social Creditors.

And just about the time you think you have the question of bingo all summed up: you'll run into the anti-bingoites.

Is Bingo Harmful?

THE Police Commission of Toronto was visited by a flying wedge of anti-bingoites this March. They represented Anglicans, Presbyterians, United Churchmen, Baptists, representatives of the Local Council of Women, the W. C. T. U. and the Missionary Society. They sat between them that gambling is one of the largest and chief schools of crime, worse than drink. They complained that bingo had fallen into the hands of racketeers, and souls had fallen into danger. They said that men like Premier Hepburn and Opposition Leader Bennett had gone on record against lotteries. They said it ought to be stopped.

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Back in Homer's day the Greeks had a word for it—had

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BINGO

It's an epidemic, it's hysterical, it's historical—It has Canada bingoed from coast to coast

By ROBINSON MacLEAN

CANADA is bingo mad. Bingo is a simple little game but it's far from being a simple little event in current Canadian history. If you say you like it, you get swamped by the irate moralists who say it is commercialized gambling. If you say you don't like it, a thousand growling bingo addicts are prepared to snatch you baldheaded. Even if you don't say anything you get swamped with opinions one way or another.

If you stretched all the Canadian bingo players end to end, you'd have to tie bewhinnis in the line to keep it from sagging outside this fair and buxpeet Dominion. It's an epidemic, a rage, a knock-out and a landslide. It's the best current topic of conversation. It's hysterical, it's historical—and it isn't even in the dictionary.

So the best way to learn about bingo is to go to a game. Most of the games are being played in church halls. And most of the churches that have found it compatible with their conscience have found it was a better money maker than the euchre, the quilting-bee, the sociable, the bazaar all rolled into one.

It isn't hard to find a game. Just read the papers or drive around until you see a sign. Even if you can't see the sign, you can go for a walk and follow where the largest crowd will lead. You'll end up in a church hall, probably, with from fifty to 500 others.

It really doesn't matter whether it's in Charlottetown, Halifax, Slippery Elm Creek or Vancouver, the game will be going on and this is what you'll see.

The hall will be lined with tables. The tables will be lined with players, bent over boards lined with numbers. There will be twenty-five squares on each board and a number in every square. Across the top of the board will be painted B I N G O. At the front of the hall the operator will take a numbered wooden ring from a can or barrel. He will call out, "Under the B—seventeen." From the back of the hall his helper will echo: "Under the B—seventeen." Every player's eye will snap up and down the column of five figures under the letter B. Each player's card bears a different series of numbers. Those that have the number seventeen on their cards will grin...mark it with a washer or a kernel of corn, and wait for the next number. Those whose charts have no 17 will groan and wait. Then after five or fifteen numbers have been called successively, some player will have a card in which the markers form a line across the board, up-and-down or from corner to corner. He will shout, "Bingo!" and he gets the prize—groceries or knick-knacks worth from fifty cents to five dollars. Then it starts over again.

There will be twelve or thirteen games of an evening for twenty, twenty-five or thirty cents. Then for the incoming tides—and practically every bingo player is incorrigible—there are usually a few extra games at a nickel a game.

It's a good game from the viewpoint of the average addict. There's a winner every time, and half the hall is within one number of winning each time. And the price of an evening of bingo is about the same as a movie.

It's a good game from the operator's viewpoint. If the church has a hundred players, paying an average of thirty cents, the receipts will be $30. Prizes will cost from $10 to $20. Profit $10 to $20. Five hundred players might net $100 in an evening.

The veterans' associations have also found it a profitable undertaking. If you can't locate a church bingo, just hunt up the nearest Canadian Legion post—or go out to the veterans' club over the firehall outside the city limits. And the game will be the same.

Who plays it? Everybody and his Aunt Emily. You'll elbow into a seat between your streetcar conductor's wife and the eleven-year-old son of the corner butcher. Women take their husbands to the bingo to keep an eye on them of nights. Professional men vie with laborers and Conservatives rub shoulders with Social Creditors.

And just about the time you think you have the question of bingo all summed up: you'll run into the anti-bingoites.

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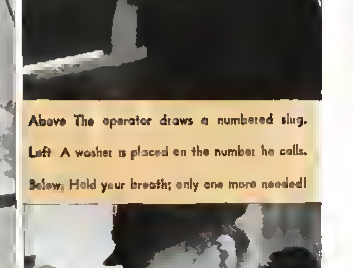
Above: The operator draws a numbered slug.

Left: A washer is placed on the number he calls.

Below: Hold your breath; only one more needed!



Twins

By ROYD E. BEAMISH

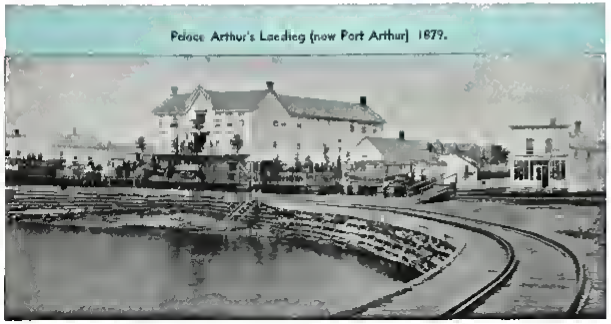
Top: Fort William, business section. Lower: Fort Arthur, harbor-front.

Sister cities but spirited rivals—The East ends at Port Arthur, the West begins at Fort William

GEOGRAPHICALLY only a narrow river separates the City of Fort Arthur from the City of Fort William. Metaphorically they are as far apart as the poles—these twin cities of Canada which have as much and yet so little, in common. Economically, socially and industrially, they are a unit, sharing the same industries, the same resources and the same hopes for the future. Yet they are separate entities as highly individualistic as are their locations: the one being perched aloofly on a hilltop and the other nestling in the valley of the Kaministiquia River where the land is as flat as a table.

Together they stand as Canada's twin ports on the great unsalted seas, filling an important function in the life of the nation as the connecting link through which all water-borne traffic between the West and the East must flow. Together they play a triple role as the storehouse of the nation, a local point of mining and lumbering activities to the north and the gateway to the land of the Nipigon, a sportsman's paradise. Fort William, with a population of 26 000, is slightly larger than Port Arthur with its 20 000, but in other respects they are remarkably evenly matched.

Sixty years ago Fort William was a Hudson's Bay trading post. Port Arthur was only "The Station," which later became Prince Arthur's Landing, made famous through the fact that Colonel Wolseley and his men disembarked here in 1870 and started west on foot to quell the Riel rebellion. Port Arthur celebrated its semicentennial in 1934, while her sister city looks forward to 1942 to mark the same occasion for itself.



Basic Industries

FOUR PRODUCTS of nature, and the uses to which man has put them, supply the *raison d'être* for Port Arthur and Fort William. These are water, wood, minerals and wheat. Translated into terms of their products, they represent transportation, fuel, wealth and food—necessities all, in modern civilization. Seventy-five per cent of the population finds its livelihood in these four fields. Grain is included because although wheat is only handled at the Lakehead and not grown, grain-handling is the second largest industry in point of employment. The remaining population is employed in trade and in the professions and their allnames—and in agriculture, there being a fertile agricultural belt lying to the east in a great semi-circle to the village of Nipigon, sixty miles distant.

The basic industries—transportation, timber and mining—existed long before Port Arthur or Fort William existed. The fact that both sites were located on natural harbors led to the founding of the first tiny settlements. In 1605 records show, Port Arthur (then "The Station") was a terminal point from which the Hudson's Bay Co. drew its supplies from the East, and Fort William later became a trading post of the company.

The gold mines which have made territory around the Twin Cities famous in recent years, had their beginning in 1870 when the Jackfish Lake mine was discovered seventy-five miles west of Fort William by two Indians. Investigating the report brought to him Peter McKellar, one of Fort William's outstanding pioneer citizens, visited the territory and found free gold in the quartz formation. This marked the beginning of gold mining, although silver had been mined twenty-five years before that time, and the greatest silver producer in the district, Silver Islet mine, had been in operation for two years.

Silver Islet is worthy of a passing glance, for its spectacular silver lode—1,230 feet below ground, under the waters of Lake Superior—contained the handsomest native silver and the richest silver ore the world has ever seen, and a greater value in bullion from the amount of veinstone broken than any other known silver mine. For sixteen years it was operated with pumps expelling 155 gallons of water per minute from the shaft to keep the spectacular treasure chest from the water which sought to claim it. Baffled by man's ingenuity for so long a time, the waters of Lake Superior finally seized their prey when a storm held up a vessel en route to the islet with 1 000 tons of coal as fuel for the pumping equipment. The operators ran out of fuel, the pumps stopped, and the Silver Islet shaft was no more.

In 1883 the first grain elevator at the Head of the Lakes was constructed with a capacity of 200 000 bushels, and the embryo twin cities set out on their twin careers as storehouses of the nation.

The two natural harbors which caught the eye of Hudson's Bay officials as far back as 1805, still are used as terminal points, through which are drawn the greater bulk of all goods which the West must purchase from the East, and the goods which must pass eastward in return.

The mining industry has lost its Silver Islet and all silver properties lie dormant, desolate and forgotten; but in their stead arose the Little Long Lac gold mine, Ardeen gold mine, Empire gold mine and North Shores gold mine—all within striking distance of the Lakehead and playing a vital part in the growth of the Twin Cities.

The forest reserves which sixty years ago produced mine timbers have been developed to a peak then undreamed of—and in a different purpose. Three pulp mills operate in the Twin Cities, consuming 300 000 cords of wood annually, while another 100 000 cords are shipped to other mills in Canada and the United States. To procure this material an army of woodsmen keep the welkin ringing with the sound of falling trees throughout the winter, and another army of more expert craftsmen are employed in early spring, peeling pulpwood logs for "sap-peeled wood" is desirable for export purposes.

In place of the single elevator of 1883 stand thirty-two imposing edifices today, of a magnitude that dwarfs that pioneer storehouse into insignificance. The largest of these modern castles of commerce has a capacity of 7 500 000 bushels, and the thirty-two elevators which line the harbor fronts like the battlements of some huge fortress can hold 96,868,300 bushels of golden wheat, enough to load a freight train 527 miles long.

Near and Yet Far Apart

DESPITE THEIR common destiny, the two cities, all through the years during which they have grown side by side, have maintained no intercity rivalry that far transcends the bounds of mere competitive spirit. They are as different in character, their citizens as different as

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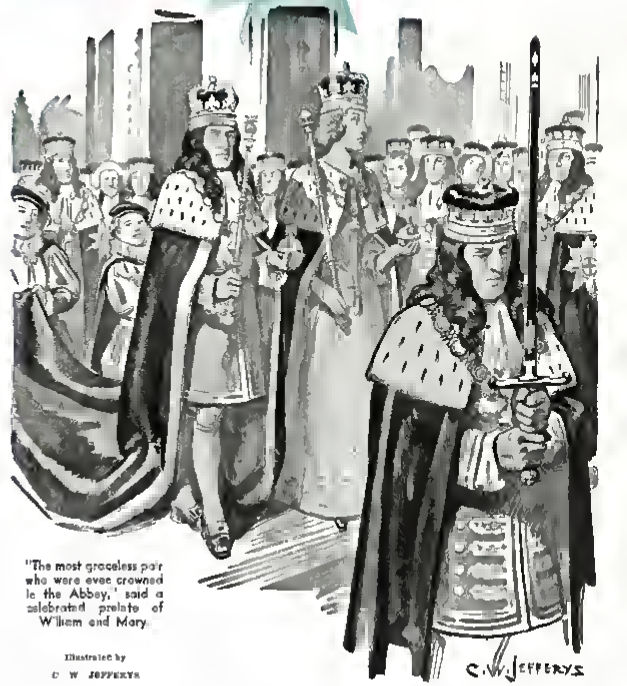
Great Coronation Dramas

By CHARLES BARDON BAILLEY

5. A Queen Cursed by Her Father



"The most graceless pair who were ever crowned in the Abbey," said a celebrated prelate of William and Mary.

Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS

OF ALL THE coronations in British history that of William III and Mary II was the strangest and most remarkable. It, during the General Strike of 1926 the late King George and the Prince of Wales on a moment's panic had fled to France, and in their absence Parliament had invited Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles to assume the Crown, it would be a close parallel to what happened in England in that turbulent year, 1689.

The ill-advised James II was officially deposed, and his eldest daughter, Mary, along with her husband, the Prince of Orange, lost no time in coming to London to sit on the vacated throne. The whole country was aghast at the turn of affairs and when it became known that husband and wife were to be crowned together as joint sovereigns—a procedure hitherto unknown in any civilized land—the national murmurings of protest became almost a storm.

"We will be crowned as equals or not at all," was Mary's defiant declamation to prelates and Ministers, and the determined pair got their way. The arrangement of the coronation caused many delicate problems. Who would sit in the coronation chair, who would be handed the sceptre and the orb—symbols of sovereign power—and who would be crowned first?

Worn out by these questions and very doubtful of the legality of a joint coronation, the Archbishop of Canterbury intimated that he did not propose to officiate at the ceremony. Undaunted, William and Mary went ahead themselves with the preparation for the ceremony which was fixed for the 11th of April, 1689.

For the first time in history, Parliament began to take an active interest in a coronation. The order of the service and the words of the oath were settled by Parliament—and they exist more or less to this day in the form laid down by that astounding coronation nearly 250 years ago. Mary ordered a new coronation chair to be made, also a new orb, sceptre and crown. The wish of the day wanted to know if the new William desired a new Coronation Stone for the other chair, while a cynical suggestion that the "Stone of Destiny" should be split in two so that each of the twin chairs would have a sacred stone underneath was seriously considered by Mary.

No coronation in the long and brilliant series aroused so little enthusiasm as that of William and Mary, but both appeared oblivious of the fact. Mary's excitement at the prospect of being crowned was almost childish, and to partisans of her father, almost indecent. In the making of robes and the new regalia, Mary and her husband evinced the keenest interest, in spite of the fact that the country was in the throes of wars.

The week of the coronation was the wettest, coldest and stormiest April week for over a century, and after the ceremony the bad weather continued throughout the summer and autumn, a fact which was considered all over the country to be a bad omen and a judgment. A few days before the coronation, the whole palace of Whitehall was aroused by piercing screams. Scared servants found Mary crouching in a corridor outside her bedroom. She confided to a close friend next morning that she had beheld a vision of her father standing beside her bed with a dagger in his hand.

"The Most Graceless Pair"

ON THE morning of the coronation, while William and Mary were being robed for the great ceremony, news arrived that James II., the deposed king, had landed in Ireland with a big force to regain his crown. An hour after the news had come, Mary was informed that Lord Nottingham wished to see her immediately on a matter of grave importance. The peer handed her a heavily sealed letter. When Mary opened it and read its contents her dark face became deathly pale, she swayed to one side and would have fallen, but for the support of her husband.

The letter was from her exiled father, James II, and was as follows:

I have hitherto made all fatherly excuses for what has been done and have wholly attributed your part in the Revolution to obedience to your husband, but the act of being crowned in your own power, and if you are crowned while I and the Prince of Wales are alive the curse of an outraged father will light upon you as well as that of God who has commanded duty to parents.

Even the iron heart of Mary quailed before such a message, and it also had a visible effect upon William who was by her side at the time. But they soon recovered. William defended her action in answering the "call of the people" before Lord Nottingham, who also heard Mary telling her consort that he deserved all he got for letting James leave the country so easily. Mary, who was much taller than her short husband, was about twenty-seven at this time, and had hardly a trace of the beauty and charm of Stuart women. Her consort was a brave and upright man of forty-five, but had little imagination or tact.

"The most graceless pair who were ever crowned in the Abbey" was the opinion of a celebrated prelate of the day, and the scene in the church at the coronation was, perhaps, the drabbest ever witnessed at such a function. Londoners showed little enthusiasm for the new sovereigns or their coronation day, and in the Abbey a sombre and unstrung-hushed gathering awaited them. For the first time, Members of Parliament were present in a body, seated behind the altar, but peers, prelates and peeresses were very few. There were only five bishops and four judges present, and a handful of aristocrats, the rest of the assembly being laymen.

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Shots and Angles

By ANN ROSS

Clark Gable as Parnell and Myrna Loy as Katie O'Shea in "Parnell."

A love story which wrecked a party and rocked a nation is the theme of "Parnell"—a new picture adapted from the famous stage success of the same title. The hero of the story is Charles Parnell, exponent of Irish freedom; the heroine, Katie O'Shea, wife of Parnell's political opponent. Love of woman in the end wrecks love of country and Parnell loses his battle for Home Rule. Advance notices herald the picture as offering both exciting drama and memorable history.

Stolen Holiday

IN HER LATEST picture, Kay Francis plays the part of a French model who becomes a leading Paris designer—a role that gives her the widest possible range for her special talent of wearing clothes. The film isn't just about clothes of course, it's based though with an names attached on the Stavisky scandal that rocked France several years ago.

Nicole Picot (Kay Francis) is the innocent tool of the unscrupulous Russian, Stefan Orloff (Claude Rains) who uses her to put over a questionable deal. Nicole, whose ignorance of finance is almost an exceptional on her knowledge of clothes, allows Orloff to set her up in the dress designing business. Orloff's swindles mount and mount, Nicole's creations become more and more fantastic. But while Orloff's career collapses in ruin love comes in time to save Nicole, and everything ends happily for everyone except the unhappy investors.

Claude Rains plays his part with his usual finesse, and Kay Francis models hers with her customary stateliness and effect. Women will probably enjoy this drama of furbelows and finance more than men.

The Green Light

HOSPITAL interiors, that operating-room scene that the movies had so irresistible, a touch of Louis Pasteur, some romantic sequences and an astonishing amount of dialogue make up "Green Light," starring Errol Flynn and Anita Louise. The title is symbolic, the theme having to do with thumbs and go progress of the soul toward eternity. The picture is rather uneven in interest since Director Frank Borzage appears to have worked a good deal on the stop and go principle himself. The story takes an occasional lively spurt—in the hospital and operating scenes, for instance, and on the laboratory and inoculation sequences—but seems to come to a dead stop in the romantic interludes and the long intervening discussions.

Errol Flynn is dashing and romantic, Anita Louise is beautiful and vague. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is saintly and august though a trifle chilly. No one manages to be very convincing, and the film as a whole is only intermittently interesting.

When You're in Love

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE" brings us Grace Moore in another of her stop-look-and-listen performances as a romantic opera star. A famous singer held up at the Mexico-American border by quota regulations, she impulsively marries a stranger young man (Cary Grant) in order to get on with her concert tour. It isn't long, however, before she discovers that the claims of love are even more entangling than the red tape of the Immigration Department—so we have the inevitable complications and difficulties, leading up to the usual bursts of song.

Miss Moore's brilliant soprano, good looks and high vitality carry everything forward as always, with pace and interest. Her best effort in the present film is the lively swing number, "Minnie the Moocher," which she carries through with energy and style. "When You're in Love" is a good average Grace Moore picture, which means that it is better than average entertainment.

The Man Who Could Work Miracles

DON'T MISS "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." It's another H. G. Wells fantasy and, while not quite as brilliantly handled from the technical point of view as "The Invisible Man," it's far more inventive and entertaining than that rather solid and gloomy work of imagination, "Things to Come." H. G. Wells himself adapted it for the screen, from his ingenious short story about the mild English clerk who discovered to his own consternation that he had the power to upset the course of nature.

Roland Young is perfectly cast as the rather rabbitlike little miracle man and since the camera seems to be able to work any miracle that even H. G. Wells can think up everything the hero wills comes off with sensational precision. It's an Alexander Korda production but H. G. Wells has had more of a hand in adapting his story than authors are usually allowed. The result is that the picture is a little verbose at times, and one wishes that Mr. Wells had left more of his explanations to the camera. However, it's an exceptionally interesting screen experiment and one that young and old will find equally entertaining.

Beloved Enemy

BELOVED ENEMY" has all the elements of a very exceptional film—fine acting, beautiful camera work, a broodingly dramatic background and one of the most intense moments in Irish history as its story setting. Its weakness seems to be that it has too many elements and too many points of view that it tends to mount its horse and ride off in all directions. The producer has tried to present both English and Irish points of view, without giving offense to either side.

He has also attempted to make the historical element dependent on the love story and in spite of the sincerity of Merle Oberon's performance, no one will be entirely convinced that a mayin heroine was responsible for the founding of the Irish Free State. Nevertheless, the love story is beautifully acted by both Miss Oberon and Brian Aherne, and its background of violence and hatred is conveyed with a great deal of intensity and pictorial beauty. It's a good film and worth seeing but I think it would have accomplished more if it had attempted less.

On the Avenue

THE BEST THING about "On the Avenue" is undoubtedly the Irving Berlin music. Half a dozen tunes including "The Girl on the Police Gazette," Slumming on the Avenue," "He Ain't Got Rhythm" and "You're Laughing at Me" give it its special quality. I still like Irving Berlin's music best when he fits it to and Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, but there is nothing to complain about in the present cast. Those two beautiful and talented blondes Madeleine Carroll and Alice Faye, are both present; rivals for the affections of Dick Powell, and the Ritz Brothers and Cora Witherspoon work hard to make as little sense as possible.

The staging is elaborate and good but the plot is complicated and weak. The Rich Heiress is back again, spreading class-consciousness among honest workers, and there's that old old scene where the deluded rival (Alice Faye) bursts in to explain to the heroine what a silly blind fool she has been all along. However, even if you cannot remember the story, "On the Avenue" gives you three or four good tunes to carry away in your head.

The Sign Post

Camille.—Greta Garbo gives freshness and beauty to the old drama about the beautiful consumptive who loves, declines and dies. A splendid production and a fine supporting cast, including Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore and Henry Daniell. Highly recommended.

Maid of Salem.—While battling in the bad old days, with plenty of historical detail for serious movie-goers and lots of love interest for the romantics. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are the principals. Recommended.

God's Country and the Woman.—An old plot given a brand-new coat of technicolor. The lumber camp scenes are good but on the whole the technicolor merely makes the picture jumpy without making it fresh. With George Brent, Beverly Roberts.

That Girl From Paris.—Lily Pons as an opera star whose career is complicated by the demands of love and the Immigration Department. With Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie. Fair.

Man of Affairs.—George Arliss in a double role. For those who stick to Mr. Arliss through thick and thin. This I'm afraid, is the thin.

Sing Me a Love Song.—Hugh Herbert as a kleptomaniac in a department store. The store setting is familiar but Mr. Herbert's kleptomania is something altogether new and strange. Take the family.

Three Smart Girls.—Deanna Durbin, the fourteen-year-old coloratura in a pleasant film about family life that families may enjoy.

The Garden of Allah.—Fashion show in the Sahara with Marlene Dietrich modelling. The story has to do with love, religion and sacrifice, but Marlene Dietrich's clothes are the important element. With Charles Boyer. Not recommended.

Champagne Waltz.—Love and waltz time in old Vienna with Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray both very good. Together with some comedy interludes about gum chewing that one can set so good.

The Woman Alone.—An English thriller expertly directed by Alfred Hitchcock and lively acted by Oscar Homolka and Sylvia Sidney. This film has had very little billing but shouldn't be overlooked.

Rembrandt.—Screen biography, dealing with the later years of the great artist. Magnificently acted by Charles Laughton. You won't find much action in suspense, but the film is unusually well worth seeing.

The Plainsman.—Buffalo Bill Wild Bill Hickock, Calamity Jane, General Custer, and other early Americana in a super-Western thriller. With Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur. More fun than you have had since you used to play Indians, and it can be done kind.

Alibi the Tiger Man.—To a large extent this is a copy of the original. However it has enough "Tiger Man" charm and action to make it worth while. With William Powell, Myrna Loy.

Lloyd's of London.—How Freddy Bartholomew grew up in the shipping business and became Tyrone Power, Jr., and helped to win the Battle of Trafalgar. An ingenious and occasionally magnificent combination of fiction, fact and Hollywood history.

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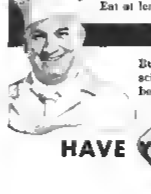

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REVIEW of REVIEWS

Gas Preparation

Thoroughly Scared, People in Every European Country Are Buying Ugly Gas Masks

YOU NEED only look at photographs from abroad to guess that Europe has the jitters, according to an article in *Fortune*. It proceeds:

Look at the new dark stream of pictures of gas masks of men and women and children of all ages behind rubberized jowls, black chins and blank and staring eyes, and ugly snouts. Ordinary citizens could make themselves look like that only because they were thoroughly scared. Gas masks are not fun.

The basic facts about gas masks are simple. All masks used everywhere consist of a rubber or leather headpiece and a canister containing charcoal which absorbs some kinds of gases and chemicals which neutralize others. The canister may be mounted in a nubby snout or slung in a bag at the end of a long breathing tube. It may be expensively made and probably effective or cheap and possibly worthless. Gand or and, it is the symbol of the loudest bull-baloo of war panic ever heard in time of technical peace.

Discounting the nonsense and granting the propaganda and commercial motive, the fact remains that the European civilian has taken the gas mask into his life. He remembers the last war and he has been persuaded that in the next he must expect to be bombed and gassed from the air. On that bitter conviction hinge the panic policies of Europe, the hysterical behavior of practically every major power on the Continent.

Item: France, England, Russia, Germany, Italy and Poland are providing all civilians engaged in what are called essential services—electric power and light, waterworks, transportation, munitions—with gas masks and gasproof shelters.

Item: All leading European powers are educating the masses in the use of gas masks and have urged the populace to buy them.

Item: Germany and France and, to a lesser degree, Russia and England are building gas and bombproof shelters in which to herd large numbers of people during air raids.

Item: In almost any city in Europe you can buy official pamphlets telling the differences between the lachrymators, which temporarily blind the lung irritants, which choke, the vesicants, which blister, and the sternutators, which make you sneeze and vomit, may drive you to tear off the mask and whiff a lethal gas.

Item: In France you can buy masks at drug stores, in Czechoslovakia at department stores, in England direct from the manufacturers in Germany and Italy from semi-governmental agencies. The prices range from $2 to $20.

Item: England, having awakened with a start to consciousness of its vulnerability from the air, and scared in every nerve is piling up a store of cheap gas masks from which it will equip every man, woman and child.

It all adds up to confusion. The cry of the Reichsluftschutzbund is "Save Your self!" But in England there is a belief, articulated by the Labor Party, that once you start fooling around with masks you are inviting gas, since you remove any humanitarian scruples against attacking a defenseless population, and a practical conviction that if a dose of gas does come, these masks and shelters and analysts sniffing the air won't be much good. For the informed gossip in England, no less than on the Continent, is that the cheap mask is worthless and that it is silly to expect the enormous aggregation of errors and confidence called the human race to keep any kind of mask in working order.

Echoing through the uncertainty and the confusion sound the ominous overtones of Mr. Stanley Baldwin's speech in Parliament four years ago: "It is as well for the man in the street to know that there is no power on earth that will prevent him from being bombed. Whatever people may tell him the bomber will always get through.... The only defense is in offense, which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy in order to save yourselves."

Moisture from the Air

A MACHINE which extracts moisture from the air and is expected to be of great service in countries where the water problem is acute, has been constructed at Trans, in Provence, by M. Knapen, Belgian engineer.

The main apparatus is some twelve metres high. Thin inner casings, which form a passage for the air, are two and a half meters thick. In the interior 3,000 slates gather the condensed moisture provided by the variation in the temperature during the day and night. This amount of water resulting depends upon the numbers of the slates, the moisture content of the air and the extent of the variation in temperature between day and night.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

—From The Manchester *Union*.

In Europe Any Day Now.

Irish Problems

Common Defense Troubles Are Seen Bringing Britain and Ireland Closer Together

THEIR MUTUAL defense problems are bringing Ireland and Britain closer together, according to *The Literary Digest*, which states:

"Free" Ireland, whose distressful state long has been the subject of song and story, is beginning to boast of a new prosperity.

The Free State's prospects were never lower than when President Eamon De Valera took office five years ago. The American born leader of the movement to free Ireland immediately refused to pay Britain the land annuities—yearly payments of $25,000,000 representing interest and sinking fund charges which farmers owed on the loan with which Britain bought off the Irish landlords. De Valera argued that the landlords had stolen the land from the natives in the first place, so the debt was illegal.

Someone has said that the cat-and-dog relationship between Ireland and her historic enemy would cease if Irishmen could forget, and Englishmen remember. But, as usual, Englishmen forget. Britain immediately clamped down savage duties on cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, poultry, butter, eggs and cream—the country's main exports, which had run around $180,000,000 a year. De Valera countered with heavy tariffs on British manufactured goods.

By the end of 1935 British exports had fallen thirty five per cent, but the Free State, which formerly sent ninety per cent. of her exports across the Irish Sea, suffered a far heavier loss.

To hold up his end in the trade war De Valera launched a gigantic program to make the country self sufficient.

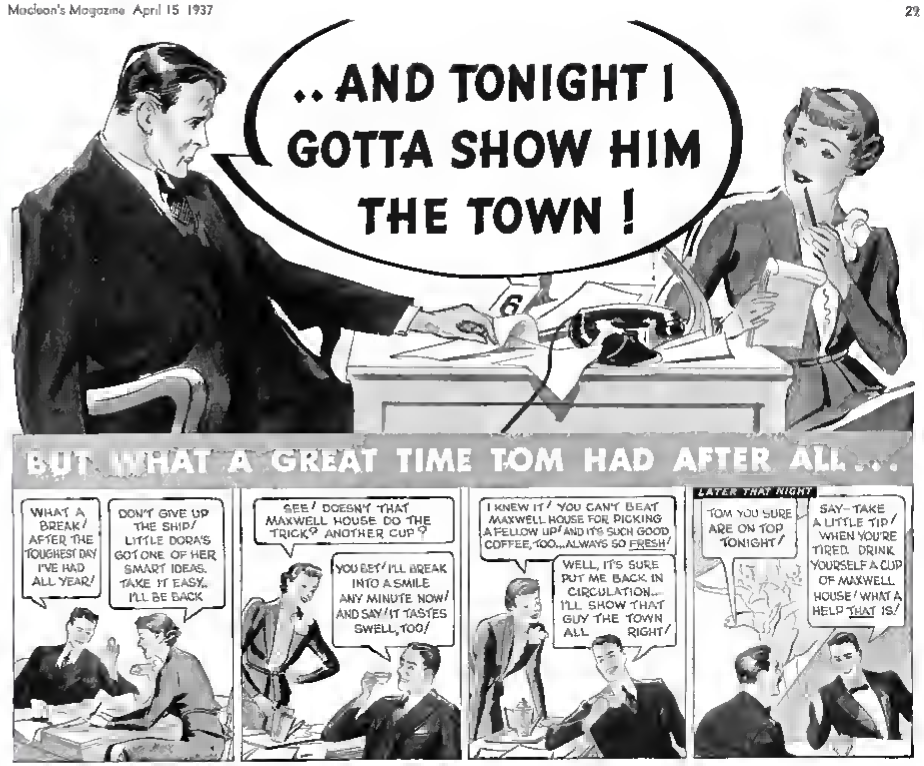
In four years wheat fields spread from 21,000 acres to 255,000.

Shoe imports dropped to almost nothing as twenty-seven factories—a third of them new last year—hired five times more men than in 1935. Since 1932 production had jumped from 841,000 pairs to 5,000,000.

Late in 1935, calling a truce in the trade war, the Free State and Britain signed an agreement under which British coal could be exchanged for Ireland's most vexing surplus, cattle. The sum involved equalled the disputed annuities—$25,000,000.

On the defense issue, De Valera, who has grown in statesmanship, presumably will listen to reason. He signed an agreement permitting Britain to build a transatlantic air-base on the River Shannon and under its terms forbade Germany, which has asked for an Irish foothold since it aided Roger Casement in war days to carry on aerial experiments from this green island.

Thus, if Britain's frontier is on the Rhine, so, apparently, is the Free State's. Yet Ireland's fleet consists of a few fishing patrol boats, and in case of war it would have to depend on the British Navy. Rumors now indicate that De Valera may solve the annuities problem by paying Britain $25,000,000 a year in exchange for the protection of her Navy.



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HOW incomparably delicious! . . . the rich, mellow, full-bodied flavour of Maxwell House! You'll agree at your first taste—no other coffee ever gave you such satisfying enjoyment!

And how it buoys you up! You feel so much brighter . . . more alive . . . as its friendly stimulation revives your spirits! You can count on Maxwell House for *that* always!

Another thing: Vita-Fresh Maxwell House comes to you always truly fresh. Not *days* fresh—but *hours* fresh! For it is packed in a super-vacuum tin—the one sure way to bring you coffee as fresh as the hour it left the roaster! Get a tin of Maxwell House Coffee today!

DRIP COFFEE DRINKERS!
You can now buy Maxwell House in the perfect grind for drip coffee making. Use it in either metal or glass drip coffee makers—it makes superlative drip coffee. Ask your grocer for Drip Grind Maxwell House. But if you prefer percolated or boiled coffee, ask for Regular Grind, of course.

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ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA—"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

NOW 2 GRINDS
DRIP GRIND AND REGULAR

Profitable Herbs

Catnip, Peppermint and Other Common "Weeds" Can Be Used in Medicine Making

ACCORDING to an article in *Popular Mechanics* the growing of herbs for medicine manufacturers has become a profitable industry in New Hampshire where conditions are probably no better than in many parts of Canada. The article states

Medicinal plants and herb flavors are an important factor in our $500 000 000 a year pharmaceutical industry our $1 000 000 000 tobacco industry and many great food industries.

Yet we import about eighty-five per cent of all plant flavors and medicinal herbs used

Nowadays commercial herb growing is largely a garden industry There are several reasons for this Demands for most herb crops are not extensive enough to warrant their being major field crops. Since quality and care are the greatest assets in herb marketing it is usually more profitable to grow and push a small quantity well than a large quantity carelessly Finally since there are few set rules for herb growing it is usually wise for the home gardener to begin by experimenting with small quantities.

The undertaking was begun in the vicinity of Concord where herb gardening has been an important industry in one of the outstanding herb-garden centres of the nation Growers in the area have completed a survey of the American herb industry and herb markets which may lay the foundation for extra income to thousands of gardeners throughout the country

In addition to garden herbs, the New Hampshire survey includes other sources of possible garden revenue. condiments and perfume plants flax the source of linen which is a $40,000 000-a-year imports and hemp principal rope and twine fibre, now imported principally from Italy

The first step was to locate and recommend twenty nine varieties of common wild herbs which can profitably be gathered and marketed.

For the beginner the great est interest lies in the second group and in possibilities for adapting native herbs to garden culture. Native herbs still supply the largest volume of medical materials obtained from plants

Dandelion seed is sown in early spring drilled in rows eighteen inches apart thinned to one plant to the foot. Roots are dug in the fall of the second season after planting. washed clean and dried. Prices for the cured root range from nine to eighteen cents a pound the yield is around half a ton to the acre and the demand is fairly dependable

Catnip is a hardy garden herb in commercial demand for leaves and flowering tops. Catnip grows best in sandy soil Seeds are sown in rows, in late autumn, and after reaching a height of four or five inches, plants are thinned to foot intervals.

Horehound a hardy leaf herb, grows as a common weed in many parts of the country It grows well in light dry soils even poor soils Seeds are planted in early spring, covered an inch deep plants are thinned to row intervals of from six to eighteen inches.

Licorice, candy and medicine flavor and curer of tobaccos, is a dry-weather herb native to California and the far Southwest where it is a weed pest. So sandy loam the plant grows well in various parts of the country The plant can be grown from seed but many use cuttings taken from the new roots which are set about eighteen inches apart in rows and cultivated Roots are harvested at the end of the third year and on good soil yields are as high as 5,000 pounds of cured root to the acre. Prices range from five to twenty cents a pound

Common sage is a hardy perennial herb and a staple seasoning as well as a basic pharmaceutical

Peppermint spearmint and wintergreen are the three most valuable of our native mints Peppermint is a perennial native to moist areas throughout the eastern half of the United States. Its principal product is volatile oil worth from $2.50 to $4.00 a pound Though the crude drug trade also uses the dried leaves and flowering tops.

The larkspur is a garden flower which bears a seed used in remedies for external parasites.

Burdock a large biennial is known as a troublesome weed. Dried roots from first-year growth are the basis of its herb value, though seed and leaf also have medicinal use On good soil the roots yield as high as a ton an acre and ten cents a pound is an average price.

Thyme is a shrublike perennial herb used for seasoning and for oil of thyme, a common pharmaceutical

Have You Musical Talent?

TODAY it is possible to determine a person's musical possibilities with amazing accuracy thus doing away with the chance that years of training may be wasted In *The Reader's Digest* we are told by Doctor K Antrim, editor of *Metronome*, that

Already in the one large city where the Seashore music test is widely used it is saving hundreds of children from hopeless musical drudgery Conversely it is preventing the one musical tragedy which is worse. the neglect of children who are potentially great musicians.

Carl E Seashore professor of psychology and Dean of the Graduate School at Iowa University began experimenting with music tests over thirty years ago. After years of developing his procedure during which he examined thousands of children Dr Seashore was ready for the big test The late George Eastman took a keen personal interest in the question and a proving ground was provided by the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York.

More than 10,000 persons from nine to sixty-six years of age and of every occupation have been musically measured and the results of the ten year experiment have only recently been made known But even before the final results were available Mr. Eastman was so impressed that he introduced a dragnet service into the Rochester public schools, so the exceptionally talented might be discovered early Rochester now employs a psychologist for this special job.

The records abound in exciting case histories. When the tests were first begun an eleven year-old boy was singled out from the mob His parents were poor and in no position to encourage his desire to become a violinist. But the Seashore tests indicated exceptional talent and lessons were begun immediately He has since graduated from a music school with the highest honors.

Brickbats and Bouquets

Thanks Canadian Red Cross

Allow me through your widely read magazine, to convey to the Canadian Red Cross and its supporters the heartfelt gratitude of the people of the Manitoba Drought Area for the gifts of blankets and clothing recently received With all reverence I repeat the words of the Master "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it also unto Me."

Most of our people have not had a crop for seven years which enabled them to buy these necessities. We give this message to the people of Canada. The hand of the Heavenly Father who guided the Red Cross in this distribution will give us faith and courage to fight through to victory.—Gordon McLaren Provincial Source Director United Farmers of Manitoba

Horse Racing Criticism

I have read with great interest Mr Eppes story of racing in Canada and note the sorry state into which it has degenerated. Instead of it being a gentleman's game where the great mass of the general public may go to relax and enjoy honestly conducted sport and get a run for their money we see Canadian tracks with but one exception (Woodbine) degenerated into nothing but rackets in many instances operated by out and out gamblers and racketeers. We see around the stables the most atrocious cruelty to animals which are fatally unfit for racing These animals are "nobbled" "frozen," "hopped" A dozen and one things are done to them while our stewards look on with complacency Mr Eppes has merely skimmed the surface. There is no country in the world better suited to the breeding of thoroughbreds than Canada. But what's the use?

Another flagrant evil is the manner in which wagering is conducted. Track managements are permitted to conduct the wagering, and the only check is a single mounted policeman Such policemen are very capable men in their profession but useless as accountants. It smacks of a lottery where the operator runs the lottery and also draws the tickets. Every race-track in Canada should be made to install Australian automatic totalisators. These machines are completely foolproof and "cheatproof" and are compulsory in Australia the greatest racing country in the world bar none. The public is assured of this protection under Mounted Police supervision Canadian racing also needs a Federal Commissioner of high integrity and not a common political heeler.—J A. Blanchard Beverly Hills, California.

A Dire Threat

Item in Parade of January 15 re Saskatoon Schools

This item has come to my attention, and at the first meeting of the School Board of Saskatoon School District No. 13 I brought it up to ascertain the correctness of the report given as to the contract. I find that it is not according to fact that the author has used some license poetic or otherwise. May I use some poetic (alleged) license to reply in him in kind? But I would request that he do not take it too seriously.

There are fire below for you, my friend
there's fire below for you.
For what you wrote the magazine it simply is not true
We use supreme classrooms and there is no lack of light
And from the tiniest little tot right up we use them right.
So may I ask my worthy friend that you all his eschew
Or else I sadly fear there'll be some fire below for you.
—Russell Hartney Saskatoon.

Radical Rexists

Leon Degrelle, Belgium, is a Fiery Young Man Who Has Gathered a Large Following

IN BELGIUM a young man is stirring up the country in much the same way that Hitler stirred up Germany in the years before he came to power His name is Leon Degrelle, and *Today* has this to say about him

Leon Degrelle is dark suntanned dashing He is romantic fiery and only twenty-eight years old. The personification of Belgian youth restless in the post war era he inspires the ardent sighs of susceptible girlhood and the maledictions of his staid elders. And he is turning Belgium upside-down by his frantic antics his idiosyncrasies and his merciless personal invective No one at Brussels seems to know how to deal with him and his adolescent cohorts, the Rexists.

His followers have routed in the Belgian capital have threatened huge mass marches on the metropolis have demonstrated with canes and razors and loaded clubs. Degrelle himself has been jailed for his defiance of law and order and government decrees His Rexists have made the newspaper front pages adding to the general chaos that is spreading over Europe.

Degrelle says things like this when interviewed by astounded reporters:

My instruments are propaganda and terror Everybody is afraid of me these days Heads will come off when I seize the power Hitler tried to bribe me, but I refused because I don't need money What France really wants is a man like me . . . There are times when one must let the furious mob run wild

Degrelle is of comfortable middle-class origin. His father was a politician and he was educated at the University of Louvain He became a journalist, went to Mexico, became famous for his pithy reportorial abuse of public personages. Then he entered Belgian politics within the fold of the conservative political machine. Here he was useful because of his appeal to youth with his drive and fire. Finally he became so domineering that the party elders rebelled their dignity offended afraid of his wild tactics.

Young Leon proceeded to found his own private movement. that of the Rexists. Rex meant Christ at first, and referred to the traditional sentiments of the group. Today however Rex means nobody but Degrelle king of the Rexists. Rexism is the Belgian form of those fascist forces which have been sweeping Europe.

Degrelle claims that parliamentary government is inefficient and corrupt. He attacks alleged grafters in the three orthodox Belgian parties. The Big Three, formerly at odds, now flock together on the terrified defensive on against the youth-threat of Rexism. There have been some unsavory scandals in Belgian public life and Degrelle makes much of these Belgian statesmen shrink before his merciless pamphleteering.

The Rexist program however is opportunist and quite nebulous. It is vaguely nationalist, goes in for red-and-pink hazing and is pro-Hitler and anti-French. Degrelle admires the Nazis has disliked the left wing government at Paris Unemployed misfits, and some arriverists and militarists have joined Belgian youth in the Rexist ranks. They are sick of speeches, want violent action barricades.

Saint or sinner wise man or fanatic, Degrelle must be reckoned with. His country has a highly strategic location, as the World War showed. Should a troubled France be surrounded by fascist dictatorships—Italy Germany then Spain and Belgium—it might alter the course of history

We shall hear more of this whirring human dynamo—Rex of the Rexists.

PARENTS *should know about this—*

The Tuberculin Test

The doctor injects a liquid called tuberculin into the skin. Later by the appearance of the skin around the injection, he can tell whether or not the germs of tuberculosis have previously entered the body.

IN many of the foremost schools and colleges, students are given tuberculin tests and also X-ray examinations when they seem advisable. The tuberculin test shows whether or not a boy or girl has picked up germs of tuberculosis. If the test shows that germs are present, X-ray pictures help to reveal whether or not the germs have done any damage.

In the schools where it is convenient to do so, mothers are invited to be present at the time the test is made. It is important that all parents should more fully understand how the early discovery of tuberculosis and proper treatment may prevent future danger.

The tuberculin test is in no sense a preventive, or a cure. When followed by X-ray pictures that show trouble is brewing, it points the way to modern, scientific treatment of the patient.

In case your child does not attend a school which provides the tuberculin test and X-ray examinations, you will probably wish to consult a physician. He can arrange to have these life-saving precautions taken in his own office or elsewhere. Tuberculosis, especially in the beginning, can almost always be brought under prompt control.

When the familiar symptoms appear—a persistent cough, pain in the chest, loss of weight, undue fatigue, lack of appetite, chronic indigestion—the situation is serious and no time should be lost. They indicate that the disease is active, and that the battle with mankind's oldest enemy should begin in earnest.

In Canada great progress has been made in fighting tuberculosis. But there are still thousands sick with this disease. Efforts in fighting this stubborn enemy should be increased until it has disappeared like other life-destroying plagues which have been conquered by modern science.

Send for the Metropolitan's free book let "Tuberculosis." Address Booklet Dept. 4-M 37.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE
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SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Strathroy's present Collegiate Institute.

Honor Schools

VI. Strathroy, Ontario

IN A RECENT issue of *Maclean's* an article on the Strathroy Collegiate Institute is interesting in that it gives an account of this historic school prior to 1913 when the old building was replaced by a modern structure, situated on a beautiful eminence, surrounded by nine acres of land. This has been beautifully laid out in playing fields, garden plots and a reforestation area.

Any account of this old school would be incomplete without mentioning the fact that two of its graduates achieved world-wide fame in connection with the World War.

The late Lieut.-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, commander in chief of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and afterward principal at McGill University, Montreal, was born on a farm three miles west of Strathroy and received his whole collegiate training at the local collegiate.

The late Major-General William Bethune, Lindsay, Ont., a Strathroy boy and a graduate of the school afterward took a course at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and became internationally known for his engineering skill during the war.

Another graduate equally eminent is Professor James T. Shotwell, of the Department of History at Columbia University, New York City, whom the late President Wilson selected as a representative to the Peace Conference at Geneva. It is everywhere conceded that Professor Shotwell is the man who aided most in the conception and formation of the Locarno Peace Pact.

Mr. Stephen Leacock, outstanding economist and author received part of his education at the Strathroy Collegiate.

The present Postmaster-General, Hon. J. C. Elliott, was also a student at the school as was A. C. Lewis, principal of the University of Toronto Schools, Toronto.

The outstanding principal of the school and the man who was responsible for establishing its fine tradition for scholarship and thoroughness is J. E. Wetherell, M.A. He guided its destiny for over twenty years, resigning in 1906 to become Inspector of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, afterward being appointed Editor of School Texts by the Department of Education. Mr. Wetherell is at present living retired in Toronto.

The present principal, R. V. Summerhayes, B.A., has been in charge since 1928.

—M. P. Corrigan.

The Progress of Science

Vacuum Lawn Cleaner

RESEMBLING a vacuum cleaner both in form and action, the latest lawn mower cuts the grass and then sucks the cuttings, leaves, twigs and other small rubbish into a container. Thus it does a thorough job of cleaning as it goes. Cutting is done by scythelike rotary blades which are turned by direct drive from a gasoline engine. The cutting blades of the mower are adjustable and can be set to cut the grass to any height desired. The blades are hollow-ground, and it is their rapid revolving that creates the suction which draws the mowed grass and rubbish into the large container located at the back of the machine.—*Popular Mechanics*

Illuminated Magnifier

PROFESSIONAL coin, police departments, stamp collectors, bankers, purchasing agents, textile men, mechanics, and manufacturers of all products requiring close surface inspection have found use for a new illuminated magnifying glass recently placed on the market.

It is formed with a screw socket to one side of the lens barrel. Into this socket may be screwed a special battery case resembling a flashlight in which are used standard flashlight batteries. A light projects into the space beneath the lenses to illuminate work being studied.—*Scientific American.*

Smelted Stone

SMELTING STONE is an open hearth naphtha furnace at Moscow is producing a rustproof material that resembles and rings like iron. During experimental stages ordinary paving stone was smelted but the raw material now used is diabase. After the heating process it is drawn off into steel molds for slow cooling in a rotating oven, otherwise the product would be black glass. The smelted stone slabs are used as building material, as an acid and heat resisting substitute for porcelain in chemical and electrical industries, and are molded like metal into water pipes and bedplates for heavy machinery.—*Popular Mechanics*

Glass Bricks

THE glass building is to come to New York, a five-story structure on Fifth Avenue near the Central Park plaza. It is to be built by and for the Corning Glass Works as an office and a showroom for its Steuben glass tableware. The glass building blocks will be a foot square and four inches thick, hollow inside to provide a sealed insulating air chamber. Outside surfaces of the glass block are smooth, inside they are fluted to provide decorative effects, diffusion of light and the obscurance of images. Washing the walls, both exterior and interior, is like washing a window.—*Review of Reviews*

DODGE TRUCKS CUT HAULING COSTS

NEW 1937 DODGE ¾ to 1 TON PANEL
136-inch wheelbase

NEW 1937 DODGE 1½ TON STAKE
2 wheelbases | take 9' and 12' bodies.

● No wonder truck operators everywhere are *switching* to new 1937 Dodge Trucks. Dodge is priced right and gives you many extra high-priced truck features that save money on gas—oil—tires—upkeep! Owners report 'saving up to $95 a year on gasoline alone!" And with these great economy advancements, Dodge gives you *more* power . . . 1937 styling . . . newly designed cabs and bodies to increase safety and driver comfort. See your Dodge DeSoto dealer.

Get all the facts, including the list of standard equipment, on this great new money-saving Dodge before you buy any truck. See how Dodge excels in beauty, driver comfort and easy handling. Learn how Dodge trucks will save you money!

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DODGE TRUCKS DODGE DEPENDABILITY BUILT TO OUTLAST THEM ALL

For women only!

USE LIFEBUOY to lather, beautify your complexion. Enjoy its deep-cleansing, gentle lather. *Feel* your skin grow fresher! *See* it grow healthily lovely! The same purifying ingredient in the lather that stops "B.O." also makes it milder— Parfs' tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's over 20% milder than many so-called 'beauty' and 'baby soaps.' The clean fresh scent of this pure lying ingredient disappears as you rinse. Use Lifebuoy for hands, too! It removes germs as well as dirt

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MUCH MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is helping thousands of men to get cleaner, smoother shaves. Try it and feel the difference. Get it at your druggist's today. Or write Lever Brothers Limited, Dept. 17M, Toronto, Ont., for a Free generous size tube. (*This offer good in Canada and U.S.A.*)

"Maiden Effort"

Continued from page 22—Starts on page 20

the worse he felt. "What'll we do Moby?" he quavered.

"Carry on," prescribed the factotum with energy and persuasiveness. "You beat it, and leave me to handle the gal. I'll figure out something. Let's let it ride for a couple weeks."

"And I was ker-razy about that girl," faltered A. Leon. "Why, Moby, I pretty near married her." He bright ened up at a solacing thought. "Anyway, I got my diamond and emerald bark." Wistfully he added, "But I'll rather have the girl. Lemme talk with her."

"Nathre don't, Iwane. Anyway she isn't here," fled Moby. "You just climb your car and go back to New York and thunk up some fresh supercreational notions."

NO SOONER had A. Leon Snydacker shaken the dust of "Maiden Effort," headquarters from his superballoon tires than his first assistant went bark to report.

"Saved," hn asserted, striking a noble attitude.

"Who?"

"All of us. Saved from the wreckage. By my singlehanded endeavors."

"But the picture?" asked the practical Gloria.

Hn waved a graceful hand. "Like an insubstantial pageant faded," he intoned. "Until further notice," he qualified.

"Where does that leave us?"

"Crabbed, cabin'd and confined," pronounced Moby, stricken with possy. "Holmesholm has seer its day. After hin's fitful fiver it sleeps well. A breath has made It and a breath unmade. All all are gone, the old familiar faces and Helen's hpe are drifted dust. So are mine."

"Has everybody left?" asked Marne.

"Except you two, the agonized victim of thirst who addresses you, and Templeton Sayles, Esq. Oh yes, and Glunk."

"I could do without Templeton Sayles," stated Marne.

"He's lad off. But he's stickin' to the ancestral acres."

For the first time in weeks the still small voice of conventionality stirred within the blithn and emancipated soul of Miss Marian Normae Vau Stratten, and roused misgivings therein. She turned to Gloria.

"We can't stay here with those two men."

"Huh? Oh, I get you. You want a chaperone. What's the matter with me?"

"You aren't married, are you?" said her friend, staring.

"Well, maybe not just exactly at the present moment," confessed the beauty girl.

"But you have been?"

"Nothing but," Gloria assured her.

"Just the same, I don't think we ought to stay."

"If you quit the place your hall pay stops," pointed out Moby.

"That settles it," said Gloria, corrupted by Moby's poetical example. "Here have I lived and here I die."

"Mghtn't Templeton Sayles have something to say about that?" queried Marne dubiously. "After all, It's his place."

"I'll handln him," returned she self confident factotum. "Our lease runs through the month. Besides, if we go on with the picture, he goes back on the payroll."

"The payroll long may she wave!" cried Gloria. "You don't think A. Lee's going to walk out on us, do you, Moby dear?"

The first assistant's left eyelid sank slowly and slowly lifted again.

OPPORTUNITY never knocked at Miss Gloria Glamour's door without finding her at home. Upon A. Leon Snydacker's departure for an indefinite period she quietly possessed herself of his commodious west wing bedroom with bath. These were the quarters originally assigned to Kelsey Hare by his landlord. As star Marne might have taken them but she preferred an upper floor, having a distrust of burglars. Miss Glamour had no special feeling about burglars. Besides, there was Glunk.

July can be uncomfortably chilly in the Moldavia region. Waking at early dawn amidst the Snydacker luxury, Gloria heard the familiar and monotonous drivn of the rain against her windows and felt the southeast blast sweep her bed. Too sleepy to close she window or gather more bed ding she rowered nto a ball and drew the insufficient single blanket over her head.

Her next hall waking impression was that the rain had increased its fury if that were possible. The splashing localized itself as being within the house. A leak? Must she get up leto e cold, dank world? Miserably she turned aver—and then perceived that someone was taking a bath in her shower. Templeton Sayles, she assumed (though why he didn't stink to his own plumbing she was too drowsy to consider). Anyway it was his house and he could do as he pleased. She huddled closer and fell asleep again.

An indefinite time afterward she became aware al ne other presence. Without emerging from shelter she contrived an orifice for her eye. Through this she made out e man seated in the armchair. His long gaunt haggard and unattractive face was freshly shaven and his whole person gave forth an effect al cleanliness and vigor. Na casual hobo certainly. Who then at such an hour and in such a place? Evidently the invader of her bathroom. Het why should a housebreaker preface his nefarious day's work with a shower and a shave? She reeked again and seemed to discern if nhn was any malice al nxpression, o hght as of hat tin in the young man's eye. Gloria hastily retracted as the visitor fixed that eye upon her retreat.

"Now you human worm," said he.

"I wan an unpromising beginning. Never having been addressed in precisely those terms before Gloria deemed it expedient to await a further cue.

"Comn out of there."

It was said as if he meant it. Gloria burrowed deeper. The chair relieved of its incumbent's bulk squeaked antiquely. Almost she could feel the impending grip upon her defenseless neck. She raised a forlorn and muffled appeal for help.

"Glunk!"

"Huh?" ejaculated the invader in e startled voice.

"Glunk!" wailed the besieged in a super soprano. "The door opened. "There's a man here."

"Uyeck," agreed Glunk, exhibiting all three fangs in pleased recognition of the fact.

"Well, I'll be—It's all right, Glunk," said the intruder authoritatively.

"Aw ri aw ri," echoed the grinning Glunk and withdrew.

"And now, if you don't mind," queried the young man, "who are you?"

THE COCOON Inta which Gloria had resolved herself slowly unwound. An emergent head, tousled over with bright and rebellious hair, presented itself to the questioner's astounded contemplation. Slumberous golden eyes met his and transposed their puzzled gaze to the door through which the squat bulk of Glunk had vanished.

"Sweet cheese 'n crackers!" breathed she parted lips.

"What? Say that again."

"Why, should I?"

"You—you—you're the girl!"

"Sure, I'm a girl. Any objections?"

"I should my *not*," answered the man with intense conviction.

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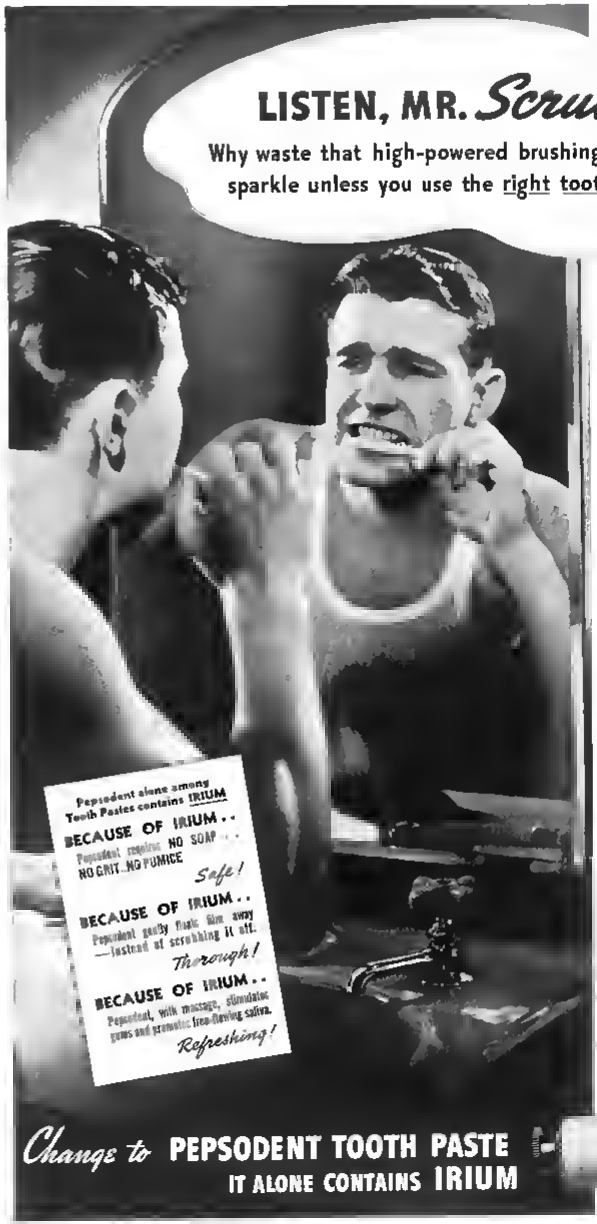

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"hasn't scratched yet!"

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Continued from page 34

Gloria dimpled. "That's nice," she observed.

"You're not only a girl you're *the* girl."

"So I've been told before," was the composed reply. "What about it? And who are you? The sunrise bandit?"

In his absorption he ignored this. "I never hoped to find you here," he marvelled.

"Why should you?"

"You're the girl on the telephone. The one that wanted to sell me a set of triplets. I mean a sewing machine. It doesn't matter. Gee, but I'm glad I've found you."

"Well, that may be all right too. But what's the idea of busting into my dreams at this hour? As a merry little sunbeam you're a bit premature, if you ask me. Who's the human worm you're after? Early Bird?"

"Kelsey Hare."

"Never heard of him. And I'm still waiting to hear who you are."

"Martin Holmes."

"Never heard of him either."

"Don't you remember telephoning me in New York to ask the way up here?"

"Oh-h-h! You wanted in on the trip, didn't you? I thought you'd gone to sea."

"I'm back. Unexpectedly." He reflected. "Ever hear of Templeton Sayles?"

"That's all I have been hearing this last month."

"Well, now you're seeing him. I'm Templeton Sayles."

"Just inside that door," stated Gloria after a careful scrutiny of him, "you'll find a nice clean fluffy towel. The right hand spigot is the cold water. Soak the towel thoroughly and lay it on your fevered brow. You'll be feeling better after that."

"I'm feeling grand right now. How's your own brain? Capable of absorbing a few new thoughts?"

"A little fuzzy. Lack of sleep, I expect. And being called a human worm before daybreak. If you want me to believe that you're Templeton Sayles—"

"No, I don't. Not exactly. It's a little complicated. I'm Martin Holmes. But I was Templeton Sayles. Until I sold him down the river," he concluded. Perceiving the doubt in her eyes, he added: "Gluuk is my reference. Hi, Gluuk! Come in here, you hirsute protoplasm."

The servitor reappeared.

"Who's boss here?"

Gluuk thought it over. "Gal," said he.

"Huh?" queried the genuine owner in disredit of his own ears. "Whom does he mean? You?"

Gloria began to laugh. "No. But there's been a new deal." From Gluuk she enquired: "Do you know this bird?"

"Urgck," said Gluuk. He patted Holmes' shoulder with a hand the size of a platter. "Aw ri gw rr," he beamed and rolled away.

"I guess that's an endorsement," acknowledged the girl. "So you really own this place?" He nodded. "And that's why you wanted to chaperone us up here?"

"That and hearing your voice. I figured out you were somebody I owed it to myself to know. If I'd seen you as well, I'd have cancelled my passage sure."

Gluuk opened the door again, and grunted a suggestion.

He wants to know if we could use some breakfast."

"I could. If you'll kindly call this bedside consultation off and give me a chance to dress. I'd feel more at home if I had something besides a nightgown on."

TWO YOUNG people in the initial stages of becoming quite pleased with one another sat down to Gluuk's bacon and eggs and toast. "Now tell me all about it," commanded Gloria, having poured the coffee.

Martin Holmes did so, giving full details. The tawny head opposite him nodded comprehension from time to time. "Then the award was already made before you sold your copyright or whatever it is for a mess of pottage," she commented at the finish.

"Certainly it was. On my story. Just as I wrote it."

Gloria delivered judgment. "Boy, I'm afraid you haven't got a leg to stand on."

"Probably not, legally."

"Then what are you here for?"

"To tell Kelsey Hare what I think of him."

"You told me. Human worm."

"Well, was I right?"

"No. Wrong. Anyway, that's my guess."

"How do you get that way?" demanded the aggrieved Holmes. "I suppose I'm the one that's wrong."

"No. You're okay, too. But I kinda like this Sayles guy."

"Maybe you think that makes him more popular with me," growled Martin.

"Be yourself. Nothing like that. Only I think he's on the level. And has he been in a spot!"

"Why?"

"That word portrait of a young man crazy about himself that you wished on him. Trying to live up to that. Say," she demanded curiously, "where did you get that stuff about your sweet young self?"

Martin grinned. "It isn't about myself. It isn't about anybody's self. It's about the kind of bird that would write the kind of book that I wrote."

"I'm sure made a hit with one reader. A Leon Snydacker thinks you're tops. All the class there is. But poor Sayles, or whoever he is—he's been like an elephant in a hoop skirt trying to fit the part. Marne says nobody but a lease could have even thought it up."

"Gnats, flies and other small and noxious insects to Marne. Who is she?"

"Miss Marian Norman Von Stratten, star of your story."

"Oh-h-h yes! Adelina Astican, the Park Avenue debutante. How about living up to her part?"

"Wait till you see her," said the loyal Gloria.

"I'd rather see Mr. Kelsey Hare, alias Templeton Sayles, Esq.," was the grim rejoinder.

"Later, boy. How about you going out and sawing a couple of cords of wood? Let me feel the lad out. We don't want to spoil a swell grift for want of a few soft words. And when it comes to diplomacy I don't see you wearing any spots."

"All right," consented Holmes after thought. "Take over. But nothing in this contract shall be construed as preventing the party of the first part from crowning the party of the second part with a stout brick if he's a double-crossed one."

Gloria cocked an ear. "Taxis. I can hear him storming upstairs."

Entering the dining room, Kelsey Hare stopped whistling and regarded Gloria with surprise. He glanced at the clock. "Five to seven," he observed. He glanced at the table. "Breakfast for two. Are you girls staging an early morning walkout on me?"

"Sit down," invited Gloria. "The question before the house is whether you're a human worm."

"The last opinion was that I'm a louse."

"She was prejudiced. I'm not so sure about Martin Holmes."

"Mart—Do you know Martin Holmes?"

"In turn madly," smiled Miss Glamour. "In fact I represent him."

"Oh! Do you? In what respect?"

"In the matter of Templeton Sayles, Esq."

He studied her face, which had become serious. "You'll have to be more explicit. How much do you know?"

"Plenty. But not enough." This apparent contradiction was received with manifest suspicion.

"How do you come to know Holmes?"

"We'll get to that later. Now look. You've copped fifteen grand for the Templeton Sayles picture. Wait a minute—as he author-took to interpose.

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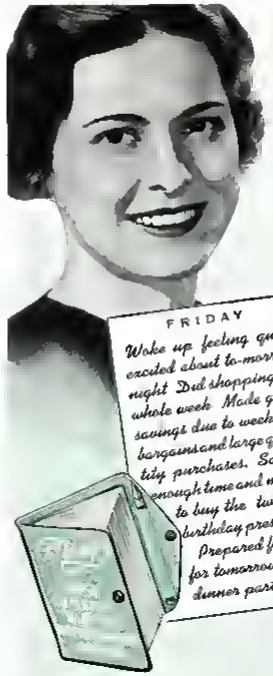

"Is it fair to read a Personal Diary?... I did"

FRIDAY

Woke up feeling quite excited about to-morrow night. Did shopping for whole week. Made great savings due to week-end bargains and large quantity purchases. Saved enough time and money to buy the twins' birthday presents. Prepared food for tomorrow's dinner party.

SATURDAY

Getting terribly keen on entertaining at home. Gave most successful dinner party to Jim's boss and his wife. Thrilled at compliments re salad and frozen dessert. Prepared baby's bottles for tomorrow as expecting busy day. Not a bit tired as most of work prepared in advance.

SUNDAY

Went to church in morning and for drive in afternoon. Jim's mother and aunt came to cold buffet supper. Most of it prepared Friday. No longer scared of having mother-in-law to meals. Fuss and worry over food gone forever.

MONDAY

Made up pie paste for 3 pies to be cooked during week—also dough for refrigerator rolls ready to bake when needed, and a 3 foot roll of refrigerator cookie dough for future parties. And nice hot dinner made from Saturday night's left-overs. Jim never guessed.

TUESDAY

Made two shepherd's pies, one for tonight and one for next Tuesday. Mixed cake and stored in refrigerator. Also ready for baking tomorrow, fresh for the bridge game. Tried to think of making necessary sandwiches in advance.

WEDNESDAY

Thoroughly enjoyed having girls in for afternoon of bridge—used to dread my turn. Advance sandwich trick worked wonderfully. Neighbours dropped in unexpectedly in evening. Prepared much enjoyed snacks in a jiffy.

THURSDAY

Birthday party for the twins. Had asked eight kids but ended up with fourteen. Fortunately loads of milk in refrigerator and cookies quickly baked from prepared dough. Despite all, gave Jim best dinner of week made from perfectly fresh odds and ends.

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BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

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Continued from page 36

"I know you can put up a good claim in the story. On top of that you've been drawing down a nice piece of change for being the world's worst lover."

"He can have the part," broke out Kelsey with violence.

"You've helped yourself to the character of Templeton Sayles."

"He can have him too and welcome."

"And what does he get? A trip on a tramp steamer."

"He can't come back too late to suit me."

"He is back."

"Who? Martin Holmes? Not here?"

"Right here. And he wants to see you. Hey, Ulysses! Three in your car."

HOLMES came in. He stopped across the table from his tenant and regarded him with a scowl. Ignoring his outstretched hand, "I've got a few things to say to you, Hare," said he.

"Say 'em." Kelsey looked at his own hand as it surveyed to see if there and quickly into his pocket.

"You took the fifteen thousand for 'Love Beyond' Sin."

"I did."

"My story. Do you happen to know that the prize was awarded before you bought it?"

"I do."

"Wait a second," put in Gloria. "You're going at this wrong end to. D'you want to split fifty-fifty, Tempy?"

"No."

"All right. You win. This from Holmes. But I just wonder what a bird like you thinks of himself."

"Oh, not so badly. If you ask me."

"Would you care to have my opinion of you?" queried the other balkily.

"Not before a lady," grinned Kelsey.

"Don't mind me," said Gloria. "I guess I think about it the same."

"You wound me to the heart. In other words, you make me sick. And that goes for both of you. I've taken plenty from this household, but I'm getting good and fed up."

"Calm down, Big Boy; calm down," soothed Gloria, for her voice had assumed an edge which inspired misgivings in her experienced soul.

The inside door opened. Marne clad in pyjamas and dressing gown, stood gloomily at them with heavy eyes. "Hasn't a hell-pay star got any rights on the lot?" she asked plaintively.

"What's your trouble, kid?" countered Gloria.

"Sleep. You're making more noise than a cageful of hyenas. I don't know what the debate is, but why not leave it to the League of Nations?"

"Too tough. It'd bust the organization. What d'you think, kid, we've got two Templeton Sayleses here. Count 'em, two."

"One is too many."

"This is the real one," said the beauty girl, with an indicative wave of her arm. "And a pretty neat perfect specimen, if you ask me. Answers to the name of Martin Holmes in real life."

"He's certainly an improvement on the other," opined Marne, acknowledging the introduction. "In fact, he couldn't help but be."

"Thanking you on behalf of both of us," said Kelsey evenly.

"Just another fake," said Gloria, regarding him sadly. "I thought I knew something about men. But he had me fooled." She outlined the financial deal according to the Holmes version. "There's the layout. Anything to add?" she interrogated the accused.

"I'd like to speak to you alone," said the tenant to his landlord.

"Well, I don't want to talk to you alone or any other way."

"All right." The lower part of Kelsey's countenance took on a look as if it had been chiselled hollow and filled with cement. "I can be just as unpleasant as anybody else, if necessary."

Marne nodded a cogent head. "What else would you expect of a face like that?"

"He certainly does put a mean jaw," admitted Gloria. "And yet"—she sighed—"I dunno."

"Anyway I don't have to have him playing opposite me any more," rejoiced the star.

"I dunno about that either. We'd better wait on A. Leon. We don't want to gum the picture."

"I'll settle that point," put in Holmes. "Something tells me that our friend the ex-Templeton Sayles is going to take a long journey."

"Yes?" queried that gentleman interestedly. "Where to?"

"Any place on a one-way road."

"Too kind. But, after all, why should I? Charming place. Congenial company. Atmosphere of friendly warmth. Why depart so happy a pile?"

"Because you're not wanted here," said Holmes tartly. "I believe that's unanimous. Any dissenting voices? The yeas have it. So, Hare, I'll remind you that this is my house."

"And I'll remind you that my lease still has a month to run." Kelsey rose. "I expect to be sitting on the front porch for the next hour or two. Any committee on evictions can find me there. I might add that I really need some exercise."

"You're going to stay?" queried Marne.

"That is my present intention."

"And do you expect to be treated like a human being after what you've done?"

"Not by you, darling," retorted Kelsey with his sunniest smile.

"Well, I guess that's that," commented Gloria, as the door closed behind Kelsey's broad and obstinately set shoulders.

"It's going to be a full house with two Templeton Sayleses," grinned Holmes.

"You're sticking?"

"I certainly am as long as you're here."

"How'll we explain him, though?" asked Marne.

"Oh, he's just a boy friend who's run up from New York to see me. I'll fix up something for Moby."

Marne yawned. "I'm going back to bed. Don't let the two Dromios murder each other, Gloria."

"Leave it to me, kiddo."

Having escorted the star to the door, in his new capacity of host Martin Holmes seated himself upon a corner of the table, swung his long legs and contemplated his ally with obvious satisfaction.

"You and I," he pronounced, "are going to be buddies."

"Buddies, eh?"

At least," he replied with fervid significance.

"Oh! Speed-boy, huh?" But Gloria smiled across at him. "Well, you just keep an eye out for the stop signs, and I wouldn't wonder but what we'd get along without any serious ructions. What do you think, Gluuk?" she concluded, addressing the servitor who had come in to clear off.

"Urgck," said Gluuk.

SMALL STREAMS back in the hills whispered together by day and conquered by night against the peace and security of the mild earth. Ravines which had been dry since the memory of local man became shiveways for little torrents. Larger brooks, drunk on the wine of the storm rain brawling over their appointed bounds and fouled the waters of the lake with their scourings. Gluuk studying the skies held troubled conference within himself and put in his spare moments secretly tinkering at his flatboat.

For three days and four nights the downpour never let up. On top of weak old bad weather this turned the countryside into a swampy slither. Making an early-morning tour of inspection of his drowning property, the owner of Holmesholm returned from the lake front carrying on his shoulder a small canoe with a gaping puncture near the bow.

"Duck gone, boots gone," he reported to

Continued on page 40

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For your face, throat and shoulders, and for your brief Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That will leave it to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty

Continued from page 38

the depressed company gathered for breakfast "Lake r higher than I've ever seen it I picked this — br sel the damaged canes, an I he flow — out of a bush "

"D you think it n likely to keep on?" queried Gloria

"I don t see any break "

"So what?"

"Lord knows! Cottagers across the lake are moving out I hear that Becker Brook dam is overflowing Oh well I don t want that could happen to us as I o be marooned for a while."

"It would be perfectly sweet to be shut in for a couple of weeks with this congenial company remarked Marne. "Nash's ark with the animals not two carefully selected." Her glance drifted to Kelsey Hare, who continued to eat his egg with an absent expression. It was as near as she had come to speaking to him since Holmes s revelations.

"I m off it" asserted Moby Dickstein "Thr is no place for me I think I ll wire the Big Frlla and be moving to the Park House."

"If a car can get through" qualified Martin Holmes. "The road this side of the farm looks as if the bottom had dropped clean out"

Moby retired to gather his belongings. Gloria and Martin went to the kitchen to inspect supplies. Stepping out on the porch Jim a look at the sullen skies, Marne was followed by her screen lover

"Look here," he began without preface "Do you want me to leave?"

Why should I?" she answered taken off-guard Then annoyed at herself amended it to, "Why should you?"

"To clear the atmosphere."

"It is a bit thick"

"Two weeks of it would make it a lot thicker"

Beyond endurance. But after all she continued with an effort of striving to be fair about it "this is your place. Temporarily, anyhow. I should be the one to leave."

"You ve got a stake in staying," he pointed out "From what Gloria has told me, you need the salary"

"We-ell, it's handy and pleasant" she admitted

"I think I d better tell you something," he pursued after some hesitancy

"For my own good I suppose."

He flushed at her tone but went resolutely on "That was the idea. If you don t want to hear it—"

"That wouldn t be very polite would it?"

HE GAVE HER a baleful glance. "Since when did you start in—" he began, but broke off to inform her: "Snydacker is onto the game."

"Which game?"

"Yours The Van Straaten bluff. He's found out that it n a plant."

"Oh! Has he?" The tidings left her thoughtful rather than perturbed "How? Did you tell him?"

"I didn t say how" he returned. He was not going to give away Moby Dickstein drunk at sober— No, I didn t tell him But I assure you, it s true."

"So I m just plain Miss Adeline Ashcan to him As to you"

"I don t know anything about that," he muttered reddening again.

"If you don t mind my curiosity, why are you telling me this? You don t like me."

"And you can t mind me."

"So being in perfect accord on that important point I ask you again, why?"

He rotated out into the storm "You've had a pretty tough job of it here" he said slowly "You ve had to put up with some raw stuff including —he grunted ruefully — a pretty rotten actor opposite you. On the whole you ve been game about it I don t like to see you get the worst of it How matters stand between you and Snydacker personally —he stopped to swallow something distasteful— is none of my business—"

"It certainly isn't."

"—but if you can figure out some way to back up your bluff and carry on, you'd better get busy on it before the mighty A Leon gets back"

For a gentleman who has been living on another man s salar she taunted "you seem awfully particular about who I am."

"I don t care a hoot who you are or why you re pretending to be someone you aren t, he broke out. "I *like* you are sticks out all over you"

"Don t tell me. It might hurt my feelings"

"And for a girl of your breeding and your antecedents—oh my God could tell!" he invited angrily as, suppressing a gasp of astonishment she undertook to interpolate "For you kind of girl to have to fake and wheedle and cheat—"

"I haven t wheedled broke in Marne, flaming — And I haven t cheated"

"Not faked? and Kelsey quietly

"Are *you* talking to me about faking?"

"Well it n tragic You must need your job terribly to do it." Discouragement darkened his face "However, you make it plain that you don t need any help from me, or at least that you won't take it Would you get along better if I left?"

I seem to remember something about hell freezing over before you d quit She was striving hard to maintain a proper resentment against this person who, somehow was not living up to his despicable character as he should

"I wasn t going to let myself be bluffed out by Holmes he declared or frozen out by the rest of you But if you ll tell me with a decent show of courtesy that you want me to quit I will"

She cocked an ear at the roaring creek "Leaving the sinking—house?" she inquired

"I get the analogy Thanking you on behalf of self and fellow rats—"

"No please! I m sorry Her hand shot out to touch his sleeve That wasn't fair —"

"Not quite I m sticking"

For quite a while in fact, to the finish of I m only judge—was Marne r silent thought as she marked the outburst of his jaw "Moby r led up with a she voluntee red opening the door to admit herself "He's leaving this afternoon if he can get through"

THE QUESTION of traffic was solved after luncheon by the arrival of a particularly tram and smart roadster From it stepped a pink and fattish man who stared unrestrainedly about him until he caught sight of Moby Dickstein emerging for a look at the dripping heavens.

"Hullo and all hail and all that" said the arrival "Do you belong here?"

"Yyyy," answered Moby suspicious of the stranger What got you past the No Admittance sign?

"I want to see Miss Van Straaten"

"Oh you do! Do you know her?"

"Certainly I know her"

"Known her long?"

"Since she was a kid," replied the newcomer staring

Moby leaned forward lowering his voice to an eager and confidential appeal "What about her? On the up-and-up now what r she?"

"Apparently she's the star of the crazy performance." Liggett Morse Marinaia admiree from her home town of Cuyler ville grinned

"Yeah But what was she before?"

Miss Miriam Norman Van Straaten, returned the other explicitly "What s the idea?"

"Can that bunk I m asking you on the level If you don t know say so"

"I ought to know As the star of this fool show, since my invention you might say"

"Your invention" retorted Moby thumbnailing by the impudence of the claim "I invented her Why I ve practically got a copyright on her"

"You re batty" said Mr Morse beginning to be annoyed

Continued on page 40

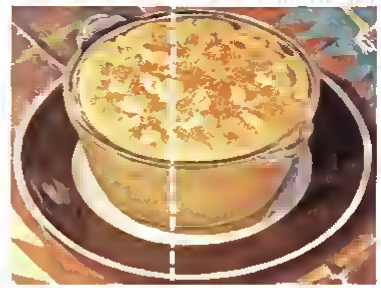
Learn these KRAFT TRICKS *with your double boiler!*

CLIP THESE FIVE SIZE RECIPES AND SERVE A CHEESE DISH TOMORROW!

Vegetable Fritters and Velveeta Sauce

Thaw slightly drain ½ cup cooked cubed carrots ½ cup peas, ½ cup green beans Sift together 1½ cups flour 1½ tsp salt, ½ tsps baking powder Beat 2 eggs and add to them ½ cup milk Add half of dry ingredients Fold in vegetables Carefully add remaining flour Drop from tablespoon into hot deep fat and fry about 4½ minutes, turning occasionally

Thr Sauce Slowly melt 1 pkg. Kraft Velveeta in top of double boiler Add ½ cup of milk stirring until sauce is smooth Velveeta is the delicious cheese food as digestible as milk!



Golden Glow Casserole Melt 1 tbl fashioned corn meal with the usual way using 2½ cups yellow corn meal ½ tsp salt 2½ cups water Cook in usual way you add one pkg cubes Melt one half pound pkg of Creamed Old English Cheese in top of double boiler Add ½ cup milk and stir until sauce is smooth Place alternate layers of cooked mush and cheese sauce in casserole and bake 20 minutes in very moderate oven Sprinkle with paprika There a plain economy food—glorified in the modern manner! Creamed Old English, with its rich zestful Cheddar flavor gives your casserole a delicious zest the family will rave!

Cheese and Chicken Shortcake Slowly melt one-half pound pkg. of full-flavored Kraft Canadian in top of double boiler Add ½ cup chicken broth gradually stirring until sauce is smooth Add 1½ cups cubed chicken (a rhinoceros will do—left-overs!) Split hot biscuits butter them and put together with a generous filling of the hot cheese and-chicken sauce. Serve with hot, buttered green beans garnished with strips of pimiento and the main part of your dinner is all on one platter When you make this dish notice how beautifully Kraft Cheddar melts. That is because Kraft experts have *perfected* the cookability of cheese!

Hear the Kraft Music Hall program with Bing Crosby Bob Burns and famous guest stars Thursday nights N B C. Stations

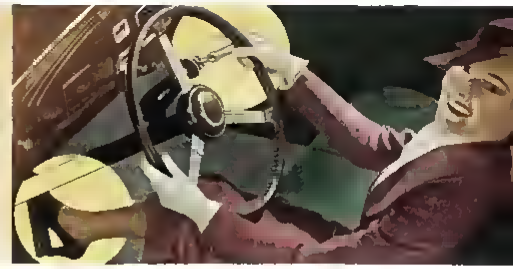
ALL KRAFT PRODUCTS SOLD IN CANADA ARE MADE IN CANADA

The world's finest cheeses are made or imported by KRAFT

These good things can be said

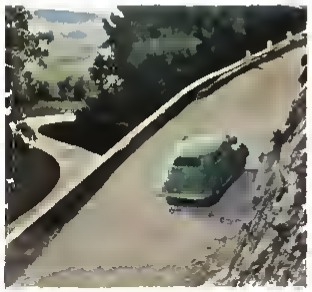
Only ABOUT HUDSON

Try the NEW WAY TO DRIVE *Today*



In the whole moderate price field, only Hudson owners can tell you how much easier, safer and more enjoyable it is to drive with the Selectric Automatic Shift. Shifting gears with the flick of a finger at the steering wheel . . . and a lift of the toe from the accelerator. Never pulling a gear lever or touching a clutch pedal. Not *nothing* to do, but *nothing to learn!* With all the extra roominess of a *clear* floor in front. Selectric Automatic Shift is an optional extra on all 1937 Hudsons . . . a convenient gear shift available without cost if wanted.

(Left) Hudson Custom Six Convertible Brougham $1395,—one of a series of distinctive 3 and 5 Passenger Hudson and Terraplane Convertible models. (Right) 129 inch Hudson Eight DeLuxe Country Club Sedan $1596—both models fully equipped retail at Factory. Tilbury, Ontario, taxes paid. Local taxes, freight and license extra.*



One of 33 records made by the 1937 Hudson! Up steep Wrightwood Canyon Road . . . 9 minutes 8 minutes 4 seconds . . . a new hill climbing record in high gear!

When a Hudson owner tells you he has the *top* power, roominess, safety and economy of Hudson's whole price class, he isn't making *claims* . . . he's talking *facts*. For the good things they say about Hudson *can't* be said, truthfully, about any other 1937 car.

Owners say, for example, "Hudson will outperform any other car on the road!"

It isn't hard to find the reasons. Hudson tops *all* competing cars in power . . . 101 and 107 horsepower in the Six; 122 horsepower in the Eight. Hudson leads *all* cars in power with economy . . . greatest strength, with no *useless weight*. And with smoothness Hudson owners know so well.

Results? They're in the record books! Already this 1937 Hudson has captured 33 American Automobile Association records, including the all-time endurance and performance mark for stock model closed cars . . . 2104 miles in 24 hours. The most punishing test of endurance ever given a stock automobile.

It's the same with acceleration . . . and hill climbing. Any dealer will gladly show you *official* figures. Here is proof no other 1937 cars can give . . . proof of the championship performance you'll get in everyday driving.

Owners say "Hudson leads all competing cars in size, roominess, comfort!"

A yardstick shows you this is true. Wheelbases . . . 122 and 129 inches. Front seat 55 inches from door to door . . . solid comfort for three . . . several inches more than you find in any other popular car. *Clear* front floor. Level rear floor. More room all around. Large luggage space.

Then there's the riding comfort of long gentle, leaf springs that carry no steering or braking strains . . . an exclusive Hudson feature. And quality of fabrics and fittings that compare favorably with the luxury leaders of motordom.

And owners say, "Hudson builds the safest cars on the road today!"

And no wonder! Hudson gives you the safety of bodies *all* of steel, with roofs of solid steel in all closed cars. Exclusive Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes . . . *two* systems from *one* foot pedal, plus the easy handling parking brake. Widest vision, through a 52½-inch windshield, and many other safety features found only in Hudson.

Whether it's things you can see and measure, or things you judge on the road, Hudson will quickly give you proof that it is the No. 1 Car of the Moderate Price Field. Try the New Way to Drive, today . . . at the nearest Hudson showroom.

HUDSON MOTORS OF CANADA, LTD.
TILBURY, ONTARIO

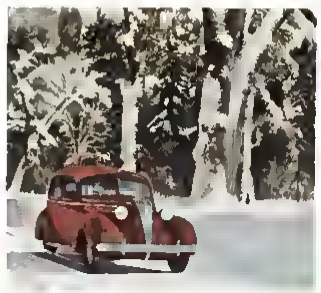
$1075

for the Hudson Six Business Coupe plus Federal Taxes $70. Total $1145. $1139 for the Hudson Eight 3 Passenger Coupe plus Federal Tax $76. Total $1215.

Prices are retail at Factory, Tilbury, Ontario, including all standard equipment and safety glass.

For prices delivered to you, merely add transportation costs to your city, license and any local taxes now in effect.

Ask about the new low cost Hudson Time Payment Plan . . . terms to suit you.



Hudson beat all other Eights in the 352 mile Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run . . . 28.39 miles per Imperial gallon with 5 passengers and luggage, and no coasting.

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A WESTINGHOUSE TRADITION

In the modern streamlined train with speeds of 100 miles per hour and more power to stop is of vital importance. West inghouse Air Brakes on all these trains provide the extra margin of dependability that spells safety even at the highest speeds. Every railroad passenger on the continent entrusts his life to Westinghouse dependability

Where Dependability Comes First Buyers Choose Westinghouse!

ON the railroads of the world ... in giant power houses ... in mine-shafts thousands of feet below the surface ... wherever human lives and property are at stake you will find Westinghouse equipment discharging its arduous duties faithfully ... ever ready to meet any emergencies as part of the day's work

It is in this grim school where failure would mean disaster that Industry has learned the lessons of Westinghouse precision and dependability ... the knowledge that a wide margin of reserve power and performance is a first essential

This Westinghouse tradition of Super Power lies back of the design and construction of the Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerator Here is dependability beyond any ordinary demands which may be made upon it precision beyond the standards usual in a household article ... an extra margin of dependability that insures a greater protection for your food longer life for the mechanism itself and unmatched economy throughout the lifetime of the refrigerator

See the new "Super-Power" Refrigerator at your Westinghouse dealer's—and benefit immediately by the low payment terms that make buying easy and convenient.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

Super Power

66% RESERVE

With a room temperature of 80° below—initially cooled from an ambient of 90°—the refrigerator compartment operates approximately eight hours out of twenty-four to maintain recommended temperatures. This provides a reserve of 66% to take care of hot humid days and any occasions when extra requirements make Westinghouse dependability such an asset.

The Westinghouse mechanism provides the extra margin of plenty extra fast freezing, and dependable refrigeration, no matter how high the temperature. The "Super-Power" motor's low operating costs ... earns long life ... and super value!

Every House needs

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REFRIGERATORS • RANGES • RADIOS • WASHERS • APPLIANCES • LAMPS • RADIOTRONS

"Who's batty? Did I build her up or did you?"

"Build her up? To what?"

"To stardom. That's what. From practically nothin'!"

There was a hurry of footsteps on the stairs. From her window Marne had seen and recognized the car. In an access of homesickness for her own world she cast herself upon the plump and receptive neck of its representative.

"Oh, Liggy!" she cried and hugged him.

"Who is this guy?" demanded Moby.

"The name," said its owner, "is Liggett Morse."

"He says he invented you," stated the aggrieved first assistant.

Marne returned to earth and said: "I expect he is responsible for my being here."

Liggy took his turn. "And he claims that he invented you. Maybe he believes he built Radio City and sculped the Venus de Whatsername."

"Bragging, Moby?" asked the girl slyly. "You me Liggy believes I'm a hundred per cent genuine."

Moby looked troubled. "I don't get it. I don't get either of you. He says he's always known you."

"So he has."

"Far be it from me to gum your game, baby," said Moby. "I guess I've been shootin' off my face too much."

"I don't know what you've said but you might as well finish it. Tell him, Moby."

The Dickstein jaw wobbled. "The whole thing? "

"The whole thing. If you don't I will. He's a strong, experienced man of the world. He can stand it."

"Okay, baby. If you want it that way, you get it that way. This gal he informed the wondering Mr. Morse, "is strictly synthetic. I made her up, myself. Out of the society columns and the Blue Book. Built to specifications. To match the boss's notion of what a debutante—"

"Day bun-tay," corrected Marne.

"Forget it! Of what a swell young society gal ought to be. She picked the name I give her credit for that. But it was me that fixed up the family to fit."

Liggy appealed to Marne. "What is he braying about?"

Marne winked shamelessly. "The Van Strattens. Moby's been playing their supposed glories on me like a spotlight."

"The society Van Strattens," that gentleman amplified. "The kid hadn't even heard of old Mrs. Marcia Van Stratten, who's a headliner if ever there was one."

LINES OF bewilderment corrugated Mr. Morse's candid brow. "What the devil is all this?" he barked, shifting his suspicious gaze from Moby's ingenuous countenance to Marne's subdued grin. "No, no! Wouldn't have known whether the old dame was a female moustache climber or one operatic star till I dug her out of the files."

"Did you tell him that?" Liggy demanded of the girl.

"Anyway, how would she know?" pursued Moby charitably. "She been from the sticks somewhere where they don't pronounce the New York papers."

"Did you tell him that, Marne?" insisted Mr. Morse.

"I'm tellin' you," continued Moby, intent upon his theme. "Handed out old Madame Van Stratten neatly done up in blue ribbon. 'She's your grandmother,' says I to the kid."

A muttered repetition of the word "Grandmother" was jolted forth from Liggy's numb amazement.

"That's what I said, grandmother. 'She's your grandmother' like that. For the purposes of this picture, I says. 'No, she ain't,' says the kid."

Liggy said: "Of course she isn't."

"You're tellin' me! So I says: 'All right, we'll make her your aunt.'"

"She is her aunt."

"Heh? Whassat?"

"She is my aunt," confirmed the girl.

Moby's eyes bulged. "Get! Wh-wh-whose whose wh-wh what?" he stuttered.

"What's the matter with your brain?" demanded Liggy. "Can't you understand plain English? Mrs. Van Stratten's sister is Miss Van Stratten's aunt. A U N T. auet. Anything strange about that?"

She told me," began Moby in a foiled voice, "that she didn't—"

"I never told you anything except that Auet Marcia isn't my grandmother."

"Aunt Marcia? Oh sufferin' snipes," moaned the stricken researcher. "And Scoopy Van Stratten the polo player. You certainly told me you didn't know him. Was that square—I ask you?"

"Well you see Moby—"

"And him your cousin all the time. Or maybe your uncle?"

"I hope not," said Marne cheerfully. "His real name is Stratsky. I believe. He's a social reventure, too."

"Mogosh! What 'm I goin' to tell the Big Boss now?"

"You've already told him all he wants to know, haven't you?"

"And more. I gave him the original Vae Stratten build up. Then I got tight and I told him it was all the bunk."

The girl's eyes opened wide. She began to laugh. "You told him I was a fake?"

"That's it. And here you are the straight goods," lamented the unhappy schemer. "How in I goin' to break that to him?"

"Don't," advised Marne dimpling. "Life'll be simpler if he doesn't know. Maybe he'll let me alone now."

"What's the object letting you alone?" queried Liggy frowning. "Where does this Big Boss person figure in your life?"

"If it comes to that," snapped Moby Dickstein, "I don't just figure where you figure."

"Then I'll tell you. Miss Vae Stratten is going to marry me. Aren't you, Marne?"

"I hate to disappoint you Liggy, dear, but I'm afraid not."

"Miss Vae Stratten," specified Moby, making a valiant effort toward recovery, "is goin' to marry A. Leon Snydeker, president of Purity Pictures, Inc. You ought to read the papers, Big Boy," he added patronizingly. "They ran my story on the buddin' romance all over the place."

"Gedding pig-s-foot," said Mr. Morse with emotion. "There's nothing to that. Is there, sweetie?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody," stated the girl.

"Then I might as well be going," surmised Liggy dolefully.

"Same here. Give me a lift as far as the village?"

"Get in."

"Just a second," requested Marne. "Nothing about this at home, you understand, Liggy." He nodded. "And Moby, it would be just as well not to spill any thing more about me to—to the others. It'd only stir up more complications."

"Okay, baby," agreed Moby from the depths of a shattered spirit. "I got plenty of complications, as is. Wait till I have to square it with A. Leon. Complications! Oh my! Oh my! Oh my!"

Waving good-by to the depressed pair, Marne wandered absently into the dining room, where Glunk was dabbing about with a feather duster. She stared at him unseeing.

"I'm not going to marry *anybody*," she repeated angrily.

Urgek said Glunk sympathetically.

To be Continued

Change of Address

Subscribers who are changing their addresses should advise us at least five weeks in advance so that the issues may be delayed. Mailing lists have to be prepared considerably in advance of actual mailing date. If notice of change of address has not reached us before mailing, list has been prepared, change cannot be made until next issue.

GUARANTEED! CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER

Even Though They Hang Inside All Winter Long

● It's true! Try OXYDOL and see your winter washes 4 to 5 shades whiter—have them smell fresh and sweet as a day in June! OXYDOL is a new improved *granulated* soap developed by the makers of gentle Ivory and works on an utterly new principle. It is the result of a formula which makes mild gentle soap *2 to 3 times* whiter washing than less modern soaps, by actual test. And—a patented process which makes it *far faster acting.*

OXYDOL does these four amazing things. (1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy neckbands wash snowy white with a gentle rub. (2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter... proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (4) So safe that every washable color comes out sparkling-brilliant, fresh. Even sheer cotton prints have been washed 100 consecutive times in OXYDOL suds without showing any perceptible sign of fading.

OXYDOL is economical, too. One package often does twice the work—given twice the suds—lasts twice as long as old fashioned soaps. Tests show that one package will groom child to school again as far as ever the latest soap chips on the market.

End grey winter washes forever—get OXYDOL from your dealer today!

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BUILD YOUR KITCHEN AROUND A McCLARY Electric Range

COMBINING a full cooking top and working table this range is ideal for the "modern" "built in" type of kitchen. "Max-Speed" and "Speediron" elements are spill-proof and give super-fast heating. Fully insulated oven has automatic heat control and heat stabilizer. Smokeless Broiler is correctly placed for efficient broiling. See this beautiful range with its gleaming porcelain enamelled finish. If you are purchasing a range or remodelling your kitchen under the Government Home Improvement Plan, see the McClary first

SEE THE McCLARY First

GSW GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO LONDON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

Twins

Continued from page 24

spirit as though they were located at the opposite ends of Canada.

Perhaps their location has something to do with this. Tucked away between the vast expanse of Lake Superior on one side and a howling wilderness on the other three, Port Arthur and Fort William have grown up in comparative isolation. Until last year the only highway offering egress from Thunder Bay was the road to Duluth through which all motorists had to pass, whether their destination was east or west. Now there is direct highway connection with Winnipeg but still the East seems very far away.

The nearest city is 500 miles distant in any direction whether you travel by rail, water or highway. And as a result this only true measuring stick of municipal progress these cities have is each other. Thus a fierce ambition to excel burns deeply in the hearts of both. Differences of topography probably aggravate the spirit of rivalry. Port Arthur is perched on a hilly terrain built back from Lake Superior in a series of steps that have posed the topmost residences on a promontory which offers a bird's-eye view of the harbor, the business section of the city and the whole of Fort William. Fort William lies snugly on the banks of the Kaministhwia River in a great, flat valley almost prairie-like in appearance. Here the two extremes of Mother Nature must rule by side and it is not strange that they have engendered extremes of temperament in the inhabitants. It has been said: "The East ended at Port Arthur, the West begins at Fort William."

Rivalry Created Fort William

LAKEHEAD residents no longer ship cases of smallpox back and forth to each other so that quarantine may take effect in the opposing city, but they did once.

That was back in the Gay Nineties when a train coming in from Nipigon was reported as having what was believed to be a case of smallpox aboard, and a Port Arthur doctor was requested to visit the train on its arrival and diagnose the case. The doctor boarded the train. He took a long time examining the patient and the conductor, anxious to keep to schedule, started his train onward to Fort William. The media waited until the train had reached that town and then calmly pronounced the disease smallpox.

This of course meant that the car had to be quarantined in Fort William and that a measure of quarantine would also have to be placed over the town. But the townspeople were not to be outwitted so easily and at dead of night they began pushing the car back to Port Arthur. When this was learned a group of Fort Arthur men rushed to the intercity boundary and built a huge fire on the train tracks to keep the car on Fort William. The matter was finally settled by side tracking the car of Westfort far enough from human habitation to avoid all danger of a spread of the disease.

Another example of intercity rivalry was responsible for Fort William receiving its status as a town. Municipal records are the authority for this statement. They show that in 1892 Port Arthur, which had been incorporated as a town since 1884, decided to build a street railway for itself and also through the village of Fort William to facilitate travel between the two communities and collect larger revenue.

On hearing of this, leading citizens of Fort William hastily applied for incorporation as a town and when this was secured the railway could not be built without the consent of the people by ballot. Port Arthur officials, pressing their case, then promised to build the railway through to Westfort—a section of Fort William located several miles from the main portion of the town—if they were given an affirmative vote. West fort voters swarmed to the support of the measure, and the by-law was passed.

Thus it was that Port Arthur became the first town or city in Canada to run street cars in the streets of another town. Later on Fort William purchased that part of the system lying within its limits and now both cities operate their own cars but maintain intercity service. You have to pay two fares going from city to city, separate fare boxes being used for travel in each city to assure an equal division of the spoils.

Less fortunate from a Port Arthur standpoint was the development of another incident which, like the car line, played an important part in insuring the continuation of rivalry between the two cities. It occurred several years before the latter incident and involved no less a concern than the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. The exact date is lost, but old time residents recall that it occurred in the early eighties before the president of the then infant railway system, William Van Horne had been knighted.

The Canadian Pacific Railway owned Port Arthur (then the village of Prince Arthur's Landing). The sum of $14,000 in taxes. The railway had not paid taxes for some years, and had in fact been petitioning for an exemption from taxation. Village officials intimated that this might be arranged if the company continued to handle its package freight over the village docks but this request was refused.

The upshot of it all was that the taxes remained unpaid, despite bills, threats and cajoling. Finally the municipal tax collector was ordered by the reeve to get the taxes or to take possession of one of the company's trains. Railway officials were given a last warning and again it went unheeded.

On the day of days, the collector proceeded to a rock cut just inside the city limits and there boarded a silk train, taking possession of its freight in the name of Prince Arthur's Landing. It was on hearing of this that Van Horne made his famous pronouncement to the effect that "a damned little village has seized a Canadian Pacific Railway train and injured the credit of our great railway."

The president visited Prince Arthur's Landing, and the taxes were paid but Sir William never forgave the insult. He vowed that he would live to see the day that grass grew on the main streets of Port Arthur and the next spring the C.P.R. terminals were moved to Fort William, where they are today. Grass does not yet grow in Port Arthur's main streets but still likely to, but the impetus which the transfer gave to Fort William is difficult to measure.

The Old-time Spirit

THE BLUNT defiance of those olden days is tempered with more shrewd diplomacy today and business relations ships are not uncolored by intercity jealousies, but the rivalry is still there. Its chief outlets in recent years have been the hockey arenas and the council chambers, and here the competitive zeal so characteristic of the Twin Cities blazes forth undimmed. It has been a wonderful stimulus to hockey and has largely been responsible for the great record these cities hold. That of having up to and including 1936, participated in Allan Cup finals eight times in eleven years. Port Arthur has played in five of these and won the cup three times; Fort William has made three unsuccessful attempts, after fighting through to the final round.

It is at meetings of the respective city councils however that the old-time spirit

Continued on page 43

HIGH IN AN ALPINE WONDERLAND!
in the Canadian Rockies

Banff
LAKE LOUISE EMERALD LAKE

Lake Louise and Victoria Glacier from Chateau Lake Louise

SET amid the breath taking beauty of snowy peaks, deep-hued forests, jade green rivers and glacial waterfalls . . . a gorgeous castle at Banff, a charming chateau at Lake Louise, a romantic chalet at Emerald Lake . . . At *Banff Springs Hotel*, every window frames a thrilling picture. Each long Summer day is all too short—for golf on a mile high course, swimming in warm sulphur and fresh water pools, riding with cowboy guides, for tennis, climbing, hiking. . . . Lilting dance and concert music, magic moonlight on flower-scented terraces, motoring over smooth roads to Lake Louise and Emerald Lake. Banff Springs Hotel's gracious hospitality and gay social life attracts smart internationally world traveled people. Its appointments are sumptuous, regal. 600 choice rooms with bath. 36 de luxe suites —even the smallest suited for private entertainment.

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Special pageants, tournaments and events: *Calgary Stampede*, July 5-10; *Indian Days, Banff*, July 23-25. *Banff Golf Week*, Aug. 23-28. *Banff Springs Hotel, Chateau Lake Louise* and *Emerald Lake Chalet* are open from June 12 to Sept. 25.

TRAVEL in cool, luxurious comfort. AIR CONDITIONED sleepers, diners and lounge cars on Canadian Pacific fast transcontinental trains.

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES—to Banff, North Pacific Coast, California, Alaska.

For information as to low-cost Canadian Rockies All Expense Tours including hotel accomodation at Banff, Lake Louise and Emerald Lake, with 326 miles of Alpine motoring through Kicking Horse Pass and the Great Divide, see or write your nearest Canadian Pacific agent.

Canadian Pacific Hotels

Visit the Canadian Rockies and see for yourself this summer the magnificent mountain scenery shown in "Silent Barriers" — spectacular Canadian-British film now showing in the theatres.

ENJOY ALL THE
CANADA DRY YOU LIKE

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

The only ginger ale in the world made by the famous, patented Dr. Lloyd "Liquid Ginger" Process.

The one process that captures *all* the citrus flavour, the delicious aroma, the wholesome, stimulating qualities of pure, aniseed ginger

Canada Dry's mellow, delicate taste is one of the world's flavour masterpieces . . . neither too sweet nor too dry. It's always thirst-quenching—the drink with a reason.

✓ IT SUPPLIES QUICK ENERGY
✓ SOOTHES AND REFRESHES INWARDLY
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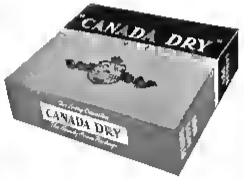
✓ PICKS YOU UP

In other words . . .

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

Enjoy Canada Dry in the morning afternoon, evening. Serve it with meals. And given the children all they want—it's pure and wholesome—*good for them.* You'll find Canada Dry *blends* smoothly with other beverages. And be sure you keep plenty in the refrigerator for the family and unexpected guests . . . Buy Canada Dry in the convenient home cartons. They cost nothing extra, contain four (virgin family-size bottles or six regular 12 oz. bottles



CANADA DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Continued from page 46

flashes brightest and 1936 saw two examples in its first two months. For instance in January of that year Mayor C. W. Cox of Fort Arthur stirred up a few front cumshings when he officially invited all Fort William residents employed in Port Arthur to make Port Arthur their home—and specifically named the Mayor of Fort William in his invitation.

Two weeks later came the announcement that a mental hospital—for which Port Arthur had fought long and valiantly—was to be created in the district by remodelling the Industrial Farm, located in Fort William, and transferring the inmates to other institutions.

This was the signal for another outburst in Port Arthur council when an alderman referred to the slow moving gaze footed member from Fort William . . . and suggested that Fort Arthur had once again been "given the run around."

The remark obviously a compliment for the Fort William member and an implied contrast to the aggressiveness of the Fort Arthur member mayor who had "missed out" on the project, was misinterpreted when the sister city's council met. In a heated session a resolution was introduced, censuring the Port Arthur alderman for his remark censuring the acting-mayor for permitting the remark to pass without rebuke, and recommending that a letter embodying this censure be written to the Port Arthur council. The resolution was finally withdrawn but not until it had stirred up another tempest and provided the newspapers with column after column of controversy served hot to avid readers.

Much milder these modern examples, are they not? But they serve nevertheless, to show that the spirit of the past sixty years still dwells in Fort Arthur and Fort William and that these troublesome twins are continuing to demonstrate the parallel of two cities travelling parallel paths yet waging all the while a tug of war and leaning their weight in opposite directions.

Steel Point

Continued from page 17 —Starts on page 16

mantel hung a leather shield studded with brass knobs, with something dangling below it. A jewel hilted dagger. Grasping it with his handkerchief he drew it out. It was old Persian or Indian work. It was also a long, wicked looking thing with a point sharper than a hound's tooth.

"The weapon!" he cried.

THEY EXAMINED it under the table light. Its stainless glisten mocked them. Power said frowning. "It may be what we're after, but it looks clean enough. Slip it in your pocket."

"If it is not the weapon," demanded Papineau, "why as he tried to keep us out of here?"

Power had moved away from the table, and was staring at it gravely. "Those four chairs," he said pointing. "Notice the way they're grouped about the table, as though they had been pulled in so that their occupants could sit close."

"Oui." Pap agreed. "They huddle."

Power went back to the table. Three scratch pads lay on it in front of three of the chairs, but they were blank. He glanced down to find a wastebasket, but Papineau was before him. He lifted the thing and placed it on the table. For a half hour they went through its contents. Their final gleanings were two crumpled sheets that filled the pads.

Neither of these is in Crispin's writing—I know his hand." There was some sort of a meeting here tonight. Four people sat in on it. If we knew what they talked about we ought know why Stuart was murdered. Better send for a couple of men. Post one of them over by the promontory and have the other keep an eye on the house—and send that crowd home."

An hour later the fingerprint man at headquarters stepped into Sergeant Papineau's office and laying the dagger on the desk, said: "Sorry, sergeant, there's not a print on it. Clean as a whistle."

"Is Dr. Morin here yet?" Papineau asked him.

"Yeah, in the morgue. I just showed him the knife."

The shrewd-eyed little coroner turned from the marble slab as they entered and said: "The weapon has pierced the fourth costal interspace. The heart is penetrated through and through, and there is here this nick on the front of the sixth dorsal vertebra, where the point of the knife has driven into it. The knife you have brought fits the wound exactly. I should say that it is *the* weapon—or one astonishingly like it."

Power was looking at the nick against the front of the sixth dorsal vertebra. He thrust the point of the dagger into it in what seemed mere idle exploration. Suddenly he dropped the weapon and snatched up chisel and mallet. A moment later he was poring carefully at the cross-section of bone he had removed. Finally he thrust it under the noses of the two other men.

"Sacre!" exclaimed Papineau. "It is the tip of a knife blade." His face fell. "Then we've not yet found the right weapon."

Dr. Morin smiled wryly. "And it made as perfect a fit. Such is life."

Power said nothing. Placing the tiny fragment of steel in an envelope and gathering up the dagger, he invited Papineau to go with him to his flat. There in the laboratory at the back while the sergeant supped on whisky and sofa, he proceeded to examine the weapon under a strong light with a watchmaker's magnifying glass in one eye. After scraping at the interstices of the jewelled hilt for some time with a long fine needle he said: "It's too clean, Papi, too clean altogether. And what's more, it has been cleaned within the last twenty hours. There isn't even a speck of dust in its crevices."

He placed the blade under the large microscope and bade the other examine it.

"Very interesting, for sure," Pap declared. "She glistens. She as been cleaned wit emery—the tray scratches. But why? The point is intact—and we have found a point in Miss Stuart's vertebra. There must be another dagger somewhere, perhaps its mate."

Power said frowning. "But why was it cleaned with such care? It should be the weapon. Four people sat around Crispin's library table last night in some sort of conference."

Reaching for the phone he dialled a number. When the answer came he said: "There was a conference of sorts in your library tonight. Haig. Who were the four? How did I guess that? My gift of second sight. Who? Thanks a lot. Sorry to bother you."

He swung sharply on the other man. "Had him stammering for a minute. The four were himself, George Mowbray Parker—and Stuart!"

"Ah, *bien!*" She marches—

"I'll say she does. Something happened at that conference, Pap. Some people got mighty upset. High words. The meeting broke up. Stuart finds Fay Paton and goes to the promontory. Someone left behind wants a weapon. It's hanging on the wall. That dagger's got to be the weapon. We've got to prove it, is."

Papineau said quickly: "The quarrel is over Mademoiselle Paton, *non?* Miss Mowbray is interested because his sister is Stuart's wife. The others—they are in

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love wit' her, perhaps. It marches that." He rose. "Tomorrow we meet again at Mam'selle Crispin's eh? Nine o'clock?"

When he had gone Power drew from his pocket two crumpled pages of scratch pad. He studied these for some time before himself retiring.

THE TWO policemen who had been on duty all night reported all quiet. Crispin met them at the top of the terrace. He was. Power noted, more his usual debonair self as he asked: "Anything new, Kerr?"

"Not unless you want to unburden your soul."

The ironic smile twisted Crispin's firm lips. "You wouldn't be accusing me of holding out on you, would you?"

"You're the sort of Don Quixote to tilt at windmills, Hag. There may have been a windmill about last night."

"If there was, I kept my lance grounded," the other replied still smiling dryly.

"Too bad your guests didn't do the same." Power drew from his pocket the two scraps of paper. "These were in your library wastebasket. I've discovered this morning that the handwriting on them belongs to Parker and George Mowbray. They're mostly big figures they seem to touch some business deal. Would you agree to that?"

Crispin's eyes seemed wary himself like a taut, highly tuned string. "Absolutely," he answered gravely.

"I notice on both slips of paper the letters C.P. Do they refer by any chance to Cornwallis Power?"

Something flickered behind Crispin's wary eyes. He shook his head. "I'm not a mind reader, Kerr. I don't know what idle thoughts were in their heads."

"Would you say that those idle thoughts had anything to do with Tony Stuart's death?"

"My dear fellow!" Crispin's expression was one of frank surprise. "We talked nothing but business, I assure you."

"In that case," Power said quietly, "the sergeant and I will take another look around."

"Good hunting! If you want me any time this morning, I'll be at my office." He went cheerfully down the terrace to his waiting car.

Power and Papineau then proceeded, with the aid of the two policemen, to search the grounds thoroughly. They paid particular attention to the environs of the promontory, testing out, for instance the acoustics between Bayne Davis' stance amid the azaleas and the bench on which Stuart had died. And then Power said to one of the policemen, "I want you to go to the kitchen and tell the butler to get some breakfast for you. See that he stays with you until we send word to the contrary."

Presently, moving cautiously through the front of the house, Power and Papineau found their way to the basement. They found there a door leading to the outside—*on the same side of the house on which the gymnasium lay.*

Slipping back the bolt, Power pushed it open. It caught about a third of the way, and he had to use considerable force to push it wide open. It moved with a loud, squeaking sound. He closed it again, opened it—and the same thing happened. Closing it yet again, he pushed it open until it caught. Turning sideon, he wriggled through to the outside, came back again. It was a pretty tight fit.

Pulling it shut and bolting it, he resumed his survey of the basement. There was a sink in a sort of cubicle against the far wall. Beside the sink was a sort of carpenter's work bench, with various tools about.

A grindstone!" Papineau exclaimed, pointing to the small wheel at the edge of the sink.

Interesting," Power remarked. He dipped his finger into the dirty fluid in the trough beneath it. "Get one of those bottles over there. I'd like to investigate this juice a mite further."

Afterward they went up to the kitchen and invited Magnusson into the drawing room. The butler's Buddhalike face was as inscrutable as ever. "What do you know," Power asked him, "about the people who were here last night?"

"If you mean touching the murder, sir, I know nothing." The other replied at once. "On the other hand, I have seen most of them grow up. I've worked in this house for over twenty years."

"When Mademoiselle Paton's father was owner of it?" Papineau asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then perhaps you'll tell us what Tony Stuart was in her life," Power said.

Magnusson hesitated. Obviously he did not like the question. But he said frankly enough: "They grew up together, sir. His father lived just down the hill. One of those boy and girl romances, sir. I think it was his recklessness that appealed to Miss Fay. Unfortunately she always seemed blind to his weaknesses. I was very glad, if I may say so, when they quarrelled. It was just before she went to New York. He married Miss Mowbray shortly afterward."

"Was that the end of the affair?"

"I think so, sir—at least on her part."

"But not on his?"

"I've heard that he has been seeing her in New York lately."

"Your master is also rather fond of her?"

Magnusson looked him straight in the eye and said with complete sincerity: "It is impossible to know Miss Fay and not feel that way about her, sir."

"Madame Stuart, the dead man's widow, does not feel that way about her," Papineau declared shrewdly.

Magnusson answered with the merest movement of his shoulders.

THEY DISMISSED him and, before leaving the house, collected their various pieces of evidence. Papineau was, for a policeman, a cautious driver; nevertheless they did overtake on Sherbrooke Street a limousine that was moving even slower than they. Suddenly Power nudged the other man, hissed in a low voice: "Take a dekko—quick—and then drop back."

In the back seat of the other car were two people—Hag Crispin and the lovely young actress. Crispin was speaking to her earnestly, and there was written in his face an unmistakable adoration.

"He does not waste the time," Pap grunted.

They drew up before the Ritz-Royal and found Bayne Davis breakfasting in his room. "Greetings!" he exclaimed brightly. "Have a cup of coffee."

Power said: "We've come to command you to an car specialist."

"Two car specialists," added Papineau.

"I don't seem to get you," said the fair, tash young man with a jauntily pointed look.

"I notice also that you smoke Pluckies," Power said, pointing to the packet on the breakfast tray.

"The best I can afford. Any objections?"

"Our objection is to the cock-and-bull tale you told us last night." Power said. "I turn over you said you couldn't hear, from where you were secreted amid the azaleas, what went on between Tony Stuart and his mysterious visitor. Then our little about the car specialist—the sergeant and I have tested the acoustics and they're good. Item two: you neglected to say that you talked with Stuart at the rustic seat yourself."

Davis' cherubic smile became the least fixed. "You wouldn't be trying a spot of bluff, would you?"

"There's just one thing that stands between you and arrest for murder." Power said grimly, "and that's a story that carries the ring of truth. I picked up the butt of a Plucky by that rustic seat this morning. Pluckies are an American cigarette and you were the only American there last night. Do we get the story or do you go to the clink?"

The director shrugged. "Very well,"

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MADE IN CANADA

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him said after a moment's reflection. "I did talk to Stuart. He was trying to raise up Fay Paton's life. I appealed to him to lay off."

"And he 'as refuse?" Papineau suggested.

"Yes."

"And then?" Power asked.

"I left him and moved up the hill."

"Perhaps you'll tell us now who Stuart's other visitor was?"

Davis said bluntly: "That's something I can't do."

"You're going to stick to that?"

"Yes."

In the lobby of the hotel downstairs Power entered a booth and did some telephoning. Returning, Papineau...he said, "There's been a devil of a lot of activity in Coronado Power today, Pap."

THEY WENT to his flat. First of all he poured the contents of the bottle of grandstone drammgn he had brought from Crispin's cellar into a shallow beaker. After it had boiled dry over the bunsen flame, he emptied the sediment on a glass slab, spread it out thin and attaching an electric magnet to the light socket, held it down close to the slab. Presently he dusted the points of the magnet on a piece of black paper, gleaming a small pile of tiny specks. He carried the winnings into the darkroom and laid the paper on the bench beside the pearl-handled dagger and the tip of steel that had been found in Tony Stuart's sixth dorsal vertebra. Then he switched on an electric bulb that gave no gleam of light, directed it against the three objects and adjusted above it the swivel arm that held a large camera. Shutting the darkroom door, he turned off the ordinary electric light and pressed the shutter of the camera.

"Me," declared the puzzled Papineau, "I do not understan' how you take a picture wit'out a light."

"It's infra-red light I'm using, Pap. Watch what it does to the negatives."

An hour later he held out the clearest of the three prints he had made. "Let's get the direct sunlight on them." He placed them on the bench in the main laboratory in front of the window. After peering at the print through a magnifying glass for some minutes, he held the latter out to Papineau and said: "Take a dekko."

You see there the knife blade, the steel tip and the pile of dust we collected on the magnet from the grandstone drammgn. But notice that sort of fluorescence they all throw out, that sort of rainbow. It's the same in all three."

"Sure. But what does it make?"

From a shelf near by Power took down a large tome, and opened it to a page of photographic reproductions. Pointing at them he said: "Those are the infra-red photographs of specimens of ordinary steel. They differ, you'll notice, but they don't look like ours, do they?" The fluorescence is different. The fluorescence under infra-red light depends on the chemical composition of the steel. Because it is the same in all three of our specimens, we can be sure that they all belong to the same piece of steel, or steel of precisely the same composition. But steel varies in chemical composition all over the world. That dagger is Oriental work, probably its blade was made by native workmen with his own furnace. In order to get another piece of steel which would give off the same fluorescence, we'd have to get another piece made by the same workmen. In other words, there isn't a chance in the world that this steel tip or the filings from the grandstone, could belong to any other knife than the one we've got."

"So," cried Papineau, "they 'ave ground down the blade to put on a new point!"

"Exactly. Allowing that twenty minutes elapsed between Stuart's murder and its discovery by Miss Paton, and that it was twenty minutes after that before we got there, they had forty minutes in which to do it."

"Wi 'ave established the weapon. But who has done the murder? And why?"

"That's what we've still got ahead of us. As I see it, there were two possible motives. One of them arose out of jealousy over whatever intimacy there was between Stuart and Miss Paton; the other had something to do with that conference in Crispin's library. If it was the first, we can entertain the following suspects: Magnusson, because he didn't like the intimacy—not a strong suspicion, I admit, but a possibility. Crispin, because he loves the girl. Mrs. Stuart, because she was jealous, furiously jealous. George Mowbray, because he might have had ideas about his sister's honor. Rayne Davis, because as he says himself Stuart was trying to mess up Fay Paton's life. But if the motive had something to do with that library conference we can eliminate Davis and Mrs. Stuart. I know that Mowbray and Tom Parker were present at that conference because we've got their handwriting on those scraps of paper. Crispin was there too. He didn't deny it this morning. What we need to find out is more about the inner history of Coronado Power—and a few other little things. Meet me here at eight thirty tonight. I think I'll have something by then."

When Papineau had gone, Power rang up Hag Crispin and said: "I'm going to ask you to throw a little dinner party tonight, Hag. I suggest you make it a formal affair. Here's the list of guests I'd like you to ask." He called off five names.

Then he went downtown and spent over an hour in the private office of his broker friend, Jerry Tremaine. After that he went to the brokerage house of Stuart and Company. He found a ferret-eyed little office manager who acted on the levantine manner of one whose world had tumbled about him and who was most anxious to give any information that would help in clearing up the murder of his late employer. He said in the end, shaking his head tragically:

"It's got me all broken up. Mr. Power. The chief was all set to do big things. Told me so yesterday morning. Said there was going to be a big boom coming for us all. Rang me up last night and said to clear the decks for a landslide today. He was—"

Power cut him short. "When did he ring you up?"

"About ten thirty. Called me at my house—"

But Power was on his feet. "Thanks a lot," he said. "You've been a real help."

AT EIGHT THIRTY that night Fay Paton, Alan Stuart, her brother Tom Parker and Rayne Davis sat in Crispin's living room watching Power, who was doing things with his black bag on the table. Magnusson, a somewhat uneasy Buddha, stood by the doorway.

Power turned finally to the group. "With very little help on your part, ladies and gentlemen, we've been able to arrive at certain facts." He took up the pearl-handled dagger. "For one thing, we've been able to establish beyond question of doubt that this is the weapon that killed Tony Stuart."

As he held it toward them a sudden stillness seemed to grip them, as though their attitudes had been abruptly frozen. We found a broken point of steel in one of Stuart's vertebra. This knife however has a clean tip. That's because it was ground down after the murder, on a grindstone in the cellar below. It was then scrubbed clean—too clean, in fact—and replaced in its sheath on your library wall, Hag."

They said nothing, seemed to cling fascinated to his words. Only George Mowbray moved, and it was to light the cigarette that had been hanging idly on his lips for some moments. Power went on. "We can assume that after committing the crime, the murderer noticed the damage to the blade tip and proceeded to repair it. But only two people could have known the whereabouts of the grandstone—you, Hag, and Magnusson."

Crispin shrugged coolly and said: "That's a fair deduction."

"One of you or both of you made possible the repointing of the dagger. We have your statement that you were both in the cellar last night ostensibly to collect wine."

"Beg pardon, sir," Magnussen interposed quickly, "we *did* collect wine."

Power turned to the producer and asked: "Was Hag the mysterious visitor at the premonitory Davis?"

George Mowbray cried out: "Don't answer that. He's just bluffing."

"Very well." Power went on as Davis thus instructed shook his head. "Since you won't play ball, we'll discuss motives. We'll talk about Coronado Power."

Once again it seemed that attitudes froze into a taut awareness.

"For some time past there has been steady buying of C.P. in large blocks. When that sort of thing happens there is usually one of two causes operating. Either there is a prospect of better earnings or someone is trying to get control. My researches fail to show any prospect of the former, so we'll conclude that somebody was after control. But C.P. is a pretty big concern to gain control of especially for a small group—let's say a group of four. Even if they were pretty rich men, they'd have to mortgage themselves deeper only."

"Must we endure all this?" Fay Paton asked in real distress. "We are only flesh and blood, Mr. Power."

"I'm sorry." Power answered, "but since you people have refused to help me I must go my own gait." And then: "But yesterday a peculiar thing happened. A gentleman who had previously been buying C.P. suddenly threw a large block on the market. That gentleman was Tony Stuart. The price sagged rather badly, but came back again in the afternoon under steady buying. You, Parker"—he turned to the tall, shaggy financier—"did the buying. I believe that the behavior of Coronado Power yesterday holds the key to the motive for Stuart's murder."

They stared at him. George Mowbray found voice first, crying: "You're crazy!"

"Am I? Then perhaps you'll tell me why you had to hypothecate certain stocks and bonds to your bank yesterday for the loan that made Parker's purchases of C.P. possible. Why did you, Parker, have to deposit certain bonds with Union Trust? I understand that both of you are trustees for estates. Some of those bonds you hypothecated may have been trust funds. I suggest that you'd be ruined men if C.P. had broken again today."

Parker said through tight lips: "Better be careful what you're saying, Power. There's no law to protect people against such statements."

As though he had not heard Power went on: "But C.P. didn't break today. Why? Because Tony Stuart wasn't here any longer to wish on you. I suggest he did wish on you because someone was going to pay him a real price for doing so. Last night you knew he was going to un-load on you. He told you so at the meeting you had in Hag's library. That left the three of you in a pretty bad way. Hag might have saved something from the wreckage, but you and Mowbray, Parker were desperate men. You tried every means in your power to induce him to give up his plan. He refused to listen to you. Today he intended to clean out every share of C.P. he held. You were faced with an alternative—financial ruin with perhaps a penitentiary sentence, or murder. You chose murder."

"Just how do you propose to prove that you're not talking nonsense?" Parker asked, his eyes as cold as steel as Papineau, bearing in one hand a tape measure and in the other a notebook, entered the room.

POWER GLANCED at a figure on the notebook which Papineau thrust toward him, and then turned with a grim look on his face. "You were asked here formally tonight because I wanted to make sure you'd be wearing the same clothes you had on last night. They may prove whether or not I'm talking nonsense. In the process I'll have to wreck them. Do you accept the challenge?"

They stared at him, wary but puzzled. Parker's statement had put them in an awkward position and they knew it. Crispin said quietly: "I think I'd like to know a little more before you go any further, Kent."

"So do I," cried the Little Dynamo. "Afraid, eh?" Power taunted them. "Can't stand the grill. What peice nonsense now!"

And there was this mealpiece," interposed Papineau crisply. "We 'ave sufficient evidence to arrest you for conspiring to be a murderer. There will be no difficulty when you are in jail to examine your clothes."

They were beaten. George Mowbray growled: "Go ahead. You're still bluffing, and you know it."

Crispin and Parker stood up beside him doubtfully, as though against their better judgment. Power sent Magnusson for three small bowls and a pitcher of water. Taking the tape measure from Papineau, he found a spot in the back of each forty-nine inches from the floor and from that neighborhood cut a strip of cloth a couple of inches wide. Snipping each strip into smaller fragments into a bowl, he poured a little water over them. To this he added some dilute sulphuric acid and rinsed the fragments carefully. Then filtering the solutions into test tubes from the rack on the table, he heated the latter over an alcohol flame.

Suddenly Alan Stuart cried out: "I can't bear it! I can't!" and dashed from the room. Fay Paton went after her.

Power placed the three test tubes in the rack and added to them in turn a few drops of potassium ferrocyanide solution. To the first and the second nothing happened. But to the third something did. A faint white precipitate came down which presently turned an unmistakable blue.

He pointed to it. "Iron," he said and faced the three men. "There is a narrow bar of iron on the post of the cellar door below. It is covered thickly with rust. It happens that the door opens easily for a short distance and then will not open farther without making a loud, rasping noise. I believe the murderer was admitted by that door, carrying the weapon with which he had murdered Tony Stuart. But rather than pull the door wide open and so make a noise that someone might hear, he was squeezed in sideways by his accomplices, or shall we say his friends? In so doing his back would brush against the rusty bar. Some of the rust would adhere to his coat, would cling to the inner interstices of the cloth despite being brushed apparently clean. From your coat, Mowbray"—he turned to the Little Dynamo—"I have obtained a solution that gives the test for iron. You killed Tony Stuart. You did so because you could see no other way of saving yourself from financial ruin and the penitentiary." And then he said to Papineau: "Take him!"

When the dazed and broken little man had been led away Power said to Crispin: "I'm sorry you got into this, Hag. The law doesn't love accessories after the fact."

And then Rayne Davis broke his stubborn silence. "It was my fault—he exclaimed contritely. "I got Hag into it. I saw the murder done in fact, I tried to prevent it. I want too late. But it seemed that with Stuart gone the world had been cleared of plenty trouble. I was thinking of Fay. I went for Hag; saw the light in the cellar, and found him there. I told him what had happened then I went back for George and we squeezed him through the door."

"I suggest," Power said gravely, "that you both permit any future murderers you happen to run into to show their own stunts."

• • •

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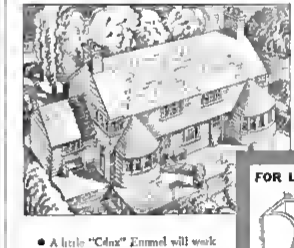

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North for the King

Continued from page 13—Starts on page 12

A second glance," Bill said, "will only sharpen your disappointment."

"It wasn't very nice of you to walk away and leave me."

"I'm never nice," Bill said. "And if you'd be so kind as to take just one tiny step to the right—"

"You'll walk away and leave me again?"

"Why not? You're disappointed."

Her absurd red sandals did not move. "Will you see it connected you with a cannery. Of course I've never been in one, but I've always thought of them as wild and rough and—"

"They are," Bill said.

"When I said it was disappointed I—I meant that you—well, that you look just like a lot of other men."

"Thank you," said Bill.

Bigger than most perhaps, but certainly not better looking. She sighed very audibly. "You see I sort of hoped that out here I'd find—"

"Men?" suggested Bill, his face color less.

Ann Clark nodded. "Real men."

"Are you sure you'd know one if, just by chance, you saw one?"

Bill did not wait for the answer, nor did he wait now for those absurd red sandals to move out of his path. He edged his bulk between her slender shoulder and the door frame, then strode unimpeded into the lobby.

Upstairs he went to the window and watched the gang piling into Pete Carruthers' car. The tall girl in hair-locked beautiful in the rain, thought Bill resentfully. It was queer how an unpleasant wench could carry around some of the physical attributes of a female angel.

He turned from the window and began taking off his clothes, letting them drop anywhere. Somehow he felt suddenly as if this were the end of the world and he would never need them again, and yet he knew, too, that for him it might be the beginning of something the King had faced for years.

Hours later he shot upright in bed, fully awake. As he reached for cigarettes and lighted one his hand trembled. The cigarette was not quite half gone when the telephone rang. It was the hospital.

"Yes," said Bill dully in answer to the news they gave him. Then he realized that he had been sitting there smoking all the while knowing that the phone would ring. He knew now that he had been trying to fool himself on that walk down to the club. The King had known, too.

And less than two weeks later Bill was at Chester Bay.

THERE HAD never been a season when advance preparations had gone so smoothly. The order for cans had got through. Experienced workers for the cannery had been easy to hire, and fairly amenable. The boatyards had outfitted the company's three seine boats in jig time, and the supply houses would have them on the way north within a few days now. Atop this funk, the market showed promise of fair profits if the catch turned out well.

"Just the same," Nils had said, "I'm gonna to Chester Bay with you."

"You can't do that," Bill told him. "I need you at the office."

"Not until later in the season, you don't. If I don't go north I quit."

Nils was bluffing—and Bill knew it—but nevertheless Nils went along aboard the Diesel-powered cannery tender *Sea Glory*. It was an uneventful voyage up the breathlessly beautiful Inside Passage, with water like a millpond. But when Bill stepped into Chester Bay he got a surprise. Set snugly onto an east bight of the bay the Grant cannery, its grey clapboard buildings with slanting tin roofs set precariously on spidery piling, was familiar enough. But as the *Sea Glory* rounded Beggar's Point Bill stared unbelievingly from the pilot house window.

"Look there, Nils!"

What Nils saw popped his eyes from that weathering squint common to many of his race. He saw the old Chester Bay Cannery, owned by Harrison Fisheries and idle for many seasons past. But it was no longer deserted or dilapidated. Moored to its docks were two big cannery tenders, and more than half a dozen men were splashing paint and driving nails. On the warehouse wharf there were trap materials piled high.

"Harveson can't be operating this year," Nils said. "Somebody must have leased it." He turned to Bill. "But who?"

They hadn't long to wait for the answer. Mike Hartigan, who lived near and came to Chester Bay every season to get things in shape at Bill's cottage, blurted it out the moment the tender came alongside the dock. "Sir-ay Consolidated's leased the Harveson outfit! Can you beat it?"

"I can't," Lund said. "Funny we never got wind of it in Vancouver."

Thoughtfully Bill gazed across the cold blue bay. "Who's in charge, Mike?"

"Fellow named Overby. Hen from Wrangell. Near as I can get it, they wired him from the East and gave him cart blanch or whatever you call it."

"Hope you haven't told him much, Mike."

The big Irishman looked hurt. "You know me better than that, Bill. Ain't I been with the old man for all these years?" He stopped suddenly. "I—I was going to write you down a letter, but—but I ain't much to write and—"

"Sure, I know." Bill gripped the other's hand. "Darned glad to see you again, Mike. I missed you down in California. You'd like California, Mike."

Mike chuckled at the absurdity of such a statement. He took Bill's two suitcases and led the way up the path to the cottage. The tin roofs were wet bright and there were still patches of snow on the ground. When they reached the cottage Bill gratefully spread his hands before the roaring blaze Hartigan had going in the fireplace.

Nils drew off his gloves and tossed them onto the table. "I guess," he said, his tone freighted with worry, "I guess Consolidated has been wanting to get out here a long time. But they better not try anything funny."

"You forget the progress we've made," Bill laughed. "We're all gentlemen now, in the cannery business. We play by the rules."

"I don't think Overby is any gentlemen," muttered Hartigan, reappearing from the tiny bedroom. "Considered in a square outfit," Bill said. "But I don't like having that outfit reopened so close. I hope they don't crack the run. We need the pack."

Lund nodded. He knew that what Bill

Continued on page 56

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Continued from page 56

really meant was that Bill Grant needed the pack. Not just for a profit for the Grant Packing Company, but to show them down in the city that he could carry on for the King. There'd been plenty of idle gossip along "fish row" and it had reached Bill plenty soon.

"The bunk houses are all ready," Hartigan said.

"Good boy. Mike. I expect there'll be a load of men in on the supply boat tomorrow or next day."

The boat slipped in the next afternoon, and Bill went down to meet the men who had come north on the steamer, then transferred to the less pretentious vessel to get to Chester Bay. Some Bill passed on the way down to the dock nodding to them all and stopping for a word or two with those he remembered from other seasons.

A hundred yards from the water he stood still in his tracks. A girl was coming briskly up the path! She wore a tweed skirt and coat and low heeled brogues, yet despite her severe and sensible costume she was at once attractive. When she got nearer Bill experienced a sinking sensation.

"Good morning!" the greeted him.

"Good morning," answered Bill coldly, no recognition in his glance. "My name is Grant."

ANN CLARK smiled. "How do you do? You know, I think I've met you before somewhere."

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you could possibly be doing here."

"Oh, that's comparatively simple. You see, I was on one of those tourist cruises out of Vancouver. The boat dropped a propeller or something and there was going to be some delay. I found out we were near Chester Bay. The captain was very nice. He put me in a power tender and transferred me to the pretentious vessel just arrived."

"I'll be glad to show you what I can in an hour. The boat leaves then."

"But I don't want to go back on that tourist boat. I'd much rather see how fish are caught and how you pack them, and—"

"I'm afraid," put in Bill, "that's impossible. We won't be under way for several days—maybe weeks. And unfortunately there are no facilities for visitors."

She put down her suitcase, and for the first time since he had known her seemed startled. "But I—that is I understood that Mary and Pete Carruthers stayed on here several days last season."

"They did. But that was in my cottage."

Ann Clark flushed. "I see."

"They used the one bedroom and I slept on the couch in the other room. But this year one of my office men happens to be with me."

Well" she smiled brightly, "I'll make out somehow."

Bill's jaw dropped visibly. "Look here, you'll really have to get back to the boat within an hour."

"Why?"

"Because—well, because this is no place for a woman." At this remark Ann burst out laughing and Bill heard himself demanding. "What's so funny about that?"

"It's—it's—" So great was Miss Clark's merriment that she found speech difficult. "It's what they always say in these air-cooled outdoor stories. Big man in whipcord breeches tells white lady to go back to her tea and bridge."

"It's good advice," mentioned Bill through clenched teeth.

"But this white lady likes neither tea nor bridge, and she can take care of herself. And—it may have been Bill's supreme smile which prompted Ann to continue—"and she's not afraid of the man in the whipcord breeches. You know very well that nothing ever happens up here except that you pack fish. And now that I've started this side trip, I'm going to see it through."

To keep them out of trouble Bill shoved his big hands deep into his pockets and locked down at her. "I wish he said with effort, "you wouldn't be silly. There's no place for silliness here, and no time for it. You'd better get back to your steamer, dear."

Ann turned just a bit white and her eyes met Bill's squarely. "If you'll show me your property lines I'll gladly keep clear of them. But I'm staying here until I'm ready to leave." Glancing across the water toward the refurbished Harvison plant she added, "Perhaps they'd be more hospitable over there."

Bill glared savagely; then without a word he grabbed the suitcase from her hand and started up the path. Reaching the cottage, he flung open the door and slid the suitcase inside.

"You can use this room for the rest of the day, and tonight I'll furnish you with a sleeping bag. One night under the stars ought to cure your romantic urge. There's a load of cans coming up tomorrow and you can go back on the boat that brings 'em."

Ann nodded brightly. "Thank you so much. I'd heard so much of the warm hand-clasp of the West—and here it is."

"You can save that. It sounds better in the College Club."

He left her standing there in front of the cottage. Down the path he met Nils Lund regarding him suspiciously.

"Who's that, Bill?"

"A past young Grant told him fervently. "Friend of Pete Carruthers. Wants to see how we get the fish to swim into the cans."

"How long she gonna stay?"

"I think one night ought to fix it. I'm giving her a sleeping bag and a nice tree."

The remainder of the afternoon Bill filled with work, and there was plenty of it. The cannery's machinery had to be checked and plans made for getting it into commission. Trap materials and gear had to be inspected. Supplies in the warehouse—everything from canned pepper to rubber boots and oilskins—had to be inventoried. A cannery worthy of the name is almost a little town in itself, and Bill Grant was the mayor of this one.

At dinner time as he and Nils trudged toward the cottage, Bill confided that he could, with a good deal of ardor, consume a horse stew. But when they reached the cottage they saw Cook Hartigan perched disconsolately on the bench outside. He was whittling.

"Hey there, Mike! Going to feed us cold from the can?"

Hartigan looked up, puzzled and injured. "I am feeding you at all." He jerked the jackknife over his shoulder. "The dame is putting on the feed."

"Who said so?"

"She did."

"Don't you know who's running this outfit?"

"I never," mentioned Hartigan "argue with a woman. You tell her who's running it."

BILL OPENED the door with that in mind—but no savory were the steaming dishes on the table that he was stopped just beyond the threshold. Ann hurried from the kitchen bearing a coffeepot.

"Sit right down," she invited pleasantly. "And tell Mr. Hartigan to come in. He was pretty angry with me a while ago—but I think his back is much worse than his bite." She brought her gaze to rest on Bill. "So many of these rough outdoor men are like that, don't you think so?"

"I think this was hardly necessary," said Bill. He sat down and snatched his napkin. But now that it's done." His voice trailed into silence before Lund's sharp and questioning eyes.

Ann went on pouring the coffee. "I've had a snack," she explained "so if you'll excuse me I'll take a little walk."

"We'll excuse you," said Bill. "And hereafter Mr. Hartigan will prepare the meals—just as he's done for the past twenty years or so."

"Yes, sir." The answer was a fine balance between respect and mockery. As Bill's blood pressure rose he heard the slam of the outside door from the kitchen. The trio ate in ignominious silence, but at length the sincere Hartigan could withhold his comment no longer. "I'll bet an Eskimo if that female can't cook a meal all right!"

"That may be," said Bill. "But you'll cook them from now on. And if you let her chase you out of the kitchen again you're fired!"

Nils was a lightning eater. Long before his companions had finished dessert—succulent apple pie with a slice of yellow cheese—the Norwegian was filling his pipe. He hitched his chair toward the window smoking thoughtfully, his eyes on the Harvison plant.

The three turned in early after their arduous day, and still Ann hadn't returned.

Continued on page 58

—Drawn for Maclean's by Bo Brown.

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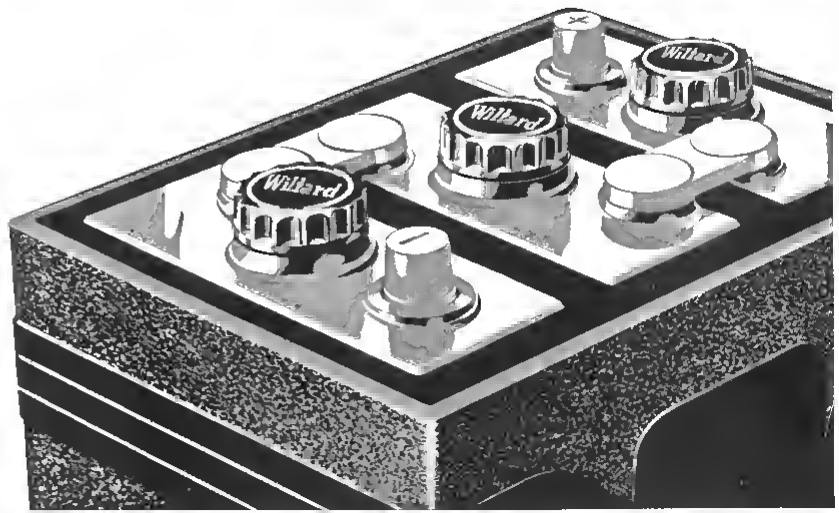

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Continued from page 56

to the cottage. Bill was wide-awake when he heard the footsteps on the gravel path. For hours Lund and Hartigan had been competing sonorously beyond the thin partition, and Bill had heard their every note.

Slowly the door opened, letting in a streak of the tardy summer sunset. He drew one arm from the covers and pointed to the end of the cot. "You'll find your sleeping bag there," he said.

"Thank you." She took up the bag and turned directly to the door. There she turned and added, "Sorry to have disturbed you."

Bill's tone was drowsily magnanimous. "That's all right. I suggest you pick a set within calling distance, just in case."

"In case of what?"

"Oh—things in the woods back there. Maybe a drunkish cannery worker getting in byte."

She made a sound of disbelief. "Getting in drunkish from where?" she remarked; then slammed the door so hard it broke the rhythmic duet beyond the partition.

"She's got nerve," Bill thought. After a moment he tiptoed across the room and peered from the window until he spotted a small dark figure. He stood there unconfirmly. Then setting his jaw, he went back to bed.

How long he slept he did not know. But sleep he must have, for when Nils Lund shook him violently he had to answer "no" to the latter's excited question.

"*Bill!* Bill, did you hear that down at the plant?"

Grant shot upright. "No! What was it?"

Hell broke loose for a minute. It's stopped now."

Bill was into his flannel shirt and grabbing for his trousers. "What did it sound like?"

But Nils was out of the door, his bare feet flashing along the path and his eight shirt tailing out like the tail of a comet. Running headlong after this apparition Bill collided with something light and yielding. It was Ann Clark.

"W-what's wrong?"

"I don't know yet." He thrust her aside and plunged on. Part of the cannery building was lighted now, and men were tumbling from the bunk house. When he reached the dock he saw Martie the foreman run to the wide doorway and stop dead still.

Somebody busted hell out of the iron chunks here."

SOMEBODY HAD very effectively and simply. Hard metal scraps had been dropped against the big cylindrical gears and then with a touch of the button on the wall the butchering machines had been started up. Hardly a tooth remained in any of the gears now. It had all been the work of a few seconds—one revolution of the cylindrical gears probably, and the vandal had stopped the machines and slipped into the darkness.

He started." old Lund said in a whisper.

"You mean—what the old man said?"

Nils nodded. "That's what I mean."

Bill felt a soft breathing behind him, was conscious of Ann staring at the wreckage. She gave a little sound of dismay, and angrily Bill turned around. "Maybe you can see now that this is no place for you!"

But it—it won't stop you, will it? I mean, you can butcher the fish by hand. You don't need iron chunks, do you?"

Lund faced her, his eyes thin slits of ice. "How do you know what those machines are for—and how do you know what we call 'em?"

Why I—I've heard the men talking about them."

"You'd better get back to the cottage," Bill told her shortly. "Use my cot. I'll be in the radio shack for the rest of the night." He turned to Nils. "I'll try to get through to Vancouver and order some parts up by plane. Better check the machines over now and see what we need."

Outside in the clearing he faced a circle of half-dressed men. "I don't think this was done by any man on the payroll of the company," he said slowly. "And I don't want to find out I'm wrong." With that, and only that, he strode through the darkness to the little shack where the radiophone equipment was housed.

It was early morning when he stepped from the shack, tired and nerve-racked from his session with the controls. But he'd got through to the Vancouver office, and the parts for the iron chunks would start on their way at noon.

He snapped the padlock on the door and turned down the path. Before him stood a large man whom Bill did not recognize as belonging to the outfit. He was dark and heavy, perhaps twice Bill's age. But he looked fit and hard, and Bill knew instinctively that he had spent all he'life in the North country.

"My name's Overby," he said, holding out a beefy hand. "I'm in charge across the bay."

"Yes." Bill took his hand. "I'm Bill Grant."

"I know. Hear somebody jammed your iron chunks."

Bill's eyes narrowed a little. "News travels fast up here," he said, trying to keep his voice on an even keel.

"We might be able to bring over some of our machines if the run doesn't come too fast on us."

"Thanks, Overby. But I think we'll manage. I've got parts coming up by plane. And if they don't get here in time, then we'll just have to butcher by hand."

"You'll need a lot more men than you got if you butcher by hand."

"I'll get them," said Bill, wondering how he would. "Anyhow, I appreciate your offer, Overby. I'm glad we're going to have company on the bay."

Overby laughed. But there was something about his laugh that Bill didn't like. "I thought you would be," Overby said. "Come and look us over when you have time."

"I will," said Bill, "when I have time."

WATCHING Overby's retreating figure, Bill tried to fathom what there was about the man that he didn't like. "I'm seeing things," he scolded himself.

Overby offered help. That was white. He couldn't have anything to do with what happened last night. Consolidated doesn't work that way. Probably there was some disgruntled punk in his crew. But which one? Bill almost wished he could believe it was Overby's work. Then at least, he would know which quarter to watch.

Nile joined him in the clearing, but the Norwegian had found nothing. "I been asking questions and snooping all over the place, Bill. I can't figure it. I see you talking to Overby."

"Yes. Who went over there from our outfit?"

"Nobody that I know of, Bill."

"It's blamed funny he knew about the chunks being smashed. He came over to offer some of his machines."

Nils made no comment on each generosity. But before they reached the cottage he stopped and touched Bill's arm. "Wait a minute, Bill. I want to talk to you before we go in there?"

"What's up, Nils?"

"You remember what the girl said last night? She knew what those machines were for, and she called 'em iron chicks."

"She probably heard the men talking about them."

"Maybe. But I want to tell you something else. Yesterday while you and Hartigan were eating, I got my chair over to the window. She went from here over to the Overby plant. I saw her."

Bill's face clouded. "Sure, but—well, there's nothing suspicious about that, Nils. We haven't shown her around any, and she's just a curious female."

Lund's silence was his comment, and it was plain to Bill. But when Grant saw Ann before the open blaze on the cottage hearth he told himself how absurd the old Norwegian's suspicions were. At Bill's entrance she turned quickly, and he felt sure that he saw genuine concern in her eyes.

"Is everything all right now?" she asked.

"I hope so."

"I trust you're sorry for your unpleasantness last night."

Bill stared. "Unpleasantness?"

"Oh, it's all right. I forgive you. After all, you were under a strain."

He dropped to the fireplace bench wearily. "Have you known the Carruthers long?"

"Not terribly long. I think they're nice, don't you?"

"I do," Bill said. "You *should* think so. They make a sort of god of you. They—" A shutter snapped suddenly against the side of the cottage. Ann started. "What was that?"

"Wind, probably. It comes up rather suddenly sometimes." He walked to the window and reinstened the shutter. The usually calm surface of the bay was sealed now, and even as he watched it broke into tiny white crests.

Nile came in from the other room, obviously ignoring Ann. "Looks like a blow."

Continued on page 60

—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Frank Beaven.

"Jacklus, I'm not very pleased about this!"

"Road's pretty bad this time o' year... better use Ethyl!"

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$1.40 each up

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Continued from page 58

Bill nodded. "Is the pile driver moored so good she'll not?"

I had a look at her yesterday," Nils told him.

Ann joined Bill at the window. What time does my boat get in today?

Hard to tell exactly," Bill said slowly. "I was thinking—if it don't be up some weather it might not be pleasant going out on that little ire ghter."

Old Lund coughed loudly. "She's beamy enough to stand any weather," he re marked.

Does he mean it?" laughed Ann as Nils stalked out the door.

He means the boat. But to tell the truth, Nile doesn't trust you."

I gathered that. But why?"

Because—" Bill's voice changed. Look on a thin edge." He doesn't trust Overby at the other plant across the bay. And he saw you go over there yesterday."

A faint tide of color crept up slowly from her throat. "There was no mistaking it behind the pale, faultless skin. And when she laughed it was, he thought, one ral rarity.

You did go over, then?' asked Bill.

Why, yes. I was curious about the other cannery, too. I didn't know there was any feeling between the two com panies. I thought—"

Never mind," said Bill coldly. "There's no feeling between us—yet." He looked down at her, his eyes narrowing. But I want you to get this straight, once and for all. This business—getting the fish out and getting them down to the markets—it means everything in the world to me. The old man did it since he was a boy, and he's given it to me to do. *I won't stand anybody preventing me, see?* And if you're in any funny work I'll—I'll throttle you! And I mean that just as sure as I'm standing here."

Involuntarily Ann stepped back from his pent-up anger. "But she faltered.

You—you told me yourself that everything was all right now. You said you could get parts by plane, or butcher by hand."

Bill nodded grimly. "I'll I'm lucky the plane will get here. But maybe somebody will be making trouble all along the line. They may fix it so we can't get the traps down."

Then you couldn't get the fish?"

Not unless we seined for them—and I've got only two seine boats. If we can't get the traps down it'll be no fish this season and the next one too. If we don't get the traps down our franchise is forfeited, and another company could get a permit to set traps on our spot." Bill stopped, rubbed a hand wearily over his forehead.

You'd better sleep a while," Ann said.

He looked at her curiously. Her tone had changed. It was soft and solicitous and—and sweet. He had never heard Ann talk that way and he wondered sleepily if this were some new weapon if perhaps Nils Lund was right and—

I—I guess you're right," he said vaguely and stumbled toward the cot.

THE DAY quickly gave evidence that Bill was a good weather prophet. Heavily the wind increased. By dinner time the bay was whipping into sizable whitecaps, and the tall trees behind the cannery buildings Hartigan secure once more in his kitchen prepared dinner in the accompaniment of a steady howl outside.

Ann roused Bill for dinner—but Nils Lund didn't appear at dinner time nor long beyond it. "You'd better go down and call him." Bill told Hartigan. "He's probably working on a conveyor motor and doesn't realize he's hungry."

Before Hartigan could follow Bill's suggestion the door shot open with cannon ball force. At first Bill believed it had been pushed open by the gale, but when he turned it was to face the excited angry face of Nils Lund.

"Tke—the pile driver!" Lund shouted breathlessly. "She's adrift!"

Bill's chair overturned as he stood up. "But we had it lashed—!"

We had it lashed," Nils yelled, "but it ain't now. Somebody cut the lines—chapped 'em through!

"We've got to have that driver. Nils. We can't get the traps down if we lose her." Bill headed for the doorway tore down through the gathering dusk toward the dock and Nils was either him. As he ran, into the unprotected clearing he fought hard against the wind and a cold stiff rain pelted his face.

Almost in one movement he leaped aboard the *Sea Glory* and started the big Diesel engine. From the pilot-house windows he saw the big pile driver, its barge hull burned in swirling foam and its tall superstructure swaying slowly like an leverted pendelum.

"You can't stop that thing. It'll smash the boat to smithereens!" Nils screamed into his ear.

"We've *got* to stop it. If we lose that driver we're stuck. If we lose that we might as well have stopped at home."

It is that cursed girl. She—

"Let go those lines!" It was the King shouting now. Nile knew that voice, and obeyed. In the fraction of a minute he was back in the pilot house watching the control lever tremble under Bill's big fist. Slowly the *Sea Glory* moved off, her nose i sing against the foam. Bill headed her straight out into the bay.

Watch out she don't start against you ie the tide," warned Nils. The scow with the driver bolted to the topsides, was farther from the shore lice now. The lower swayed back and forth while the barge itself circled—giving the whole an awkward yet fantastically rhythmic movement like the waltz of a fat drunken man.

Against the pilot house windows the rain beat hard reminding Bill somehow of that other night when he and Nils had ridden together in the rain. That night, too, they had been rushing to face the inevitable, and even as Bill held the *Sea Glory* on her course he realized that only a miracle could perform what he wanted now.

"You take the wheel Nils. I'm going forward and try to get a line on her."

"Let me go."

"Take the wheel, I said!" Bill left it spinning against Lund's hands. Outside in the driving rain, he held fast to the house until the forward deck was clear to the ramson and the next one too. If we don't get the traps down our franchise is forfeited, and another company could get a permit to set traps on our spot." Bill stopped, rubbed a hand wearily over his forehead.

You'd better sleep a while," Ane said.

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CITY PROVINCE

THERE WERE lights ahead and he struck out toward these. Not too desperately for he knew that those share lights might be farther than they appeared—but easily almost lazily, knowing that he would make it this way or not at all. His head cleared a little as he swam and he realized that the lights were at the Harvison Fisheries plant. They were from one of the little outbuildings near the shore line.

Bill knew better than to experiment contiguously with the bottom. He kept his swimming stride slowing on his horizontally until he felt the sand against his knees and belly and knew that it was safe. Then he rested a while, gasping for breath as he his hands and knees in the sand.

But he did not stay there long. He must get a boat—any kind of a boat—and get back out there to Nils and the battered *Sea Glory*. In another moment he was running up the beach toward Overby's cottage where the lights shone. He fell against the door, dripping and breathless and it was as he leaned there believing he might never move again that he heard Ann Clark's voice.

It was her voice—her presence beyond that door—that galvanized Bill Grant into action. He pushed his big bulk against the wood and exploded into the room. He stood there, facing Overby—and then slowly he walked across the room.

Look here Grant," Overby stammered. "Look here—" One hand went toward his back pocket, but it never reached its destination. Bill struck hard and fast. It was not a neat blow, but it was effective. It smashed full in the center of Overby's face sending him down against the wall dazed and bleeding.

And there Bill turned to Ann. His face was streaming with sweat and sea water, and she staggered back from the terrible look in his eyes. Bill! Bill Gra—" But his big hands were on her shoulders and he was as starkly mad as ever a sane man is mad.

"She ain't worth it, Bill! I wouldn't do it!"

The voice was Nils Lund's. Swiftly Bill turned. "You—I was sure you—"

You didn't think I was going to stay aboard a vessel with a hole in her as big you could drive a wagon through?"

Ann reached out her hand toward Bill's wet, trembling hand. "Bill I want to—"

Shet up!" roared Bill and swung toward the radio-telephone on Overby's table. Swiftly and expertly his big hands flapped switches, hovered delicately on the dials.

"What good will it do you to get through to Vancouver?" Nile asked. We can't get a trap down before the run comes in.

I'm not getting Vancouver. I'm getting Consolidated headquarters. Counting the difference in time I've got a chance to get hold of Kennett and—" He stopped spun a dial forward, then back. "Hello," he shouted. "Hello! This is Grant of Grant Packing Company at Chester Bay. Yes, that's it. I want to talk to Kennett.

At the mention of the president of Consolidated Nile gasped.

Kennett," yelled Bill. "Listen Kennett the run is just about on up here and you haven't got a manager. That's what I said. Yes can lease me your equipment or we'll merge operations for the season."

Silence while Bill listened a slow grin spreading over his face.

I mean" he said finally "that you haven't a manager. I've just knocked him silly and put him up—and now I'm going to throw him into the cellar until the run is over."

Bill stopped and winked at Lund. What says I can't do it. Mr. Kennett I *have* done it!" Sure you can prosecute me. But by that time the run will be over and that means you'll lose a lot of money up here, Mr. Kennett. Thanks. Mr. Kennett. I'll do my best. And I'll write you a letter giving all the particulars.

Bill flipped off the switch and stood up. Well Nils—I'm managing both outfits. We'll merge the operations."

But—" Nile pointed toward the floor. What about him?"

I'm manager—so I think I'll fire him." He turned slowly to Ann. "You ought to throttle you, as I promised. But I'll just send you out on the next boat—any kind of a boat."

ANN STOOD straight against the wall her eyes defiant and her lips trembling with anger. "I'll go back gladly on the next boat—but you're going to listen to me Bill Grant. I'm going to tell you what I was doing here, tonight."

I don't particularly care."

Just the same, you're going to know. You don't know much about women Bill Grant so you ought to listen carefully. They can be pretty foolish sometime. When you and Nils went out in the storm tonight I came over here to get the help of one of Overby's boats."

It's a nice story."

I don't care whether you believe it or not. But it's true. What you think of me isn't important but I won't have any one thinking I'd be a stool pigeon. Overby damaged your machines—and Overby cut your pile driver loose. He'd been drinking tonight and when he saw the pile driver hit your boat he didn't think you'd be back. He told me why he was after you, too."

Nile stepped forward. "Bill I can't see any point in listening—"

Wait a minute, Nils." Bill turned again to Ann. You say Overby was after me?"

Ann nodded. "He had a grudge against your father and he want of him most. That was why he got himself into Chester Bay. But your father didn't come and Overby still wanted to pay back the grudge."

Then that was what the King was afraid of," said Bill slowly, looking at Nils. "The old man was plenty hard in the old days—and I guess grudges last a long time."

Sure—" Nile added loyally. "The old man was hard but he always gave a man a fair shake if he deserved it. If this fellow packed a grudge he was just twisted that's all. And I ain't forgetting he was going to let us stay out there."

Bill wasn't listening. He had just seen Ann disappear into the rain. Brushing past Lund, he followed her tearing heedlessly down the path.

Ann! He took her by the shoulder but this time tenderly and turned her round. Ann's face was lowered his lips almost touched her shining head wet and fragrant in the rain. Ann I—I didn't mean what I said about sending you away on that boat."

But I'm going. I agree with you now. This is no place for a girl. There always trouble and the weather is vile and—and the mess are nothing but b's bullies."

Ann darling you're crying."

The golden head nodded quickly. "And a young woman should'n't cry out here in the big open spaces, should she? It's—She should if she feels like it," said Bill comfortingly. Then he pressed Ann's head against his shoulder. And his lips, touching her wet cheek were tactfully silent.

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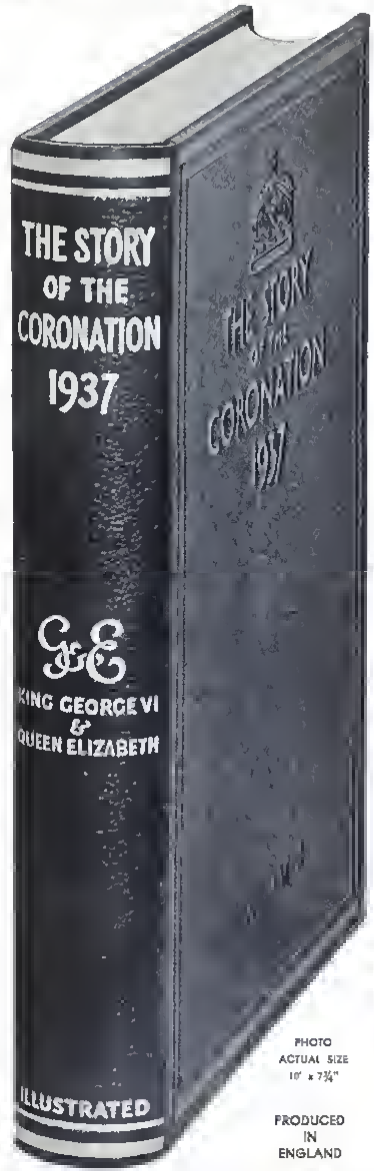

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Bingo

Continued from page 23

they played it by shaking numbered slugs out of a tin helmet. The early Germans knuckled down to a hot and heavy game of bingo after they won the battle of Hastings and all that. The Swedes accepted it and called it bingolan. The Italians made a carbon copy and called it lotto. The French borrowed that and called it Loto Dauphin. The English took it back again and said it was lotto. Someone took it over to a Californian mining camp in the days when Clementine was feeding her ducklings. They called it keno. An Englishman brought that back home and they called it kino.

In 1778 a man wrote to ask his friend "how he could endure lotto?" In 1884 the *Pall Mall Gazette* reported that its reporter went on a kino cruise. "He opened the door," wrote the reporter, "and ushered me in and the first exclamation heard was 'kino' and a grunt of satisfaction."

In 1907 the London *Daily Chronicle* said "The law has now stepped in and forbidden the tombola, which was just another name for the same old business with the card and the numbers. They squatted in muddy trenches and played house house during the war years. And that was just another of bingo's many disguises. They've called it illegal and they've called it harmless, they've called it tango, radio and keene bingo, house and lotto, and it still has the business of putting beans on boards, for fun, groceries lesser marbles or cash.

There aren't any real rules to the game. The nearest thing to rules that this reporter could locate was the advice of Thomas W. Muchael of Toronto who has played over 9,000 games in the past ten years, stuffed a parlor with prizes and given away bushels of others. Has unemployed now and hasn't played much for two years. But he still says that the way to play is "keep mind of the numbers of the cards you seem to have luck with. It's all in the luck." He had most luck with cards 9 and 10 and 55. In thanks, but once he won four prizes hand-running with card 17.

Will It Be Abolished?

AND WHAT is bingo's future? That depends on if and where and how the anti-bingoites defeat the bingo boosters and what the palsm of each city decide.

Bingo must meet two challengers before it can battle its way to an unlimited future. One is section 236 of Canada's Criminal Code. The other is the Vice With-Alarm section of Canada's population who do not think bingo is moral.

Section 236 says that the person or persons are liable to two years in prison or a $2,000 fine who "conduct or manage any scheme, contrivance or operation of any kind for the purpose of determining whether the holders of what lots, tickets numbers or chances, are the winners of any property so proposed to be advanced, loaned, given sold or disposed of."

So long the law definitely cracks down on bingo and all its cousins. It even provides a reward for anyone who tattles about such a lottery. But subsect on 6 (b) says that the section doesn't apply to "raffles for prizes of small value at any bazaar held for any charitable or religious object if permission has been obtained from proper authorities, and the articles raffled have first been offered for sale and none of them are of a value exceeding $50."

And it's subsection 6 (b) that has opened the door to the church and veterans' bingos. At least a ban half-opened the door. Bingo prizes are less than $50. The game is played mostly for religious or charitable purposes. Nearly all the bingo games still running have been properly permitted. But—and this is where the bingo battlers point with pride—has the merchandise been "first offered for sale" as the law demands?

Authorities Are Puzzled

NOW LET'S skip over to the moral view. Why do people object to bingo? The most charitable reason for the objection is that they don't think it a Christian or proper. But there are other causes.

The owner of the local picture show may watch his old and trusted patrons walk right past his half-filled theatre and into the bingo game and then ask the police to shut down on the competition.

It is not impossible that bingo may yet provide the material for a vivid little interdenominational religious battle.

Anyway, for whichever cause someone is likely to fall the civic fathers that they will have to Do Something about this new menace. The civic fathers, who don't as a rule like stepping any mild and popular pastime will ask their legal advisers for an opinion. This has happened all over Canada. The legal advisers have ranged from police sergeants to attorneys-general. And their answers have been pretty much the same. They tell the city fathers, "There is no doubt that unless the goods have been offered for sale prior to their disposal by chance the game is illegal. But since we do not like to interfere more than is necessary why don't you just refuse to issue permits for the game if you don't want it to go on?"

That leaves the city fathers in between the devil and the next election. If they refuse the permits they lose the vote of the pro-bingoites. If they grant the permits, they suffer the wrath of the anti-bingo people.

And that is bingo's future. If the provincial authorities wish, they can probably declare bingo illegal from the offered for sale angle. If the civic authorities desire, they can refuse permits. They're each waiting for the other to jump or the anti-bingo pressure to get so strong that they can just yield gracefully to popular demand.

They probably realize that section 236, which deals with bingo is or between the section about illegal horseracing and the section about burying the dead. If they decide to do so they can control bingo as they control racing. If they just let it go, it may bury itself.

If it isn't attacked it will probably simmer down to a forgotten pastime like mah jongg or take its place in the manve, and semi-respectable company of church euchre.

But if they bar it, ban it and hunt it down to its manifold lairs the next thing we'll be having around will be bootleg bingo.

It's an awful thought.

Men and women with the depraved faces of the ostracized bingo addict will lurk at dark street corners and pass from mouth to mouth the muttered phrase "Under the G—54." Then cards will be carefully concealed in parcels, or shadowed by a coat tail. Another culprit will call "Under the N—21." There will be a furtive pooling at cards and a faint rustle of markers being placed.

Then, meticulously whispering the winner will break out "bingo!" and will probably dare to give a grunt of satisfaction just as that English kino addict did fifty-three years ago.

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Hornets in Heaven

Continued from page 9—Starts on page 7

as the first and take this one to herself To E.J." That'd give her something to think about.

I've learned such a lot about love being away from you, Cyrus" Susie wrote. I had no idea what love was, before."

He swore but there was no profanity in his vocabulary to blot out the heresy of Susie learning about love away from him.

Week-ends were pretty terrible, because everyone assumed he'd be dashing up to the country and he was too proud in his pretense to accept even the few invitations people did think of offering. Awfully sorry" he would say but you know how Susie is.

"About you" they said and grinned at him "Well go to it boy."

Then he'd have to spend his time dodging like a criminal in the movies in neighborhoods where he'd be sure he would meet none of their friends. It certainly would have been a lot simpler to have admitted that everybody had been right everybody except themselves. But he just couldn't do it.

AND NOW here he was Ilua morning standing in the telephone booth, pretending to call up Susie and tell her he was the big guy of the day the bacon-saver, the contract-getter Farnley and Jones came past the booth and he put a big fool grin on his face and mumbled into the receiver Farnley yanked open the door and stuck in his old busybody head

With a mimic Susie" Cy said to the astonished operator who was still clamping Number please. "There's a guy breaking and entering."

Tell her to come on home," Farnley said "We've just been talking about giving you a big party. Here, let me talk to her."

Talk on your own nickels," Cy said and he goodnaturedly elbowed him out and closed the door with his foot. But there was a trickle of dampness between his shoulder blades and he wished he were a million miles away from all this wounding pretense.

Uncle Mill was waiting for him as he came out of the booth. "Naturally you're on your way up to Susie I suppose."

Naturally I would be" Cy said.

You'll be driving up in your own car?"

No. Susie's had the custody of that," and he grinned as though he could afford to joke about custodies.

"Well I was thinking" said Uncle Milt. "How'd'e my running up with you? I've got an errand to do up there I could drop you off and see Susie for a minute.

People who walk around continually in a lic sooner or later find themselves suddenly stripped as in those nightmares which modest people have. Cy clutched his tattered pretenses about him, but apparently Uncle Mill saw nothing wrong just a young executive being disconcerted by the presidents visiting him unexpectedly.

"That'd be great," he stammered. "I know Susie'll be tickled to death. Surprised too."

"Maybe we ought to wire her," Uncle Mill said considerately.

And that was the first moment that Cy remembered the telegram which he had jammed unread into his pocket before the conference. He took it out and looked at it, and suddenly was afraid to open it. In his blur of excitement about the conference, he had assumed that it was some routine office business, but now he realized that only personal telegrams were delivered. And Cy had no personal business except Susie and no personal business about Susie that could be anything but bad. He mumbled an apology and turned a little aside to open the yellow envelope.

Please come immediately We must talk things over with you. Major Bertram Frentisse."

So all that romantic business between Susie and the major had come to something. And now he was sending her telegrams for her. And now he was nonchalantly ordering her husband to appear, so that he could tell him just what was expected of him. And now Susie had learned about love, and being modern people another man was going to tell him about it.

A crumbling of despair shocked through him at the realization that Susie and he must negotiate their meetings now through some third person. And then quickly as had always been his line old masculine custom, he blotted out the despair with his more habitual anger. Whenever anything hurt him he quickly got angry about it and that made it bearable—something he could fight.

"That's good," he said to himself "It's about time we cleaned this up. So Susie's going to marry the major."

Under the numbed pain of knowing he felt separately broken and hurt, because he saw now that all these dialogues which he had been carrying on in his mind with Susie were undoubtedly one-sided for Susie, falling in love again certainly had no time to be muttering to herself vindictive tit-for-tat toward him. When people are longer cared, they graciously forgive, and he felt very bleak and neglected about being forgiven.

"We'll make a party of it," Uncle Milt was saying "I'll take up some of my champagne and we'll drink to the new contract."

The new contract," Cy said "that's the stuff to drink to," and he liked the irony of that. He whooped with that double-edged mirth of that meaning.

Uncle Mill's eyes as gentle and blue, living in their glass houses looked a little bewildered at all this vehement response.

When they were in his car he said, "You'd better drive, Cy, you know these roads. I imagine you can make em in you sleep all the times you've been up during this summer."

THAT WOULD be just one more devilish thing to get through because Cy had no idea of all where the village was or how to reach it. He might just as well stop here and now, and tell Uncle Mill the truth. But when he glanced at him the old gentleman looked so kind and defenseless, so entirely unprepared for any of the violence which caring can cause, that Cy didn't know how to begin. He had never known how to talk about his troubles anyway he knew only how to disguise them with a grin, no matter how much they ate into him.

Susie seems to have liked it up here in the country" Uncle Mill said "I was quite surprised when her father told me she wouldn't go abroad with them this year. Guess we can't expect scenery to compete with romance can we?" he beamed lutinously.

So they'd gone abroad, and Susie hadn't gone! Even in the early summer she must have cared enough about that devilish, fancy named mayor to give up traveling so she could hang around some sleepy little village where he was—learning about love. Well that would be okay.

They drove and drove, and sometimes Cy knew they were off the course and dared not stop to enquire. Uncle Mill talked on happily and innocently.

"It's Hill Haven we're headed for, isn't it?" Uncle Mill said "I have a friend in that town myself a doctor. Matter of fact he wrote and asked me if I could do a favor for him. Wanted me to deliver a prescription to a patient."

"Did you do it?"

"Can't say yet. Doing favors is sometimes dangerous work."

It was getting dark now, and Cy was weary and sick of all this. Even if he found Hill Haven he'd have to stumble around the streets trying to locate the house.

He didn't even know what kind of a house she lived in. He realized that now. Though he had pictured Susie living up here it had been in a house built of dream specifications. A white house, of course with green shutters, a gracious classic house with sun spattering through old elms, a fanlight over the door and long waisted windows. A sentimental picture nobody ever could accuse him of!

And that such a sentimental picture of Susie her eyes lighted by tea time candles, her mouth the shape of a wifely caress. Certainly not the scanty Susie who stood up straight and proud and insulted his dignity who thought up crude things to say than even he could think of.

He felt forlorn and sick of it all like a child who had to compose all his fun because nobody invited him to the party. He bent over the wheel and tried to think clearly. He longed suddenly to give in to his loneliness and misery to stop juggling bright balls in the air. But of course one can't stop.

Now they were on Hill Haven road. Dark houses hooded in vines, went past lights burning warmly in their hearts. Frost had sharpened the autumn air and there was the homesick smell of burning leaves and supper-smoke across the twilight. It was coming home time, but he was on his way to grapple with a better man about Susie. Houses went past them along the quiet street but there was no gracious white house in which Susie might be waiting, looking up happily into her new lover's eyes and saying beautiful words to him such as "we" and "us."

Suddenly the street ended in a field like a sentence trailing into silence. Cy stopped the car behind a battered coupe standing before the last house on the road, and leaped out determined to ask someone his way and never mind what Uncle Mill thought.

When you see Doc Parsons on" Uncle Mill said "tell him I've got all the faith in the world in his prescription. And good luck, Cy." And the vague old boy reached out and grasped Cy's hand.

What's he talking about?" Cy muttered to himself as he dashed up the walk and knocked at the door of a rambling old house. He was trembling with weariness and chagrin at this dismal errand into shame. The door opened and a middle-aged woman tear-stained and crumpled peered out resentfully into the darkness.

Will you tell me please, if Mrs. Cyrus Upton lives on this road?

"Come in," she said and gulped. "The doctor's still here but I think you'd better just go on up, Mr. Upton" she said surprisingly.

Three very old ladies, blurred and vague-looking stood in the hall behind her all whispering at once. Without quite comprehending Cy started up the stairs, and then suddenly he felt strength surging into his limbs and his brain. He ran and prayed without words.

At the top of the stairs was a small tenderly lighted room with three people in it still and solemn as though they were waiting for death itself. Light spilled across a broad bed and in the centre of it tossed down like a doll lay Susie a pale faced, burning-eyed Susie with curly golden braids laid obediently outside the sheet. All the despair and stubbornness, all the self-digustly and the silly shame of caring what anyone thought were drained out of Cy's heart when he saw her and the only thing that mattered was that Susie—naughty, adorable sassy little Susie—was still and angelic looking because she was most terribly ill.

That's the way our little girl would have looked," he thought wildly. "And now we're never going to have a little girl . . ."

ABENT white haired man sat beside her bed holding her wrist in his waxy old fingers, and murmuring something or other in the comforting way of old country doctors. A tall tanned young man stood beside the blue window looking as if his heart would break if anything happened to Susie. He was no gay debonair mayor at this moment. He was only a man like Cy himself frightened of this silent rival who threatened to snatch Susie from all of them. Cy who had driven a hundred miles with hatred in his heart who had muttered vehement abuse under his breath every time he'd thought of him all these days, wanted somehow to comfort him now.

Susie turned on her pillow and a vagrant smile wandered homesickly across her lips, looking as if it had lost its way in that room. Everybody that comes in here looks like Cy to me," she said in a clear little fragile voice. "I suppose that is because I want Cy so much."

In his rough smoky-smelling topcoat Cy was suddenly on his knees beside her bed. He wanted to take her little hand from the old man but he was afraid of hurting her because his own hands were trembling and some rough thing was fluttering in his chest like a bird imprisoned. Tears were on his face and he didn't try to pretend they weren't. He would never admitted a fear even when he was sick.

"Susie don't die," he was saying. "Go away and stay for ten years, if you want to. That'd give me time to learn to take care of you Susie. But if you died what'd life be for?

Her dark sweet eyes stood quiet a long moment and looked at him. "I won't die. And I'm not going anywhere, now that you're here" she said in a voice that was as thin as the whisper of sleet against a window. "If this is you, Cy. Darling?"

The tall young man came over and touched the old white head and ran unnoticed beside the bed. The young man said to Cy, "You better be alone with her for a few minutes, Cy. But be careful. She's pretty sick and she's still in the woods. The child has worked herself to death."

Cy looked up into his fine brown eyes, and a flood of understanding flowed through him for this man, who, loving Susie was suffering as he had suffered himself because of her. He wanted him to know he wouldn't take advantage of this sick weakness of Susie he wouldn't get any mad notions about her meaning what she seemed to be saying. For the first time in his life, he felt a sort of meekness. He didn't want to fight he wanted to be still and try to understand.

I know old man" he said

The major and the doctor went out of the stricken room with his heartbreakingly gay frills and its frivolous perfume on the dressing table. They closed the door and Cy thought avidly "This may be the last time we'll ever be in a little room alone together. Oh God!"

I'm not delirious," Susie was saying. But I'm happy enough to be."

Don't talk precious" The major's a grand guy Susie. I don't blame you . . ."

I was so lonesome Cy I didn't want you to suspect. You said you didn't care for me."

I shed among you I've been dead walking around pretending to myself I nearly brushed me, Susie."

"You could have come, Cy."

"Begging I thought I couldn't Susie.

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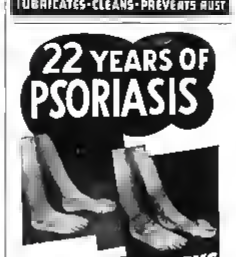

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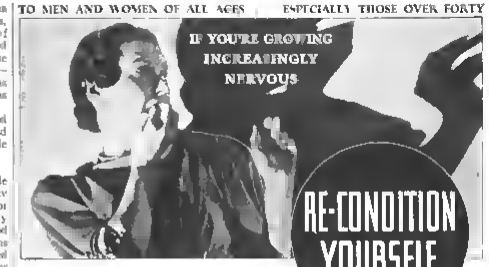
TO MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL AGES ESPECIALLY THOSE OVER FORTY



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But I could have. I'm begging now I'd beg on the housetops if it'd help, if it wasn't too late.

"I've saved three hundred dollars," Susie said. "I earned it myself. I've taken in boarders, Cy—sweet old people nobody else wanted around. I can make a boil without any wrinkles. I bake a pie every morning, and I painted all this furniture.

"Oh Susie. You must love that guy darling.

"I do," she said. "I always have."

"Then don't you worry about anything," he whispered. "I'll arrange it for you. You don't have to tell me about it, darling. I understand. In six months you can have your divorce and marry the major." He said it steadily as she'd hear how matter-of-fact he could be about it, but his voice suddenly broke under the weight, and he put her face down on the bed, so she wouldn't see. But this time he was pretending, not to spare himself but to spare Susie.

"The major? Susie said wearily. "He's seventy, Cy."

She muttered weakly toward the vacant chair where the old man had sat, and Cy understood dimly then that the burning-eyed young man on the other side of the bed was not the major but the doctor. The doctor, of course, who had asked Uncle Mill to see that he got up from tonight. All that profiting about a prescription Uncle Mill was bringing up—why, *he* was the prescription!

He saw then that Uncle Mill's maddeningly stupid intrusion all through this day had been but an old-fashioned gentleman's manner of helping a man to manage his own affairs. He had brought him here and dumped him, and then had gone on about his own business.

"Don't let them suspect, Cy, that we've

Continued on page 67

Maclean's Crossword Puzzle

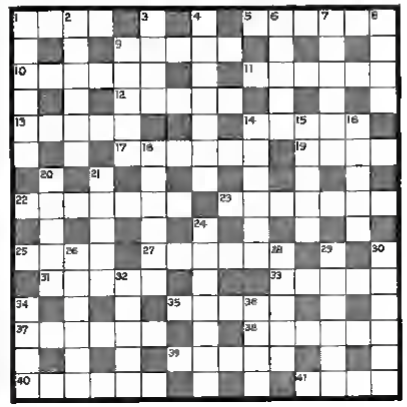
Across

1 N R A had a —— for almost everyone
5 Not moving.
9 Golfer replete that ——!
10 A radiance around the head of a divine figure.
11. Large prairie wading bird (Dusty and humor.)
12. 'Let's risk ourselves in a ——."
13. This sailor takes full authority for the ship's course.
14. To speak abruptly and without discretion.
17 Over there
19 Scramble "West" for this dish.
22. Main road across the country
23. A raised level space of ground with a slope in front.
25 Slave employed in agriculture
27 A prairie rodent.
31 Firearm with a grooved bore.
33 Marsh hawks do this when working a field for mice
35. Name given to Canada's most common thrush.
37 Accepts at a steep angle
38. To retrench by words or arguments.
39 "To stop —— is human"—Burns.
40 To lunch, refresh with food
41 "That's where the —— pinches."

Down

1 Four-poster beds used to have a —— over them.
2. Misled by her ——
He thought she was simple
3 Ground hog
4 One of Canada's richest mines.
6 A creature of hilltops—always our inbred malevolent
7. Cross-seat in a boat.
8. Large town
9. Gravelled highways are often ——
14. Light wind
15. Too high a rate of interest
16. He lashed into a bench
And landed a —— (Fish related to the carp.)
18. A grey trout
20. Runner route
21 Waste product of threshing
24 Pacify
26. Going up
28. Burns had quite a merry time
Praising all his girls in ——.
29 The lawyer said, "I do ——
There's no tobacco in my pouch.
30. Land of "Liberty Equality Fraternity"
32 This, or a tin, is a guide
To what's inside.
34 Mark left by an injury
36 "I'll wishes were horses, beggars would ——"

Solution of this puzzle on page 81



Continued from page 66

quarrelled. Susie was whispering. "I've never told them. They're old and they believe in things, and I just told them—little lies—about how much we love each other. I just pretended we understood how to help each other."

"Oh, Susie!"

"I slipped away week ends sometimes to pretend I was going home to you. I've got good at thinking of you as a very gentle person.

"I am, underneath. I'm all melted down, Susie.

"Take me back, Cy. I could help now. I could darn for you so you wouldn't have to limp. I can cook, darling. And I've patience and I know what loneliness is and how to be poor without being petty.

"You've learned about love, Susie. I've learned too, dearest.

"I've worked and worked to make myself into somebody who could help if you ever wanted me to belong to you again.

"You couldn't belong to anybody else," he said. "You've always been crazy about me, haven't you? And there he was back again, the old bragging Cy. But his mouth was trembling.

Great Coronation Dramas

Continued from page 20

Sitting side by side in their twin coronation chairs, William III and Mary II looked rather forlorn figures as they were conscious of their doubtful claims to be there at all. Among those near them was Princess Anne, Mary's young sister afterward Queen Anne, and observing the queen's strained look she remarked sympathetically

Madame I pity your fatigue."

A crown sister rejoined Mary, "is not so heavy as it seems."

King's Purse Stolen

THE ACTUAL crowning of the two sovereigns was performed by the Bishop of London assisted by the Archbishop of York, while the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury. The ceremony went off better than some people expected although there was a funereal and hostile atmosphere about it made worse by the howling of a fierce gale outside.

When King William came to take the customary offering at the altar he discovered that someone had stolen his purse full of gold. He became very agitated until Lord Danby came to his rescue by giving him twenty guineas. It is said that Danby never got this money back. The great sword of state, usually carried before a sovereign, was this time carried between the two, and all the investing, anointing and crowning ceremonies were repeated twice over. When the tall queen and the short king walked up to the altar side by side there were many secret smiles, for the contrast between them was almost comical. The administration of the new oath was, perhaps, the most impressive feature of the whole ceremony. When the words, "Will you in the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel and the Protestant Reformed Religion as established by law," were spoken the assembly became visibly alive, and all especially the Members of the Commons, strained forward to hear the firm accents of the two sovereigns.

In the evening the newly-crowned pair gave a great banquet at Whitehall and Mary was soon to be in high spirits. When an aged peer ventured to ask her if she did not find the ceremony rather fatiguing, she replied quickly

"The crown stayed on my head more steadily than it did at his," thus recalling a strange feature of James II's coronation when the crown several times nearly rolled off his head to the floor.

Mary did not live long to enjoy her crown. She died five years later at the age of thirty-three, eight years before the death of her husband and seven before that of her exiled father who had so terribly cursed her on the morning of her unique coronation.

There has never been a joint coronation since and it is extremely unlikely that there will ever be one again.

Slaves of a Tug

Continued from page 18

Down in Victoria at the headquarters of the Inland Tug and Barge Co., the office staff sat through the night around the receiving board listening to that drama of the sea coming to them through the radio phones as the barge and on the *Salvage Queen* to the voices of the men on both vessels as they shouted orders called encouragement, and declared their ability to see the thing through. Never a word of fear or complaint. The roar of the storm and the cracking of timbers served as a gruesome accompaniment. They heard how canvas was spread on the large deck as a makeshift raft and how Mrs. Parkson Croty and Smith leaped that fearsome distance as the vessels crunched together. Of how Captain Paulson came over by way of the starboard towels just in the nick of time and how the *Salvage Queen* her work accomplished, badly damaged by the heavy seas and the rolling barge was gallantly making for port.

The last seen of the *Inland Gatherer*, the great combers had taken her to themselves, rushing her shoreward. Since then ships and planes have searched for her in vain. Like her sister ship, she has probably met the end which all the big wind jammers look forward to—surrender to the seas they love.

Just what will be the fate of the rest of the barge fleet is, of course a matter of conjecture. Some of them are already in commission. The grand old *Star of England*, the *Lord Templetown*, the *Riverside* and others. One of the Dollar Line is still down of the plan, her upper works gone and her vast new frame looming skyward—a cumbersome, unlovely thing instead of the beautiful winged craft of less than a year ago. What will be their end? Will they eventually find their last resting place in the Graveyard of the Pacific. The soul of them to the soul of the seas which will sing above them their Viking song?

YOU MAKE RESOLUTIONS? YES?

You must be lithe and limber to do these steps from the Hungarian Dance.

WELL, here is a good one. Resolve that during the coming Spring and Summer you will get in top condition. This is the easiest resolution to start when fresh air, sun and outdoor exercise are easy to take. Fruits and vegetables are fresher, more plentiful and cheaper. If you will get your system in Alkaline shape this Summer you will find you are getting more success and enjoyment out of life than you believed possible. You will keep it up next Fall and Winter too. I know. I brought myself from a physical wreck at 50 to Al condition in my eightieth year. I would not trade my physical well-being for any earthly possession. To start a new career at 71 and make a great success of it in right years is an experience that must be very rare and yet there's hardly an experience is mine. I travel continually over this continent lecturing and daily hundreds of persons tell me I look younger each year. Tens of thousands have seen my photographs on screen at my lectures, which prove I do grow younger looking yearly. My photo at 70 shows my young enough look-

from at 79 to be the son of the old fellow I was at 54.

To grow similarly youthful and be equally successful is the inborn privilege of everyone who has sufficient intelligence to understand and will to change from conventional to rational living habits.

The skin, muscles, sleep, food and the mind all play a part in the retention of youthful and vital bodies and minds an inch very advanced life. But the starting point is with foods. Our bodies can be no better than the foods that build them. My body at 71 would shame most men a ladies in the twenties, because of the difference in conventional foods and my foods. Try my diet for just one month. Fare fifths are Roman Meal, Bekra-Puedy Lishus, raw vegetables and fruits, nuts or cheese and milk. The other fifth anything in food that is sensible. Try this and take a reasonable amount of exercise and walking a cool rubdown or shower and note the difference in your sense of well-being. Write for my free booklets on food and health. Address: Robt. G. Jerhart, M.D. 596 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Robt. Jackson M.D.

The photograph in this advertisement is taken from the Talking Picture "On Young Men" featuring a day in the life of Dr. Jackson.

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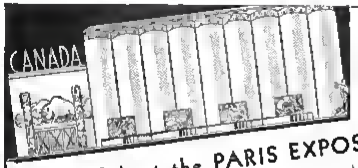

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Above is a reproduction of the architect's front elevation of Canada's pavilion. In this imposing building will be a representative showing of Canadian products.

The Exposition is not primarily a commercial undertaking, but the Canadian Pavilion will accept industrial exhibits provided they are artistic, educational and indicative of modern scientific development in industry.

The facilities of the Canadian Government Exhibition Commission are at the service of Canadian exhibitors.

To Canadians visiting Europe this year it is suggested that they visit the magnificent Paris Exposition and see how well Canada is represented.

May to November
1937

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Hon. W. D. Euler, M.P., Minister — J. G. Parmelee, Deputy Minister

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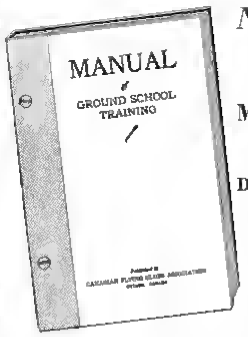

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THE SCRAPBOOK

Roumanian Orthodox Church

WHEN THE Roumanians of Regina decided to erect the above church in 1902, they found to their consternation that the site purchased by them on St. John Street, Regina, was on the wrong side to permit the church being built to face the west. Since it is necessary that such a church be built in that way, they were compelled to build it with the back facing the street.

Then another problem arose. When the bell was procured it was found to be too heavy for the frame construction so a special tower was erected to accommodate it.—Jean M. Douglas, Regina, Sask.

Southeast Shoal Light

FARTHEST SOUTH: The Southeast Shoal Light, seven miles beyond the southward stretching tip of Pelee Pelee, the farthest south mainland in Canada, is the most southerly inhabited spot in Canadian territory. Built about 1927 at a cost of nearly half a million dollars, the light house rises out of forty feet of water close to the international boundary line in Lake Erie. Engineers worth $50,000 is housed in the stubby looking structure which is a focal point for all Lake Erie shipping. It marks the entrance of the shipping channel running north and west between Pelee Pelee, with its adjoining shoals, and Pelee Island farther west—a channel which all up- and down-bound steamers use.

A crew of four men are on duty twenty-four hours a day from March to late December.—George W. James, Box 1087, Leamington, Ontario.

Dinosaur's Bungalow

AT FIRST sight one might think this was the roofed and pillared dwelling of some eccentric person with a penchant for living close to nature, or perhaps of some wild creature with a taste for architecture. It isn't. It is merely a section of the so-called Bad Lands of Alberta on the Red Deer River near Steveville. This is where those interesting prehistoric pets known as dinosaurs once gambolled playfully from pillar to post, and where dinosaur-bone collectors now disport themselves joyfully with pick and shovel.—(Mrs.) F. T. Hailgood, Brooks, Alta.

London Letter

Continued from page 14

What form would the attack take?

Let us assume that the advance squadrons would drop high explosives. Well, there is little to learn about them. It would take from twelve to fifteen feet of concrete to offer adequate shelter against a direct hit by a big bomb...and the cost would be about £150 per person. It would therefore be financially as well as physically impossible to build concrete shelters for the entire population.

In other words, there is no possible refort to the direct hit.

The indirect hit, fortunately, is more susceptible to reason. Householders will soon be wanted to bove supplies of sand bags and bags of earth for their windows. There is a nation-wide organization of refuge spots going on, but the problem of the high explosive is much the same in its cruelty as in 1918. The new menace is the dropping of poison gas from the air, as practiced by Western Civilization upon the Abyssinians.

It is the meeting of this menace which is occupying the minds of the Home Secretary and hundreds of scientists and technical experts. Yet at the very beginning of the problem there are one or two soothing factors.

Free Gas Masks

GAS DROPPED in containers from the air cannot equal in concentration of intensity even a large area anything like that projected from cylinders at the ground level.

The theory of releasing a gas cloud that will float over London in one death-dealing wave is absurd.

The dispersal properties of the air are enormous as will be realized when one considers the incessant fumes of carbon monoxide belched from motor-car exhausts every hour of the day.

At the same time, it would not be any particular comfort for the residents of Chelsea caught in a gas attack, to know that the inhabitants of Hampstead were comparatively safe.

While the universal destruction theory is absurd the localized effect would be terrible. The horrors of the first launching of gas upon the unprotected Canadians at Ypres would be, repeated with the added hideousness of the victims including women and little children.

Faced with this inseparable truth, the Government took a decision at once wise but staggering in its immensity. That decision was to supply...free a gas mask for every person in Britain.

When Sir John Simon and his henchman Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, looked into the question they found that the old army gas mask was a complicated and expensive article. To meet the necessary bill would have been ruinous, and experts got to work on a design that would be simpler of adjustment, not intended for the same durability as those used in the army, yet providing just as much safety while they last.

British technical workmanship with its historic adaptability got down to business. The first sample appeared and then the deluge began.

Every day now 100,000 masks are being turned out. They are made to fit every head, and they are as simple as they are hideous.

They make you look like a demented bloodhound, but gas attacks are not beauty contests.

A network of supply depots is being arranged right across the country. Masks will be kept at the depots until such time as it is thought necessary to issue them.

Having conquered the physical problem of supply—and the factories concerned deserve all praise—the Home Office turned to the psychological aspect.

Local authorities were approached everywhere with the request that Air Raid Precautions Committees should be formed. Already they are creating First Aid Units, Rescue Squads, and De-contamination Squads.

But zeal is not enough. The expert had to be created and trained. So the local authorities were asked to send keymen from their sanitary, police and fire departments to be trained at the Falfield Anti-gas School. They are returning to their localities to give training to their colleagues.

In addition, mobile gas vans have started carrying them gas-learning to village and hamlet for no spot is safe from the menace of the air. Fifteen thousand persons a month are being trained by this method.

Precautions. Precautions.

No one can guarantee that the human equation will not falter, so 2,000 doctors a month are receiving special instruction from Home Office doctors in dealing with gas casualties and 100 scientists are attached to the Home Office studying every means of counteracting the fiendish ingenuity of destructive genius.

Circulars have gone out urging the formation of a new order of chivalry—Air Raid wardens.

In every part of the country people are being urged to face the truth about gas, and neither to exaggerate nor minimize its danger.

They are being told what is strictly true—that many peasants in France saved their lives during gas concentrations by going inside their cottages, closing the windows and stopping up every crevice and the chimney with sodden papers dipped in a pail of water.

The British are being asked to invoke the stoicism and the wisdom of the peasant. Even mustard gas, they are told, will lose its virulence if the victim takes a bath and washes it off. But they are also warned that delay will bring its own hell.

Air Raid Rehearsal

SO THE nation-wide organization goes on, while horseracing, football and the approaching Coronation fill the newspapers and the minds of people. In my own constituency there are two boroughs, Wood Green and Southgate. The mayor of Wood Green said to me the other night that his borough is practically completely organized now for air raid defense.

Yet much as the Government has done, the work does not end there. I have reason to believe—although I have no proof—that plans are being prepared for a swift evacuation of a considerable proportion of the London populace.

Some time after the Coronation there will be a rehearsal. We shall be invaded by our own Air Force and the whole machinery of defense put into operation. After that they will find where the gaps are and remedy them.

This has not been a pleasant article to write. It envisages a world of madmen, a bestial savagery worse than that of the primitive savages. But it is too late now to ask why Europe was allowed to degenerate into a condition where such a picture can even be contemplated.

Anxious but fearless old John Bull looks toward the Black Continent across the Channel determined to bring about peace if he can, but equally determined that if the invader comes—by sea or under the sea or by air—he will find this little seaport island as unconquerable as in the days when Spain hurled her might against its shores and saw her ships scattered to the four winds.

• • •

This man may be—YOURSELF!

His age, 25 to 29 . . . high school education . . . no special training . . . knocked around a good deal . . . had several jobs. He spends a lot of time worrying about the future . . . trying to make ends meet . . . always waiting for the "breaks", the "breaks" that never seem to come.

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Floodtime on the Kootenay flats before reclamation.

Flood Control in the Kootenay

By EVAH McKOWAN

OUT ON the broad, level reaches of the Kootenay River flats at Creston, in Southeast British Columbia, they reaped wheat last fall, tall, full-grained prize wheat—on land in a little Holland which until a year before had lain each summer since time immemorial under a lakelike expanse of flood waters.

Springtime in the Rockies finds the broad Kootenay winding its gleaming way along 200 miles of valleys, serene in the face of March freshets, April showers and the May melting of snows on the lesser mountains. But when the first hot days of June bring down the snows from the upper peaks and glaciers, the swollen currents escape with a turbulent force that uproots trees, breaks log booms and, in years when five or six days of high temperature occur, carries out bridges in its course.

Realizing Kootenay Lake and finding no accommodation for the increased volume, the waters have each year backed up and covered the flats bordering the river's course, flats made level as a floor by the silt deposits of the ages and enriched each year by the decaying of vegetation that follows the drying off of the water. Analyses made by Dominion Government chemists have pronounced the soil, as only 1½ per cent less fertile than the soil of the Nile valley, the richest in the world.

The reclaiming of these thousands of acres of desirable soil has been the dream of enterprising pioneers since the coming of the white man into the Kootenay regions. The first dyke system was constructed in 1893 only to be washed out by the record flood of 1894.

Another scheme for the reclaiming of the flats as worked out by engineers of the Canadian and American Governments—an equal acreage of flats extends into the State of Idaho—recommended the deepening of the outlet at the far end of Kootenay Lake, some eighty five miles distant. The estimate was that this could be done for half a million dollars. The American Government was willing to proceed with the project but it was dropped by the Canadian Government.

But still the idea did not die in the minds of progressive valley citizens. Floods of 1916, bringing disaster in so many quarters, further dampened the idea but did not completely drown it.

Conquest by Machine

NEGOTIATIONS finally resulted in the giving of Crown grants to a company composed of valley residents if and when dykes should be constructed to control a season's high water. Three members of this company—F. V. Staples, F. H. Putnam, M.L.A. and R. B. Staples, with the first named as manager—contracted to reclaim 15,000 acres on the Canadian side of the river by building thirteen miles of dykes at a cost of $150,000.

The taking of core tests determined the location of the proposed embankments. Clay walls will hold water as well as cement but gravel and sand are a geological sieve.

Done by man power the project would have furnished work for the men of the valley for years. It was accomplished in a little over five months by less than a dozen mammoth machines. The dyke had to be completed between the drying off of the 1934 water and possible early floods of 1935.

Three shifts of operators were employed and the river and cut a tail cut of $85,000 worth of machines split the heavens without a lump for twenty four hours a day. The ten lyers of soil with its trees, shrubs and stumps was shaved off and pushed aside by the powerful snowplow like 'bulldozer.' The clay thus exposed was gathered up by huge scrapers, ten cubic yards to a load, and hauled to the top of the new bank by powerful caterpillar tractors. Where creek beds and water holes occurred, drag lines reared long steel arms into the water, dipping out the sandy bottom until clay formation was reached. The water was then pumped out.

Seventy bushels to the acre on what used to be flood land

and the building of the wall continued.

In anticipation of possible early spring floods the dyke building went on throughout the winter in spite of a heavy snowfall on the flats. Heavy snow on the valley means heavy snow on the hilltops and high water in the spring. Continued cool weather during May and early June raised anxiety lest the debacle of 1894 might be repeated.

The water did indeed approach a record height, but the dykes held with plenty to spare. The planted crops grew lustily and fulfilled predictions. A famous bet made by one of the planters that his world grow seventy bushel to the acre wheat was won. The success of the first season would seem to predict that the dreams of those pioneers who foresaw far-reaching gardens on the flats are well on the way to fulfillment.

German Colonial Claims

Majority of British Men and Women of All Political Parties Agree That the Subject is Not Discussable

REGARDING THE much-discussed question as to whether or not Germany has any valid claim to her former colonies in Africa, the views of *The Empire Review* (London) are interesting.

Whether colonies are of value or not is a matter for theoretical discussion. Financially colonies are probably a burden as might be admitted by Germany before the War by Holland and Belgium as well as by Great Britain. A few years ago Tanganyika (formerly German East Africa) was indebted to this country directly or indirectly, the British Government on the British investor in Tanganyika loans have lent to that territory nearly £9,500,000, while British African Indian and some foreign interests have put into Tanganyika nearly £20,000,000 of capital, a great deal of which has hitherto been unremunerative. So far as the Government loans are concerned, these were necessary to supplement deficits and for the development of the country. Investment, no doubt, follows the flag and for this reason private companies and individuals have invested new capital regarding the country as a field for profitable enterprise because of the security obtainable in the British Empire and the comparative freedom from the uncertainties of currency and exchange fluctuations obtaining in other parts of the world. But Tanganyika being held under a mandate, there is no bar or restriction whatever to the nationals of any other country planting, trading, mining or investing their money in it, and indeed other nationals, including Germans, are doing so today.

Germany wants her old colonies back in order to supply her with raw materials. Let us again clear the ground. The essential raw materials as defined by Dr. Goebbels are coal, iron, oil, cotton, and rubber. It is often forgotten that all the colonies of all the nations including, of course, Mandated Territories only produce ten per cent of these essential raw materials, the bulk of which comes from U.S.A., Russia, the British Dominions, South America, etc., and so far as the Mandated Territories are concerned of the essential raw materials mentioned above Tanganyika for instance, produces only a little cotton. It may be of interest to note that in 1934 Germany imported a total of 719,460 tons of oil products while her ex-colonies produced 93,089 tons and she imported 337,412 tons of cotton, while her ex-colonies produced 7,345 tons. No. This "raw material" excuse for a retrocession of colonies on examination, does not hold water.

SPECIAL

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OF MACLEAN'S

The next issue of Maclean's, that of May 1st, will be a Souvenir Coronation Number. It will include:

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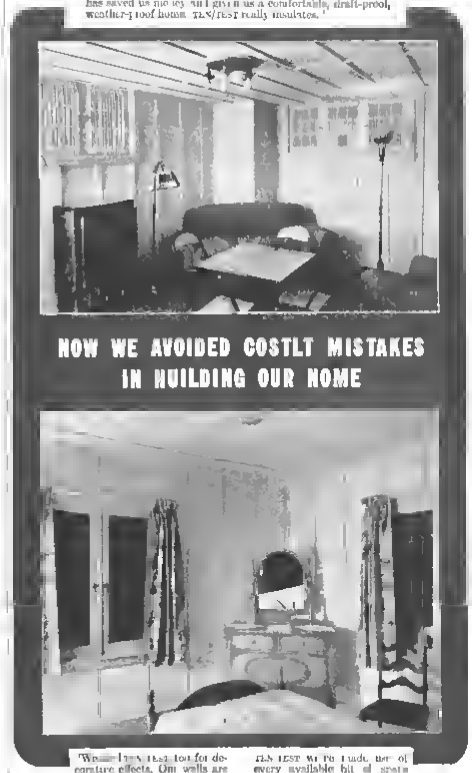

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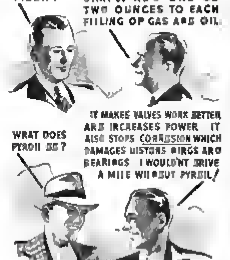

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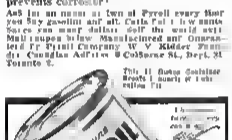

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Replanning the Kitchen

By JOHN ALEXANDER

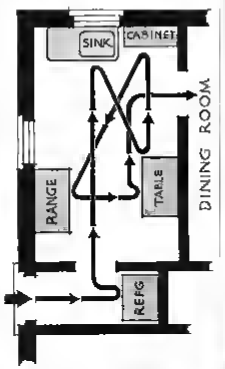
WHY DO SO many Canadians think their kitchen is modern just because it is small? Many compact kitchens of today are just an inconvenient, in their way as the enormous ones in older houses, in which a woman had to be a marathon walker to prepare one meal. Because they are badly *planned*. There is no table or counter in which the parcels on when the grocery boy comes. The refrigerator is at the other end of the room. There is no place beside the stove for the transfer of food from pot to serving dish. The sink is in or out of the way corner. This too common particular kitchen centres causes thousands of needless steps and adds as much as fifty per cent of time and energy to the preparation of every meal.

It is particularly important that serious thought be given to this question of kitchen replanning now when so many people are adding to or replacing their equipment under the generous terms of the Dominion Government's Home Improvement Plan. In so many instances the skirting new sink has been installed in exactly the same, inconvenient place or its predecessor, or if the plumber—like the divining rod expert—could bring water from only one spot. The cost of extending the piping to a new location would have been negligible. And even more common perhaps is the absurd paradox of the beautiful new electric refrigerator set in the most inaccessible spot, usually in the rear entry—because in the old days the ice-box had to be placed there so the iceman could reach it without tracking mud over the kitchen floor.

If you are considering the purchase of any new kitchen equipment do not have it installed until you have taken a long and thoughtful look at your kitchen. Why not mentally "rub out" all your equipment from its present location, picturing the kitchen as an empty room and relocate every unit in accordance with the latest ideas of scientific kitchen planning. If necessary be expensive to achieve a completely efficient plan. It doesn't cost any more to put a sink in the right place than in the wrong one, and any carpenter can add shelves and cupboards. If they are needed. Then of course certain items of your present equipment may be incorporated in a perfectly efficient plan without moving them at all.

An Ideal Plan

IN REPLANNING the kitchen, the most important thing to strive for is the uninterrupted sequence of food handling from its entry at the back door through the stages of storage and preparation until it reaches the dining room table, with the least confusion of crossing traffic lines. And the most direct route for the soiled dishes to the cleaning centre with ample



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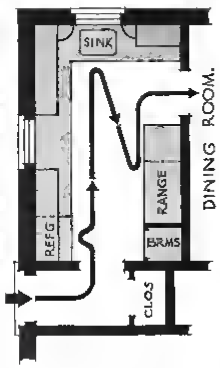

Ar efficeut plou that roves steps need net be costly

stacking space beside the sink. The most efficient sequence, reading from the outside door is as follows:

1 A storage centre for raw materials, canned goods etc. close to the refrigerator, with a work top for receiving and sorting.

2. A preparation centre, with adequate work top space, and provision for storing staples and utensils, immediately adjacent to sink.

3 A cooking centre, consisting of range, storage space for utensils and work top for serving if the same height as the range top if possible a cool insulation of it. Located convenient to sink.

4 A cleaning centre, with sink (usually the same as the one used for preparation) garbage disposal and space for the usual cleaning agents. Drawers for the storage of small kitchen utensils such as cutlery should be as close to the sink as possible. Further storage for utensils condiments etc. should be provided at each centre as it is an axiom of modern kitchen planning that each tool should be located near the work process of which it forms a part.

An ideal kitchen plan may not be possible within existing limitations, if the budget restricts the moving of wardow and partitions but many hopelessly outmoded kitchens have been efficiently modernized with no structural changes whatever. The sink usually placed under the window although this is not strictly necessary and if possible, built in cabinets should be provided extending all across the wall at which the sink occurs. In fact it is best if the kitchen is planned for continuous work surfaces of the same level thirty six inches from the floor. Many ranges can be set on a built-in cabinet after the legs have been removed giving extra storage space for utensils. One definite economy in installing as much built in cabinet space as possible is that it cuts down the area for new flooring. A recessed toe-space made by setting the base four inches back from the face of the cabinet ensures a comfortable working position.

There are many excellent materials available for finishing the top of the work counter—metal is perhaps most favored but is apt to be expensive for the slender budget. Plain wood is the most economical but difficult to keep clean. Tile is popular and many kitchens combine smartness with economy by having all counter tops covered with linoleum, held in place with bright metal moldings. The bottom of the upper cabinets should be at least fifteen inches above the counter top, and should extend to the ceiling to avoid any dust traps. Such built-in cabinets reduce the amount of wall space to such a degree that a relatively high priced wall covering such as tile, structural glass or linoleum can be used with comparative economy.

But all these details of modern finish cannot contribute their proper share of relief from kitchen drudgery if the *plan* is not studied. It is unfortunate and unnecessary that the majority of our kitchens should perpetrate the mistakes of the haphazard and rule-of-thumb builder and that so little heed should be paid to the results of the extensive research of modern kitchen planning.

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Matter of Fact

By HENRY ASHBEY

There are very few copies in existence of the "Wicked" Bible or edition published in 1631. It is called wicked because the word was left out of one of the Ten Commandments by mistake. Other important Bibles which are becoming fewer and more valuable are:

The Breeches Bible an English translation published in Geneva in 1560. Called the Breeches Bible because Gen. III. 7, reads, "and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches," instead of aprons.

The Murderers' Bible, an edition printed in 1801 so called because Jude 16 reads, "These are murderers walking after their own lusts," instead of murmurers.

A very early edition was called the Printers Bible because Psalm CXIX. 161 was made to read "Printers have persecuted me without a cause," instead of Princes.

In the Vinegar Bible, an Oxford edition (1717) the heading to Luke XX reads, Parable of the Vinegar" instead of Vineyard.

In the Wife-hater Bible, published in 1810 Luke XIV 26, reads, "If any man hate not his own wife" instead of life.

★

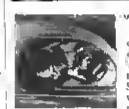
The big newspapers possess style books to serve as useful information as rules to newcomers to the staffs. Different papers have different rules, and there are amusing scruples about the use or banning of certain words. *The Times* (London) is severe in many ways, and so is *The Daily Express*. The latter prohibits the use of these words: monster (boy "rogue") arousing daring robbery determined gunman (or woman) taxi (taxicab) seduced (betrayed or deceived) rash act, shocking. *The Times* instructs its journalists to write Scottish or Scots, never "Scotch" (except when referring to the liquor).

One Canadian paper suggested: If the principals in a wedding or other tragedy are "prominent or well known or 'popular'" let them suffer in silence—just tell what occurred. Another paper hinted: It will be taken for granted that this town was thrown into great excitement over a sensational occurrence. Tell the facts in the story and let the town recover from hysterics as best it can.

40-50-60 MILES AN HOUR! THEY ALMOST HAD THEIR MAN WHEN.. *BANG!* A BLOW-OUT!

S. S. VAN DINE
Celebrated author of popular mystery thrillers and creator of "Philo Vance."

Read S. S. VAN DINE'S breath-taking description of how Sergeant McCabe's thrilling men hunt came to a sudden and unexpected end . . .



THERE they are! Not more than a quarter mile ahead of us. We'll overhaul 'em before they reach the next bend," Sergeant McCabe's voice was excited and triumphant.

As the other police officer in the rear leaned forward, they could faintly discern the shifting, bouncing tail-light of another car plunging frantically along through the night. In their case, as every one of the officers knew were two of the most dangerous criminals of the day. Their trail had been picked up late that afternoon, and by a course of deadly, dangerous driving, they had reached this back country road leading to the temporary haven of the Gulf Lands.

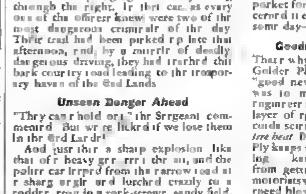
Unseen Danger Ahead

"They can't hold out," the Sergeant commented. "But we're licked if we lose them in the next half-hr."

A slow out" rounded the driver. "We're lurky to be alive."

And just then a sharp explosion like that of a heavy gun burst the air, and the police car leaped from the narrow road as it sharp weight hurled itself crazily on a roadside rock to a work-strewn sandy field.

"A blow out" rounded the driver. "We're lurky to be alive."



No chance must be completed—we're beaten by a blow-out

"What a tough break," growled Sergeant McCabe.

In the distance the first twilight of the criminals' car could be seen fading and rapidly disappearing into the now unbroken darkness.

"No chance now," the Sergeant remarked dully. "They've escaped. Beaten by a blow out!"

The criminals did escape that time, but they were later captured.

A Blow-out Plays No Favorites

It had enough to have a man hunt frustrated by a bursting tire. Think of how terrible it must be though, to have an innocent, carefree motorist part of our pleasure trip only to have a blow-out cris pull his car crazily into a skidding thunder the way.

The solution to all this has seemed to me to depend on the construction of a *safer* tire—one that will not *skid* as it looked on the roads.

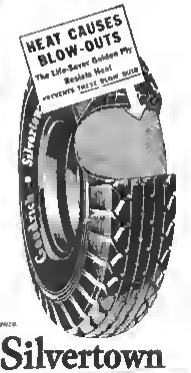
Because, *heat*, generated inside all tires at today's high speeds is the criminal that starts most of the "duty work." As the speedometer reads 30-40-50 mile rubber miles, the temperature *inside* the tire climbs higher and higher. This over like brown rubber and fabric to separate. A heat parker forms. As you drive along a tire concord it expands—slowly but surely. And some day—BANG! A blow-out!

Goodrich Steps Into The Case

That's why the invention of the Life-Saver Golden Ply by Goodrich should be the "good news" to every motorist that it was to me. As one of the Goodrich engineers explained "this Golden Ply tire has a layer of special rubber and rayon cords scientifically treated to resist *internal heat beat*. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating, keeps those deadly hot pockets from getting a start. And so it provides motorists with *real* protection against high speed blow outs.

Sergeant McCabe finished out how serious a blow-out can be. And he have the words of others. That's why your new kind of thousands of motorists all over the country are going to Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns. They know that Silvertowns *below* their *safety* when. Before buying that all my readers [illegible] same about buying off the "accident line." Remember, these life-saving Silvertowns can be purchased from Goodrich dealers everywhere.

S. S. VanDine



Names and localities fictitious but the episode is an actual occurrence.

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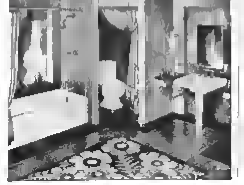

Restocking Trout Streams

By W. E. SMITH

FOR SOME years fishing conditions in all trout streams of Southern Ontario have been steadily growing worse. Streams that once yielded splendid trout fishing are now inhabited only by chub suckers and other coarse fish. This condition has developed despite the efforts of sporting clubs and the Provincial Department of Game and Fisheries which have planted many thousands of trout fry in various streams annually for years.

This is now recognized to have been a mistaken policy as fry are infant fish and are unable to fend for themselves when placed among the coarse fish which are in the streams. It is estimated that not more than 10 per cent of the best survive the first year.

It is the present policy of the Government to plant fish of least a year old and the intention is to have them even older and larger as soon as it can be accomplished. A much larger percentage of survivals is now being attained. In fact, the loss is very small. However, the indispensable to speckled trout and which will have to be replaced before conditions will be right for them. Also, there is the unscrupulous fisherman who fishes when where and how he likes, with no regard for creel limits or the size of fish which he takes, in season or out of season.

How to control gentlemen of this fashion is probably the biggest problem to be solved in bringing back our streams to anything approaching their former excellence. These men have a colossal disregard for law and the property rights of stream owners. Who is going to supervise them? In past years it was the policy of provincial governments to insist that if fish were supplied to a stream free the owners of the stream should first agree to allow the public free access to it. This resulted in many cases in stream owners refusing to have their streams stocked and in all cases in complete indifference as to what happened to the fish.

Obviously stream owners cannot be expected to supervise fishing or go to any trouble to improve conditions in their stream for the benefit of city sportsmen unless some revenue or forthcoming.

If some scheme could be devised whereby the now unproductive streams could be made to yield a revenue to the owners and good fishing at a reasonable fee to the sportsman, surely something could be accomplished toward restoring fishing conditions in these streams.

Stream Owners Co-operate

SUCH IS the plan which the Hamilton and District Angling and Hunting Association has been working on since December, 1935 and which is now complete and in operation. Briefly it is a co-operative attempt on the part of the Government which is group of stream owners to provide fishermen with good sport at a reasonable cost.

For the experiment the Hamilton Association chose Spencer Creek in Beverly Township, County of Wentworth about midway between Hamilton, Galt and Guelph.

As Government help was necessary and as this would be a departure from former Government policy it was necessary first to secure the consent and approval of the Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries. Accordingly Hon. H. C. Nixon, Minister in charge of the Department and Deputy Minister, James Taylor were interviewed and found to be most favorable to the proposition. In fact they promised every possible support. Armed with their approval members of the Hamilton association then undertook the organization of owners of property abutting on Spencer Creek. Some twenty owners along a stretch of ten to twelve miles of water were interviewed and their support secured. Finally a meeting of these men was called and an association formed to be known as the Spencer Creek Owners' Association, "the purpose of which is to proclaim and maintain the waters of said creek from the Fifth Concession of Beverly to its source a public fishing area where persons desiring to do so may fish, on payment of a reasonable fee."

The fees thus collected are to be pooled and divided equally among members of the association at the end of each year. The Owners' Association is to have full control of its own affairs and now it has a properly elected executive consisting of a president secretary-treasurer and three other members all elected from its membership.

In agreeing to stock the waters of Spencer Creek the Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries made certain reservations as follows: The right to approve of fees charged for fishing in these waters. That all persons be charged alike and no preferential treatments be extended to anyone. That owners do everything possible to police their property and prevent poaching and also to improve stream conditions by the planting of shrubs or by other means. That the Spencer Creek Owners Association agree to carry on as set forth for a period of at least five years.

After an inspection of the creek had been made by H. H. MacKay, Department biologist the stream was closed to all fishing by the Department on June 17, 1935 and is to remain closed until June 17, 1938. Notices to this effect were supplied by the Department, and these were erected by members of the Hamilton Angling and Hunting Association. A large consignment of trout was then dropped in and placed in the stream again with the assistance of the Hamilton enthusiasts, thus completing the plan on which the members of the Hamilton organization had worked for months.

What the result will be remains to be seen. The sponsors of the plan believe that it should be a success. If it is, then many other streams throughout Ontario can be organized in the same manner. Although the Department has closed for restocking purposes approximately 135 miles of stream in Ontario, in addition to a number of small lakes, Spencer Creek is the only stream so far to be protected by a property owners' association. It is hoped that other streams can be protected in a similar manner before Spencer Creek is opened in 1938, because no stream can be expected to stand up long under the fishing that will be done there after that date. Unless other streams are developed to help carry the load Spencer Creek will have to be closed again as a short time, or be entirely fished out.

The success of the plan will depend a great deal upon the support it receives from the fishermen themselves. Farmers are of course busy folk and Spencer Creek owners are no exception. They may find it impossible at times to supervise the fishing on their property as closely as may be necessary or as they would like to do. Therefore fishermen are appealed to as sportsmen to observe all the rules of the Owners Association. Of course for the man who disregards all rules, stringent methods will doubtless be used. All members of the Spencer Creek Owners' Association have been appointed deputy game wardens, with the powers of that office and will no doubt be able to deal effectively with offenders. As to the decent sportsman with the interest of the sport at heart, it is believed that he will be glad to pay the proposed fee of one dollar per day, when he can have a reasonable assurance of good fishing.

Spencer Creek will provide sport for both fly and bait fishermen. Much of it is ideal for fly fishing while in other parts it flows through dense swamps which provide fine sanctuary for the fish and is also accessible to bait fishermen who are hardy enough to brave the mosquitoes and heat going. Given a chance Spencer Creek will provide fine sport in a few years.

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BLUE-JAY
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CORN PLASTER

Canada Must Arm

Continued from page 11

they resting on the assurance of geography? Neither has known invasion. They have the safety of thousands of miles of sea around them. But they have budgeted for defense to an extent that makes Canada appear niggardly by comparison. They have realized that the time for debating theories is past, and that with Britain they must be prepared for any emergency. Australia and New Zealand both sit in at London when the Committee on Imperial Defense meets.

Napoleon said "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Unfortunately for the peace of the world this doctrine of might is still widespread in Europe. Treaties mean nothing to such nations. War jumps all diplomatic hurdles, ignores covenants, pacts or obligations of any kind. The Treaty of Versailles, by revision of Europe, increased the number of European nations by about fifty per cent and thereby added fifty per cent to the difficulty of the situation. Is it any wonder the League staggered under such a load? Each of these new nations has a voice equal to the great nations at the Assembly and practically all of them know only one philosophy and that is "force." Attack can be met in only one way—by adequate defense. There is no longer any use in our arguing the economic folly of war. We all know it too well and we are all agreed about it. I am not arguing that we should abandon diplomacy dig ourselves in and await the maddening uncertainty of when the dogs of war will break loose. I am only urging that in handling this problem it is essential to keep in mind the type and the philosophy of those with whom we have to deal.

They are only impressed by "strength." Let's show them we are strong and united. That is the best possible aid to diplomacy in averting war.

Britain's Mistake

BRITAIN WAS just as certain as Canada that the day for armaments had ended. She ignored the dictators of Europe, the spread of the mailed fist, the revival of Napoleonic philosophy. She thought that by precept and example she could prevent a mad race for arms. Her statesmen journeyed up and down Europe urging disarmament while at home she set the example of actual disarmament long after hope had gone in every other nation. And when other powers armed, she stubbornly clung to her hopes and ideals and continued to reduce her strength until the weakened her position to the point of actual danger to herself. The army dwindled in size. Admirals, with careers ahead for them, were retired on half pay because there were no ships for them. Her air force got so far behind that it is taking mobilized industry years to catch up.

Then came the crisis in the Mediterranean. The British fleet steamed forth to stand behind Britain's covenant and back up the mandate of the League of Nations. Mussolini was alive to the fact that Britain's disarmament policy had so reduced her naval strength that he had little to fear. He knew that Britain could not stay her hand that she was not in a position to enforce her diplomatic demands. He sneered at the Empire and captured Ethiopia. The League of Nations was as paralyzed and Britain lost prestige with the warlike states of Europe. It was the hardest blow to British influence in generations. British stoic spirit endured this great humiliation without complaint—but realized that in her own interests as well as for the cause of world peace it must never happen again. Guns were her peculiar dreams. Quarrelsome and avaricious people must be talked to in their own language and treated by the only methods they understand. Realizing the strength of the conspiracy to destroy the Empire the British people with one voice demanded a vigorous defense policy and it is easily apparent that that very decision has greatly improved her influence in Europe and is already having a salutary effect.

The Right Direction

WE HAVE spent our time in Canada talking about the principle of defense; we haven't bothered much about defense itself. In our consideration of the outlook for a war-threatened world we must squarely face realities and not allow ourselves to be lulled into a feeling of security because we have up to the present escaped actual invasion. The day of new frontiers is passed. The world has no more unoccupied waste spaces for a restless nation to claim and occupy. Without a reshuffling of lands there can be no new colonization to satisfy national hunger for more land, for sources of raw material.

In Canada with 11 000 000 people, we occupy half a continent fabulously rich in natural resources which we have scarcely scraped. Should the war we fear break loose, how do we know that we do not offer the very goal the attacking nation seeks? It would be easy enough for thickly populated countries to believe that Canada had no right to hang on to land they did not settle and resources they left lying idle. In fact, that doctrine is not without its advocates today.

Our very riches are reason enough for defense. If war comes, no one wants to see it fought on Canadian soil. The obvious fact that we cannot ourselves build up an adequate force to repel any invader makes it all the more necessary to co-operate with Britain and provide armaments in an unless for a Canadian force which will be part of Canada's contribution toward Empire defense.

The defense estimates this year were a step in the right direction. To even a layman it is obvious that they did not go far enough. But to move in the right direction is the main thing. Parliament has accepted the principle which except for a noisy minority was never in doubt, the principle that Canada must contribute something toward the maintenance of the great defense organization upon which our liberty and security depend.

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Rebellian in the rock garden! He violated all the sules and ackieved magnificent results

"Cars stopped on tha road to admira tha show"

My Rockeries Are a Riot

By THOMAS WAYLING

SAID THE Horticultural Expert in his haughtiest cultural manner. "Rockeries are a science and an art. There isn't a real rockery in the whole of Ottawa.

I felt subdued stepped on. I like rockeries. They invite me to enjoy a garden without getting cricks in the back. They sort of hold up their bouquets for me to smell. They push up their weeds so I can reach over and yank them out without standing on one ear.

I acquired books and pamphlets on rockeries highbrow books, lowbrow books, penny books, books with chapters on rockeries, books with rockeries in all chapters.

There was a sameness about them that was as exciting as two acres of spinach.

All discoursed learnedly on strata on weathering on rain runnels and deep pockets of soil for drainage and what not.

They gave diagrams showing how the rocks should be placed. They gave long lists of high-priced rock plants. One of them gave the prevailing prices of rock per ton somewhere within a ten mile radius of Micklehum-cum-Wortlebury down in Sussex.

Nature must be followed as far as possible. Some rocks were good for rockeries some were not. Round stones were shunned as ferruginously rejected—boulders were anathema.

All I had was a new house just outside Ottawa and two rocks. One rock weighed about two tons and the other about ten. They were 300 and 800 feet back from the house, in a field.

As for deep soil the builders had buried most of it under cellar diggings and had mixed broken cement throughout. The house was high and had to be banked. On those banks must I build my rockeries.

Plum Puddin'

HIRING a truck I struck east. We found a field all streaked and pied with rocks. We marked down some choice weathered rocks. They looked just like the illustrations in the books.

Alas they were not for us. Weathered rock for rockeries was a choice commodity. The demand was keen the price correspended.

The owner of the fields compromised. You can have the stuff in that other field for two dollars a ton load and haul your self he said. The buried stuff you can dig up and have for nothing.

That was more like it.

The stuff in that other field turned out to be mostly round stones the buried stuff was boulders.

Three loads finished us, one load of rough stuff and two of the buried stuff finished the appropriation and the stamina. We might have got more of the buried stuff (which was cheap at the price) but we found that what looked like two-foot stones were really the nebbins of four-ton boulders. All that we cleared for the owner a nice patch to grow corn in.

Back at the house, we stuck the hard-hauled rocks in around the bank. It looked fine.

"Pshaw" said the Expert disgustedly when he called around. "That's no rockery, that's just a plum puddin'."

Plum pudding or no there it was, all ready for planting.

"Deep pockets of good soil are essential" said "Flawbottom on Rockeries," chapter four. "And the rocks should be placed to guide the rain into these pockets."

We stuffed our hands into our own pockets and took another look at the plum pudding. It was rubble and plaster and rubbish, with a thin veil of questionable soil.

There was no soil to spare in any other corner of the garden. We'd robbed what could be robbed to start a perennial border. So deep pockets of soil were out.

We looked at the boulders and the rocks. They were round and oval and egg-shaped and lopsided and bald-faced. They couldn't be placed to guide a cut-worm to dinner.

In the house there were dozens of young plants in plant pots waiting to be planted. There were also large flowering plants, house plants, carried through the winter.

"Ah," thought we "if an indoor plant will bloom on a pot of soil why wee'll it bloom outdoors in the same amount of soil?"

"Amazing deduction" commented the wife.

So we dug potholes all over the rockery and spotted the potted plants in them.

Petunias geraniums snapdragons begonias asters marigolds—everything went in just as, how and when it came out of the pot.

The Horticultural Expert came saw and nearly passed out.

Heaven forgive you for that atrocity" he said. "There isn't a rock plant in the whole layout.

"Umph," we said, dabbing a scarlet lychnis in the hole next to a pansy. "Come back next month and we'll show you something."

A Blaze of Color

WE DID and we did. In a month the rockery was a blaze of color. The petunias flaunted their gorgeous double blooms to the sun the pansies flourished in their shade snapdragons nodded their red and yellow flowers in the wind. The marigolds ran riot.

Friends gave us plants, and every plant was stuck in a pothole. The general result was magnificent. When they all bloomed there were flowers I never even recognized, plants I'd never been introduced to. The Expert threw up his hands. Cars stopped on the road to admire the show.

"I give up" said the Expert.

"You'd better" we replied. "We just followed nature. Nature doesn't give a tinker's curse whether the rocks are round or square whether they're weathered or whether they're not.

Then came the deluge. The Government blasted a huge hole in the rocky bank of the Ottawa River to build an addition to the Mint. The contractor wanted to get rid of the rocks. He found a friend a warm welcome and a heck of a big spot to dump his rocks.

The hours I spent with those dear rocks are as a string of backaches to me. I pawed them over every one separately, to make that rockery.

By the following fall the rockeries began to look like something. Some Alpine plants came my way and these were a starter for a real rock garden. In the still vast vacant spots I stuck iris and more iris. It's amazing how many friends have iris and are willing to divide them—at a hint that iris should not be crowded.

The next spring the iris bloomed and by the time they had passed the plants from the limbed were ready. There were still no deep pockets of earth, and the nothaving continued with satisfactory results.

There are still patches of iris holding the fort until the rock plants come along to displace them and there are marigolds which blaze gold after the iris have passed. The rockeries for the most part are still a riot—but I like them.

People still stop their cars by the roadside to admire but the Expert still mournfully shakes his head and groans.

That is on his rare visits. He doesn't come to see us very much. The sight is too much for him.

Iris and marigolds, pansies and petunias asters and bladderwort, all in a rockery. Ye gods and little arabis!

for RHEUMATISM
Pour Minard's into a warm dish. Rub liniment gently on, then apply it according to directions . . . and soon you'll get relief!
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

LIVERISH?

Don't take your grouch out on the Children—or thrash the dog—or sell your Business—
Tone Up that Liver
Get Rid of Body Poisons
TAKE
Beecham's PILLS
THE GREAT REGULATOR
LESS THAN A PENNY A DOSE

Winter discomforts are often more severe in Spring,— when *your general resistance* is low

You may think they should be over by now—those common winter conditions—but unfortunately this in between season is often the time of greatest risk for them.

One explanation is that you start the season with a good physical reserve but little by little you use it up as the winter becomes more severe. By Spring your *general resistance* is low. You have difficulty withstanding the final hazards of raw weather.

Forewarned however you can make an effort to protect yourself. You can begin building up your general *resistance* at once before the cost too time and comfort. This very day start with *Adex!*

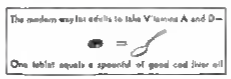
From Adex you will get plenty of Vitamin A which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance. You will also obtain extra Vitamin D to help make up for lack of sunshine now.

To get all this vitamin richness into a single tablet or capsule only *natural* sources are drawn upon such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

Taken *every day* Adex will help you go through till Summer in comfort. But take it *regularly*. Have a package on the breakfast table every morning.

Now at any good drug store in tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons manufacturing chemists since 1858

ADEX



The Magnate
By Frederick Edwards

The magnate is a lonely man
He leads the life of Reilly
Envied is he by every fan
The papers praise him highly
His athletes tusk their specious necks—
The magnate only signs the cheeks

The magnate sits enthroned in state
Observe his lordly figure
The while he sizes up the gate
And wishes it were bigger
All managers are filled with woe
The magnate—he puts up the dough

The magnate has no cares at all.
Nor worries to disturb him,
Except, perhaps his losses on ball
And why should they perturb him?
It pains the boys to lose a game—
The magnate merely takes the blame

The magnate deals with large affairs
Like contracts and franchises
Equipment bills and railway fares
And similar surprises.
The magnate's job is just a joke—
If he can keep from going broke.

Feeding the Teens

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Director, Chatelaine Institute

THERE MAY be boys—teen-age ones—who pick and peck at their food, but I've never met them. As a rule their capacities are enormous and their digestions something to marvel at. Some satisfaction in cooking for such appreciative appetites, even though you despair of ever quite satisfying a perpetual hunger!

Which is all as it should be, for at this age they're stretching up and need plenty of good food for rapid growth and fine muscle development. Give a young man a chance!

Some girls follow their brothers a close second, but many of them are not to be finicky at the table. They're not exactly "off their feed"—but inclined to turn up their noses at good plain food and lean heavily to and the sweets and the pickles.

So mothers have their problems. Often it's a question of trying to give the boys as much as they want, and at the same time coaxing the girls to eat a square meal.

And this is no time to let up on the training in good food habits which you began with the children years ago. Proper diet is just as important now as it ever was and wise guidance just as essential.

Now you don't have to be eternally at the youngsters or worry about every bite they put in their mouths, so long as you serve well balanced, well-cooked meals, with the emphasis on simple foods and enough variety to keep them interesting. Plan your menus for the whole day or better still, for several days at a time, in order to fit them well together and to make sure that adequate amounts of the building and regulating foods, energy producers and vitamins are used in proper proportion.

For instance each day's meals should include at least a pint of milk for each growing girl or boy, some of it served on the breakfast cereal and the rest distributed between lunch and dinner, in soup, sauce, dessert or beverage. Serve meat, fish or other protein food once a day at least. Cheese, eggs, dried pea and beans are fine meat substitutes and many dishes made from them help to give variety and supply nourishment. An egg three or four times a week should be part of your menu pattern.

Go strong on vegetables—a potato every day, besides generous servings of one or two other varieties. Use the green ones plentifully and serve one of them raw if possible. Salads usually appeal strongly to girls, which is a good thing considering the vitamins and minerals they supply. The problem sometimes is to get the boys to eat them, but it's worth a struggle at it, better still an effort to make them so attractive that they can't resist. There are any number of vegetables suitable for service in this way and a still greater variety for cooking so don't limit yourself as to kind or flavor, for it pays to encourage the vegetable habit and frequent changes keep the interest up. Canned varieties are wholesome, convenient and satisfactory from the standpoint of nutritive value. They add to the list of fine flavors in this class of foods and have an important place in the family dietary. Tomato juice deserves a special word as an all-season and inexpensive source of the vitamin C necessary for good health.

Fruit is Good Food

TWO DAILY servings of fruit is an excellent rule to follow. They may be fresh, dried or canned for all varieties contain minerals and vitamins and are therefore both builders and regulators. The best plan is to use one raw and the other cooked in any way that suits you—as an appetizer on the morning cereal, for dessert or as an addition to it. And so on. Fruit juice, which is a popular form of this good food, has endless possibilities for meal service, and may be quickly prepared or poured from the can in no time at all.

Cereals, breads, spaghetti and other grain products as well as starchy vegetables are the great energy producing foods and also supply considerable body-building material. These qualities entitle them to regular use in some form or other at every meal—cereal and toast or muffin for breakfast, or a main course or dessert at lunch, and ditto at dinner. Vary them instead of keeping always to the same kind or the same old way of serving. You can, for instance, divide the honors between hot and prepared cereal, and goodness knows there's a wide choice in each class. You can mix two varieties sometimes, serve them with different additions such as fresh or dried fruit and use them as an ingredient in many appetizing dishes. Even bread offers many opportunities for variety according to the flour used and the extras added when making it. In planning your menus see that some of the whole grain loaves and coarser cereals are included frequently, for minerals they contain make them valuable in the diet.

Energy comes, too, in the form of sugar, honey, syrups, jam, jelly, peanut butter, marmalades and the like. They are suitable for growing boys and girls particularly when used with discretion and given their proper place—for or with dessert. Dried fruit helps to satisfy the sweet tooth in a satisfactory way. Overindulgence in candy should be avoided but a little will do no harm if eaten at the end of a meal.

The fats, which are also a source of heat and energy, help to make the meal more interesting and more "staying." Butter and cream are of special value on account of the vitamins they supply.

The next important thing after the types of foods which should be included in the day's meals, is the amount suitable to age, size, sex and activity. An active sixteen year-old boy needs in the neighborhood of 3,000 to 3,500 calories, a girl around 2,400 to 2,800, supplied by simple, well-chosen foods. A menu guide is given here, showing a good distribution of calories at breakfast, lunch and dinner and suggesting appropriate dishes for each meal. These of course can be varied greatly, but with this general plan in mind you won't go far wrong in catering to the troublesome teens.

Regularity of meals should be stressed. Start with a good breakfast and don't let the girls skip it either. The most substantial meal may be at noon or in the evening, but in any case it should be built on a sensible plan and supplemented by a lunch at supper which is lighter but nourishing and appetizing. Encourage the drinking of milk and put the emphasis on plain dishes—simple instead of rich, elaborate desserts, plenty of vegetables and a balanced rather than a one-sided diet. Foods rich in iron—green vegetables, eggs, dried fruit, liver—are particularly important for girls and care should be taken to include them frequently.

The mere process of growing makes enormous demands, and a suitable diet is necessary for health now and later. Even with restrictions as far as too-rich, too-sweet and too-highly flavored foods are concerned, the three meals a day can be both satisfying and appealing when wisely planned, properly prepared and attractively served.

Menu Guide for Teen-Age Children

Refer to table of 100 calorie portions for amounts to serve.

Breakfast

100 Calories		Fruit or juice
100 to 200	"	Cereal
200 to 250	"	Milk
50 to 100	"	Sugar
150 to 200	"	Bread, toast or muffin
100 to 150	"	Butter

700 to 1,000 Calories

Eggs, bacon, fish cakes or other hot breakfast dishes may be added two or three times a week or substituted for something else on the menu. Jam, jelly, syrup or honey may take the place of the sugar sometimes.

Lunch or Supper

200 to 300 Calories	Cream soup with crackers or Spaghetti with tomatoes or Salad of potato, egg, fruit or vegetable or Substantial sandwich or Cheese toast and bacon

Continued on page 80

1937 "SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost Amazingly!

Proves THRILLING ADVANCE IN ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES FOR COMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all Ice trays—*and all cubes from every tray*, with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! Also freezes more *pounds* of ice—fastest . . . and stores 100% more ice cubes ready for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ever known.

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye, to old fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up to front*. And Full Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Trays, new Super Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment—*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables. EXTRA Cold for meats. FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

THRILLING—this thing Frigidaire has done for 1937! Thrilling for the new completeness it brings to ALL 5 BASIC REFRIGERATION SERVICES every woman wants and needs in her home!

Now you can see PROOF that Frigidaire's complete Ice Ability freezes more ice—faster . . . Stores 100% more ice-cubes in reserve! Instantly releases all ice trays, *and all cubes from every tray!* No more messing under the faucet, wasting ice, "freezing" your fingers.

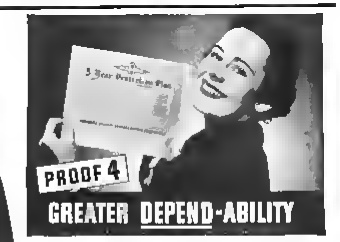
Similarly, Frigidaire gives you PROOF of Greater Storage-Ability, with a new 9-Way Adjustable Interior; Greater Protect-Ability to keep every kind of food fresher, more healthful; Greater Dependability and Save-Ability that bring amazing economies in food bills and operating cost!

This year, make sure the refrigerator *you* buy performs all 5 of these BASIC SERVICES. Visit the thrilling PROOF DEMONSTRATION in your nearest Authorized Frigidaire Dealer's store. It shows you what to look for in 1937 refrigeration—how to buy. And remember—the new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser costs no more than an ordinary refrigerator!

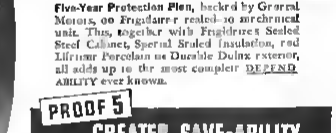
Only Frigidaire Gives You All These Advantages

The Meter-Miser . . . Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on Door . . . Instant Cube Release . . . Automatic Ice Tray Release . . . 9-Way Adjustable Interior . . . Automatic Reset Defroster . . . 2-Way Cold Storage Tray . . . New Super-Duty Hydrators . . . and dozens of other exclusive features!

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation • Toronto, Ontario



Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire sealed-in mechanical unit. Thus, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation, and Lifetime Porcelain on Ducolite Duinx exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.



Meet the Meter-Miser! See its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!* The Meter-Miser does Super Duty's amazing saving because it's the *simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built*. . . . Only 5 moving parts, *including* the motor . . . permanently sealed, completely sealed against moisture and dirt. Frigidaire, with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

FRIGIDAIRE . . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Buy only on Proof of Super-Duty

I wonder how Jane keeps her aluminum so shiny?

JANE'S SECRET is no secret at all. She tells everybody that S.O.S. cleans and scours her blackened pots and pans so easily, so quickly. Makes them shine again like new. Easy to use. Wipes off grease and scorches. Whisks away every speck of food or rust and polishes—all in one simple operation. That's because the soap is right in every single pad. No other cleanser like it! At your grocer's, department or five and ten cent store.

MADE IN CANADA

FREE!

For a free trial package of S.O.S.—PRINT your name and address plainly on a post card. Send it, today, to DEPARTMENT "M" S.O.S. Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto.

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW & RED PKG

MAKE FRETFUL BABIES HAPPY

An Ottawa mother, one of the many thousands who give their children Steedman's Powders regularly, writes: "Your powders certainly turn a cross, restless baby into a contented one."

As a mild and gentle laxative for babies and growing children from teething time to early teen age, Steedman's Powders have no equal. They relieve constipation and colic, soothe feverish conditions and are especially good to prevent complications at teething time.

Free Booklet and Sample

Our helpful booklet "Hints to Mothers" sent free with sample of Steedman's. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 4, 442 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal.

Give STEEDMAN'S from Teething to Teens POWDERS

Insist on Steedman's—look for the double EE on box and on each package

The TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL needs Lea & Perrins SAUCE

THE ADDED TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH

Continued from page 73

200 to 400 Calories	Bread and butter (nut or raisin bread occasionally)
150 to 300 Calories	Dessert (fruit jelly with cream, baked custard, baked apple with cream, rice pudding, ice cream, fruit with plain cake)
150 to 250 Calories	Cocoa or milk
700 to 1,250 Calories	

Dinner

200 to 300 Calories	Meat, fish or substitute
100 to 200 Calories	Potato or substitute
50 to 100 Calories	Another vegetable (preferably green)
50 to 150 Calories	Fruit or vegetable salad
200 to 350 Calories	Bread and butter
200 to 300 Calories	Dessert (ice cream, milk pudding, cereal pudding, fruit mixtures, one-crust pies, deep fruit custard or meringue pies)
150 to 250 Calories	Milk or milk drink
950 to 1,700 Calories	

Total Calories for Day—2,350 to 3,950

The actual amounts would be somewhere between these figures—girls ranging from 2,400 to 2,800 daily and boys from 1,000 to 4,000.

Here is a table giving the number of calories for the average boy and girl in their teens. And following is a list of 100 calorie portions of common foods.

Approximate Number of Calories Required by Boys and Girls From 12 to 18 Years Old

Age	
12 to 13—Boys	2,300 to 2,700
—Girls	1,850 to 2,150
13 to 14—Boys	2,500 to 2,900
—Girls	1,950 to 2,250
14 to 15—Boys	2,600 to 3,100
—Girls	2,050 to 2,350
15 to 16—Boys	2,700 to 3,300
—Girls	2,150 to 2,450
16 to 17—Boys	2,700 to 3,400
—Girls	2,250 to 2,550

Approximate 100 Calorie Portions

Breads and Cereals

White Bread	1 Thick slice or 2 thin slices
Whole Wheat Bread	1 Thick slice or 2 thin slices
Cornflakes	1⅓ Cupfuls
Shredded Wheat	1 Biscuit
Cream of Wheat (cooked)	¾ Cupful
Oatmeal (cooked)	½ to ¾ Cupful
Rice (cooked)	½ to ⅔ Cupful

Dairy Products

Whole Milk	⅝ Cupful
Skim milk	1⅛ Cupfuls
Evaporated milk (undiluted)	¼ Cupful
Butter	1 Tablespoonful
Cheese (Cheddar)	1⅛ Inch cube or 3 tablespoonfuls grated
Cheese (cottage)	5½ Tablespoonfuls
Eggs	1⅓ Eggs

Meat and Fish

Beef (roast, lean)	1 Slice, 5" by 2½" by ¼"
Lamb (roast)	1 Slice, 4½" by 3½" by ¼"
Bacon (cooked)	4-5 Small slices
Salmon (fresh)	1 Piece, 3" by 1" by ½"
Salmon (canned)	⅜ Cupful
Whitefish	1 Piece, 4" by 1½" by ½"

Vegetables

Beans (canned baked)	⅓ Cupful
Beets	1⅓ Cupfuls (sliced)
Cabbage (raw shredded)	4 to 5 Cupfuls
Carrots	4 to 5 Young carrots
Celery	4 Cupfuls
Onions	3 to 4 Medium
Peas	¾ Cupful
Potatoes	1 Medium
Spinach (cooked)	2½ Cupfuls
Tomatoes (fresh)	3 to 4 Medium size
Tomatoes (canned)	1¾ Cupfuls

Fruits

Apples	1 Very large
Bananas	1 Medium
Dates	3 to 4
Grapefruit	½ Large
Grape juice	½ Cupful
Oranges	1 Very large or 2 medium
Orange juice	1 Cupful (scant)
Peaches	3 Medium
Pears	1½ to 2 Medium
Prunes	4 Medium
Raisins	¼ Cupful (seeded) 2 Tablespoonfuls (seedless)

Sugars and Syrups

Sugar (granulated)	2 Tablespoonfuls
Sugar (brown)	3 Tablespoonfuls
Honey	1 Tablespoonful
Maple Syrup	1½ Tablespoonfuls
Corn Syrup	1⅝ Tablespoonfuls
Molasses	1½ Tablespoonfuls

Miscellaneous

Chocolate (unsweetened)	⅝ Square
Cocoa	2½ Tablespoonfuls
Milk chocolate	1 Piece 2¼" by 1" by ¼"
Marshmallows	5 Marshmallows, 1¼" diam.
Jams	1 Tablespoonful
Jellies	1 Tablespoonful
Marmalade	1 Tablespoonful

Cakes and Cookies

Chocolate Cake (no icing)	1 Piece, 1½" by 1½" by 1¾"
Plain cake (1 egg) (no icing)	1 Piece 1¾" by 1¾" by 1¾"
Gingerbread	1 Piece 1" by 1" by 2"
Plain cookies	2 Cookies, 2¼" diam.
Oatmeal cookies	1 Cookie 2¾" diam.

Puddings and Other Desserts

Plain baked custard	⅓ Cupful
Plain blancmange	⅓ Cupful (scant)
Chocolate blancmange	3½ Tablespoonfuls
Bread Pudding	⅓ Cupful
Tapioca custard	⅓ Cupful
Junket	½ Cupful
Rice pudding	⅓ to ½ Cupful
Lemon jelly	½ Cupful
Water ices	⅓ to ½ Cupful
Plain vanilla ice cream	⅓ Cupful

Maclean's Magazine, April 15, 1937

SWING into SPRING IN Hand-Knit STYLE

use REGENT Wools

More Yardage IN EVERY BALL AND SKEIN

Nothing more fashionable than hand knits. Nothing more satisfactory than REGENT Wools for knitting. Every weight, variety and colour. Get the REGENT STYLE BOOK NO. 11—35c

19 patterns. At your dealer's, or send 35c. to Dept. MCU.

THE REGENT KNITTING MILLS LIMITED MONTREAL

SEA BEACH · SEA HAWK SEA GULL · SEASIDE etc.

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Quality-built HOURD FOLDING TABLES & CHAIRS

HOURD & COMPANY LIMITED LONDON · CANADA ESTABLISHED 1887

The BONWORTH Set

Cleverly-designed chair-backs, upholstered seats, padded table-top and smart lines.

Sauces and Dressings

Brown sugar sauce	¼ Cupful
Custard sauce	½ Cupful
Chocolate sauce	2 Tablespoonfuls
White sauce (medium)	⅓ Cupful
Tomato sauce	½ Cupful
Boiled salad dressing	3½ Tablespoonfuls

Soups

Bouillon	4 Cupfuls
Cream of Tomato	½ Cupful
Cream of Pea	½ Cupful
Cream of Celery	½ Cupful
Cream of Corn	½ Cupful
Split Pea	⅓ to ½ Cupful
Bean	⅓ Cupful

Don't Be Scared of Color

Continued from page 10

Now I'm telling you something—get linen for summer. The whole world has gone mad about linen as a dress fabric for the warmer climates. When your town heats up a bit, see that you have a few linen dresses hanging ready to pop into, for linen is *the* fabric slated for summer popularity.

Hats and Housecoats

NOW, HOW about hats?

Again, color is important in millinery. Wear a different colored hat with your ensemble, if you want to do what Paris is doing. Carnelian hat with navy, thistle hat with grey, Windsor rose with black. I could chart pages for you about these lovely new color combinations.

While I always like the classic felt to start a season with, I think you should soon get over this phase and go in for straws in lower crowns than in former seasons and generally brimmed, even if the brim is turned off your face with one masterly stroke.

Veils are very good—and flowers, fruit, even tiny little vegetables, will be found peeping out on your head. Whole birds, perched precariously on the brim or crown of a bonnet, are a popular form of trimming, also parts of the little birdie, say a beak, a quill or a wing.

Have you heard about the fun we're having in our housecoats? Why, no smart gal would think of "dolling up" for a party in her own home (an informal affair, of course) she just slips into one of those devastating housecoats and do they do things for you! The princess lines are particularly good, although here we have a strong personal influence in the "swirl" effects. Such sweeping skirts. One housecoat I saw measured 100 inches round the tail.

Plenty of flowers—for your lapel or the shoulder of your dress or on your bag or pinned onto your belt.

Funny little novelties for your tailored suit or coat lapel—Nubian heads, Dickens charms, papier-mache dollies (you could make these yourself) and if you have one of those broad silver suits or coats, pin a flower on each lapel—both the same, of course. The smarter girls are doing it.

It is a happy style season, a pretty style season. You feel gay the minute you look at new things and you'll feel even gayer once you duck into one. I don't mean for you to go skittish—heaven forbid! But I do mean that we have an informal style season this year. Good taste, good fabric, good colors—but oh, such gaiety all over the country!

Be daring this spring and summer. Try styles you've never tried before. They are made so practically that you'll find you can wear them with distinction. Try colors you've always dodged. With the right kind of make-up, the average woman can wear almost any color successfully, with a little experimenting in cosmetics.

Watch Your Make-up

KEEP YOUR cosmetics "soft." Don't cover your face with rouge; use it lightly yet deftly. Get it well up to your eyes and your ears, but shade it off so that it is just a tinge. Don't put it low on your face.

Don't lipstick all your mouth, even to the corners. Get the centre of your lips highly colored, then edge it off with your finger into a soft glow all over your lips. It will make your mouth look "kissable" and flowerlike.

Use a little eye shadow toward the edge of your upper lids. Don't run it up to your eyebrows, you'll look like a painted bunny if you do. Get into the habit of looking at your make-up a few times a day. Far be it from me to make you a fuss-primper, but don't expect your make-up to stay on all day without a little assistance.

And do for fashion's sake walk straight and keep your pelvis under! Your carriage can make or break your outfit. Don't be a shoulder huncher, don't be a neck bender, don't be a "baby-carriage pusher."

Your figure is your own, you have complete control of it to do with as you like. If your hips are heavy, try walking up and down stairs as if you meant it, don't waddle up and down. Put the ball of your foot down firmly on each step, then lift it up and put it on the next step. Most of us should walk stairs quite a good deal. You can make it one of the best figure treatments in the world if you learn to walk straight, firmly and gaily. If you have a "roll" round your middle, stand up straight in an open doorway and kick back and forth as many times as you can without breaking a leg. Kick one leg ten times, then the other, alternate until you just feel that roll disappearing.

My dears, I give you spring fashions. Gay and glorious, colorful and smart.

Be gay and happy in them—for they are happy styles as befits a happy new season.

Be brave in buying them!
Be brave in wearing them!
And I'll be seein' you—
In the movies!

Counterfeit Coin Detector

COUNTERFEIT coins, so well made that they deceive even bank tellers, are instantly detected and segregated. It is said, by a small electrically operated machine recently invented by an Australian.

Each coin is electrically analyzed in one tenth of a second as it passes down a chute, on its way to a bag. If the coin is counterfeit, it is dropped through a gate way before the bag is reached.

About a million coins were tested by the Bank of New South Wales during the first few days after the machines had been installed and many that had been in circulation were rejected.—*New York Times*

Solution of the crossword puzzle on page 66

"Gordon's Favorite Dish is my RICE MUFFIN FRITTERS"

says the mother of Gordon Sinclair, Famed Globe-Trotting Reporter

"I DON'T trust their delicious lightness to chance. I always depend on Magic* Baking Powder for finer texture, delicate flavor, fluffiness. It never fails."

*Leading Canadian cookery experts recommend Magic. It is reliable and inexpensive ... less than 1c for an average baking.

MRS. SINCLAIR'S RECIPE FOR RICE MUFFIN FRITTERS

1 egg	4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 cup milk	12 strips thinly sliced bacon
1 cup cooked rice	Currant jelly
1½ cups flour	
½ teaspoon salt	

Beat egg, add milk and rice; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Line 12 muffin tins with the strips of bacon. Fill with batter and bake in hot oven at 425° F. about 30 minutes. Turn upside down to serve and top each with a spoonful of currant jelly. Serves 6.

Contains No Alum—This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredients.

FREE! MAGIC COOK BOOK

Write to: Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Dept. MM4

MADE IN CANADA

Husbands too, need HEALTH RESERVE

Is your husband irritable ... dispirited ... morose? Build up his health reserve with Horlick's—the Original Malted Milk—and watch his sunny self return. Horlick's is a favourite drink with men ... and a favourite prescription of doctors for both young and old. Easy to digest. Assimilated almost immediately. Two flavours—natural and chocolate. *Also in tablet form for quick pick-me-up.* Telephone your drug store for Horlick's ... now!

HORLICK'S The Original MALTED MILK

...WITH INGRAM'S
COOL, COOL SHAVES

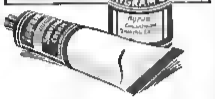
Ingram's coolness
rescues faces from burning.
It replaces stinging shaves
with refreshing face comfort.
Its soothing ingredients
tone the skin—
keep it fresh all day
without a lotion.

Whether your beard be tough
or light,
your razor has no better friend
than Ingram's
get rich quick lather.
It fixes whiskers
so the blade glides through—
leaves your face
cool and comfortable

And Ingram's saves you money.
It is concentrated—
three months and more
of cool, face-happy shaves
in each jar or tube

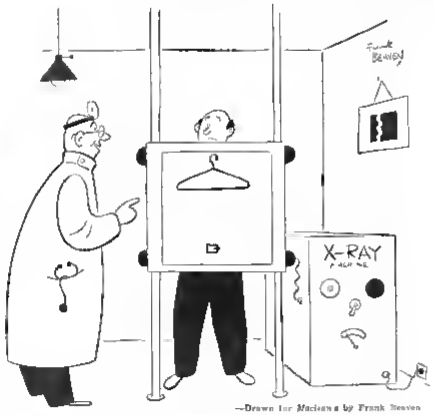
Switch to Ingram's
for the shaves
with the happy ending.

CONCENTRATED
Coolness and Economy
In Tube or Jar



INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM

Wit and Wisdom



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Frank Beaven

"You forgot to take the coat hanger out of your coat!"

That Bathroom Light

My husband is a lovely man, I think.
He doesn't smoke or chew or swear or drink
He never scuffs the mats up on the floor
Or shouts when he is mad or slams the door
His clothes are always neat his tie is straight
His shoe strings tied his hands immaculate
He always hangs his coat up and his hat
And wipes his feet upon the outside mat.
He folds his napkin to its proper crease
His waistcoat never bears a spot of grease
He eats his soup in silence and his fork
Is never waved in gesture as we talk.
And oh if I've could see how I am treated
He always stands and waits till I am seated
And passes me the better and the least.
And carves for me the choice parts of the roast.
He pats my cheek and tells me not to grizzle
When all his food is burned into a frizzle
He blesses me each morning and each night—
But yet, he won't turn out that bath room light!
—Dorothy Helene

In Fewer Words

For Heroism—A Gall woman has been presented with a medal to commemorate the fact that she has attended 240 amateur plays in the past five years. Since she was able to be present at the ceremony, we infer that her health has not been wholly undermined.—Toronto *Globe and Mail*

Monetary Reform—An increase in purchasing power can only come through an increase in national income and this cannot be achieved by the mere act of creating money.—I regard uncontrolled inflation as the worst kind of monetary reform.—Hon. C. A. Dunning.

Family Disaster—Last early Dec. near Oxford Circus a Family Tree. Reward.—Adv't in London *Times*

Strike Technique—Unrest is spreading in the United States. There are now rumors of a steel up strike of sedentary workers.—*Punch.*

Good Doggie—What film star ever screened one register the emotional expression of a dog which ears cocked head a little to one side and tail slowly moving, awaits his master's pleasure content to do his bidding whatever it may be?—*Empire Review.*

Narrow Escape—In North Battleford, Saskatchewan Percy Speed wiped a light dew from his forehead as he showed neighbors a large lump of coal he had been forced to break before getting it in his furnace. Inside the lump had been a ten-inch stick of dynamite forgotten by miners while blasting.—*Literary Digest*

Ha Ha Joke—You don't see so many hashed jokes about crooners now. The boys have been reading about Bing Crosby's salary.—Toronto *Star*

Too Much Education—Steinmetz the electrical wizard, defined a highbrow as "any person educated beyond his intelligence. —Kitchener *Record.*

Nothing Doing—A woman writer complains that jokes about spinsters waiting for someone to take them out are quite uncalled for. So unfortunately are the spinsters.—Vancouver *News.*

No More Circles—It is difficult for an outsider to get into the best Hollywood society," says a writer. Presumably one has to live there quite a time before beginning to move in the best triangles.—Passage La France *Graphic*

A Big Success—A bishop says hard times improved us morally and the insurance actuaries say they were beneficial physically. Taking the long view the depression was a success.—Saint John *Citizen*

Tough Old-Timers—In a magazine series Ihey tell of a pioneer who shaved himself with a lighted taper. And probably used a convenient pair of porcupines as military brushes.—Sudbury *Star*

Experience Teaches—"The stork has a particularly long bill," observes a naturalist. Every young father knows that.—*Punch.*

Difficult Democracy—Any statesman can think of a way to prevent clinkers. The hard job is to fix up a law that won't cost him any votes.—Ottawa *Citizen*

War and Business—The strongest army conquers the world but the lowest price still gets its business. Edmonton *Bulletin*

—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Bo Brown.

"Have you ever had a feeling you were nothing?"

—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Lloyd Price.

Intimate Glimpses of Industry No. 34 Packing pepper.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

As It Is Spoken—It was Timothy's first day at school. He walked up to the teacher's desk and announced: "I ain't got no pencil."

Shocked at his expression the teacher exclaimed, "Oh Timothy, I have no pencil."

A sympathetic look crossed the small boy's face and he replied, "You ain't either? Well we're both in the same fix."—*Rosetown Eagle*

Expensive Education—What is a finishing school?

"A place where girls who have any lingering respect for their parents go to have it removed."—Hamilton *Spectator*

Financial Paradox—"Your son went to Cambridge. Didn't he go in for research work, and has he made any discoveries?"

"Only one so far as I know," said the father a little gomly. "He discovered what he calls his scientific paradox."

"Really," said the other, "and what does that mean precisely?"

Just this," said the father. "He succeeded in demonstrating that debts can be expanded by contracting them."—Sarnia *Observer*

Constant Caller—First Soldier: "What's up, Bill?"

Second Soldier: "I sent my girl two letters every day since I went abroad and now she's married the postman."—Welland Port Colborne *Tribune*

Got Put Out—A Scotswoman said to her gardener: "Man Tammas, I wonder you don't get married! You've a nice house and all you want is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite right, said Tammas, "but he didna keep his job long after."—Portage La Prairie *Graphic*

Once in a Lifetime—Magistrate: "What induced you to strike your wife?"

Husband: "Well, your worship, she asked me back to me the frying pan was handy and the back door was open, so I thought I'd take my chance."—*The Humorist*

Too Late—Brown took the ticket the clerk gave him, picked up his change and walked away. A few moments later he was back at the booking office.

"I say," he said to the clerk, "you gave me the wrong change just now."

"Sorry," said the clerk with a shrug of his shoulders, "but it cannot be rectified now. You should have called my attention to it when you bought your ticket."

Well, that's all right," said Brown. "I'm not worrying. You gave me two dollars too much."—Ottawa *Citizen*

Missing Link Letters
Puzzle No 2

RULES

1 In playing golf on the Missing Letter Links the object is to change one word to another by a given number of strokes which is par. For example to go from TEE to PIN in three strokes needs hard hit [illegible] TEE-TIE-PIE-PIN. It is probably more difficult on a real course.

2. Change but one letter at a time and be sure the word you have used is one in good usage.

3 The order of the letters cannot be changed.

Change Page to Book in six moves.

P	A	G	E
B	O	O	K

Solution to Puzzle No. 1

Problem: Change Ring to Bell in six moves.

Answer: RING WING WINE WILE WILL WELL BELL

Here's the 1937
FLAVOUR
CHAMPION

MOLAS-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

the NEWEST
SMOOTHEST
FLAVOUR

SMOOTH with Molasses
PEPPY with Mint!

Yes, we've blended the slow, dark sweetness of molasses with the cool, tanginess of mint. The result is MOLAS-O-MINT Life Savers! And what a flavour. So sweet! So delicious! You simply must try them.

Try this Nawest Life Savers Flavour

How to make MILK your child's favorite food

Every child simply LOVES rennet-custards. Made from "JUNKET" Rennet Powder and LUKEWARM milk

TAKE three meetes each morning to make milk into rennet custards — a different flavour, a different color every day. Keep them in your refrigerator — ready for lunch — ready when the children come home from school — ready to top with fresh jelly, nuts or chocolate sauce for dinner dessert. The rennet enzyme helps make them digest faster than plain milk.

No egg-beating — no mixing — no baking — Just add JUNKET Rennet Powder to lukewarm milk set in a dessert glass then chill. Six flavors — Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Maple.

"JUNKET" is the trade mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory for all rennet and other food products and it is registered in Canada and the U.S.

FREE Recipe Book

[illegible] way to make milk into tempting dishes as well as delicious new ice creams and milk sherbets. Simply mail this coupon for your copy.

"THE JUNKET FOLKS" Dept. C
Chr. Hansen's Laboratory,
835 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.
Please send me the new recipe book.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Prov. .....

Parade

THE MOST intelligent dogs in the whole Dominion of Canada seem to be the dogs of the town of Moribach, Saskatchewan.

They can even tell the time of day.

Several readers have reported to us the seven best the canine population of Moribach were put to recently and the perfect score they made. There is such agreement as to detail that we must accept the record as established fact.

There are no factory whistles at Moribach to announce the noon hour. On the top of the town hall is a big bell which the town constable rings at twelve o'clock.

This day the constable made a mistake. He was one hour out. He swung the bell at eleven o'clock.

With few exceptions the townsfolk quit work and went home to dinner. One of the exceptions was the fire-brigade. They hauled the fire truck out to the street, thinking there was a fire.

But the dogs weren't fooled. Each noon when the bell is rung they set up an accompanying howl. This is good form and an honored custom in Moribach. But when the bell tolled at eleven o'clock not one dog kept it company. They knew it was not noon.

♦

An air pilot has been telling us of his experiences with one of the pioneer companies operating in the early days, when the cost of flying freight to the mining settlements was high indeed.

With a "Jenny" he was carrying freight from Hudson into Red Lake. The only horse in Red Lake was owned by an old timer there who one day approached the pilot and asked him if he would mind bringing him in two bags of oats he had at the railhead some time when he had room.

The oats were delivered next trip. The old timer, as a matter of form, asked the price. The pilot said: "Well, my rate is a dollar a pound, and the two bags weigh 170 pounds. Figure it out for yourself."

The old-timer was shocked to put it mildly. He protested with vigor. The horse, he said, wasn't worth that much. However, he would try to pay the pilot a little at a time.

A few days later the plane got bogged in the slush. After trying to get out under Jenny's own power without success the pilot had to send for the old timer and his horse. The horse pulled the machine out, and the pilot enquired how much he owed his owner for services rendered.

Without a blink the old timer said: "One hundred and seventy dollars."

When the pilot's flow of oratory had subsided, he added weakly: "Bet you told me yourself just the other day that the horse itself isn't worth that much."

The old timer part. "I know it, sir," he said, "but it costs a lot to feed horses up in this country."

♦

A popular Victoria couple were married a few weeks ago and went to Vancouver on their honeymoon. Stepping off the ship, the bride slipped and fell, striking her eye on the gangplank rail.

News that she was sporting one of the biggest black eyes ever seen in the Terminal City seeped through to Victoria.

Now a party had been arranged for the newly-weds on their return to Victoria and the bride was in a dither because her eye was gathering more and more glorious colors unto itself.

But the younger set of the British Columbia capital are made of fine chivalrous stuff. Not once was she asked why her husband had beat her, not once was she asked if she was suing for divorce.

Instead every lady present at the party appeared with a skillfully applied black eye of her own.

Audiences at amateur dramatic productions are often aware that some of the stage effects are achieved with difficulty. It is only now that the facts of one incident which occurred at a drama festival in Galt have come to light.

The background of the play was Paris and one male player in the role of a particularly villainous-looking underworld character was required to jump off a dock into the Seine River. He made the dive and there was a great splash as the off-stage tub of water and the actor reappeared dripping wet to complete his lines.

Then a rush to the bar room-spacious dressing rooms of the little theatre for a quick change into warm dry clothes. To his dismay he found the dressing room already occupied by actresses of the group preparing to put on the next play of the evening.

The poor fellow shivered and decided that all he could do would be to make a quick trip in his car parked near the stage entrance to his hotel where he could remove his make-up and secure a dry shift of clothes. It was a cold night and his starter would not turn the engine over. He had to get out and dig for the crank under the rear seat.

Just then a light flashed on him. Came the voice and figure of a burly policeman.

"Hey! What's going on here. Caught right in the act. You come with me."

Our hero realizing that he looked like the toughest gangster this policeman had ever imagined endeavored to explain that it was his car and that he was just trying to find the crank.

"Oh yeah! Tell it to the desk sergeant. You're coming with me to the station." The copper collared his catch.

"Why! You're all wet."

"Certainly. I have just been in the river."

"What river. It's froze over."

"Not my river. I've been in the Seine."

"The Seine. Ie the Seine. In Seine. Insane, insane. Maybe you are," the policeman was muttering to himself as the thoroughly chilled amateur actor finally got his car started and drove away.

A Saskatoon reader entertained an out-of-town guest who expressed some surprise that there should be so many different religious sects and denominations in that city. He said that he had counted the church notices in the *Star-Phoenix* and that there were forty-eight different creeds being advertised. When his guest had gone, our reader counted them himself. There were forty-eight.

♦

Up in British Columbia's Cariboo country churches are few and far between. In certain of the scattered communities, Sunday School is held on a week-day that being the only time a travelling minister can be there. Recently a Sunday School was established in a settlement wherein none of the children had ever before attended church. A young United Church minister made arrangements with the day school authorities to use their premises on Tuesday afternoons after the regular school was over. On the occasion of the first Tuesday Sunday School the minister arrived just as the boys were finishing work. Thinking that a little fresh air would be a good investment before catechism, and as a means of securing their interest, he suggested a game of baseball. They played a short game, and then Sunday School was held.

That night the father of one of the boys asked him how he liked Sunday School and what he thought of the minister.

"Gee," said the boy, "he's swell. You ought to see him bat a ball."

The father said that was hardly the important thing about Sunday School, and asked if there wasn't something else.

"Sure," came the response, "he can pitch, too!"

♦

When has anyone during the past five years heard of the sale of a buggy whip?

Not once in Rouleau, Saskatchewan, until about a week ago when a farmer walked into a hardware store and asked the clerk for one.

The clerk was not quite sure that he had heard right. But it was a buggy whip that was wanted and in a minute or two the clerk had a bundle of them out for inspection. The farmer chose one.

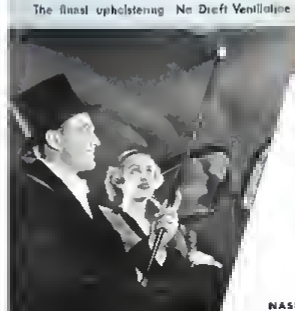
The whips had been stored in an out of the way corner after they had passed from popular demand years ago, but the clerk had only recently taken stock and remembered where he could get them.

A buggy whip it will be remembered was part of the standard equipment of the old time buggy.

Putting on the "HIGH HAT"!

When you're stepping out you want your car as well as your clothes to be in good taste. That's why Nash is winning thousands. It's so very smart without being "tricky" or "freakish".

Extra room! You get extra headroom, legroom and extra wide seats in all Nash cars. The finest upholstering. No Draft Ventilation.



It's fun to go "high hat" when the cost is so low . . . thousands changing to these bigger, more luxurious Nash cars this year!

Every day, hundreds are getting out of the "small car" class. They're changing to the new Nash LaFayette "400". It's a great big 117 inch wheelbase car. Much bigger than any of "all three" small cars. But compare prices on 4-door sedan models. *Nash costs just a few dollars more!* ✓ The Nash Ambassador Six is a big 121 inch wheelbase car—the Ambassador Eight, in a 125 inch wheelbase, is as big a car as anyone would want to own. Both have the famous Nash "Twin-Ignition" valve-in-head engine. All Nash cars give you oversized hydraulic brakes, the strong cost-proof steel bodies, extra headroom, seat room—plus vital engineering features you'd expect to find only in the most expensive cars. See the new X-Ray System at Nash showrooms—get all the facts on all the new cars.

NASH

$810 AND UP*

*All prices Canadian. Specifications subject to change without notice. Automatic Control Group available on all models at slight extra cost. New Nash G.M.A.C. Budget Plan. Low convenient terms. Important Notice! All prices are subject to change without notice!

NASH LAFAYETTE "400" $810 and up* NASH AMBASSADOR SIX $1030 and up* NASH AMBASSADOR EIGHT $1170 and up*

This spotlight style PUTS STUDEBAKER FIRST ON EVERY LIST OF CARS TO SEE!

ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

OUT IN FRONT IN GAS AND OIL SAVING, TOO

ECONOMY THAT EQUALS AND BETTERS THAT OF LOWEST PRICED CARS . . . *You get sensational gas and oil savings in a 1937 Studebaker. No lowest priced car, let alone a car of Studebaker size and power, will do better. Studebaker is the first car with the double thrift of the amazingly economical new Fram oil cleaner and the optional gas-saving automatic overdrive.*

PUT Studebaker first on the list of cars you're going to see . . . and you'll find Studebaker finishing first as the car you're going to buy. Canada has well named it 1937's spotlight car!

First in tasteful, sophisticated smartness, the exciting new 1937 Studebaker also leads in comfort, safety, thrilling performance . . . and especially in low operating cost!

Its sensational Fram oil cleaner and automatic overdrive give it gas and oil economy that would be remarkable in a lowest priced car.

You never need to slam the doors of a Studebaker. The exclusive and revolutionary Studebaker rattle-proof rotary latches take hold tightly at a light pressure and stay securely closed. An uncanny new dual range steering gear halves the turning effort of parking. The air-curved steel-reinforced-by-steel body has a paint finish twelve coats deep.

Drive an exciting new Studebaker Dictator or President. Prices begin just a little above those of lowest priced cars and the Studebaker C. A. C. 7% budget plan assures you low cost time payments.

The Studebaker Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

EXTRA ROOMY INTERIORS WITH CHAIR HEIGHT SEATS AND SMART HELEN DRYDEN STYLING

★

WORLD'S FIRST CAR WITH DUAL ECONOMY OF FRAM OIL CLEANER AND GAS-SAVING AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE

★

EXCEPTIONALLY ROOMY LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS

★

WORLD'S ONLY CAR WITH REVOLUTIONARY NEW RATTLE-PROOF ROTARY DOOR LATCHES

Exciting 1937 Studebakers